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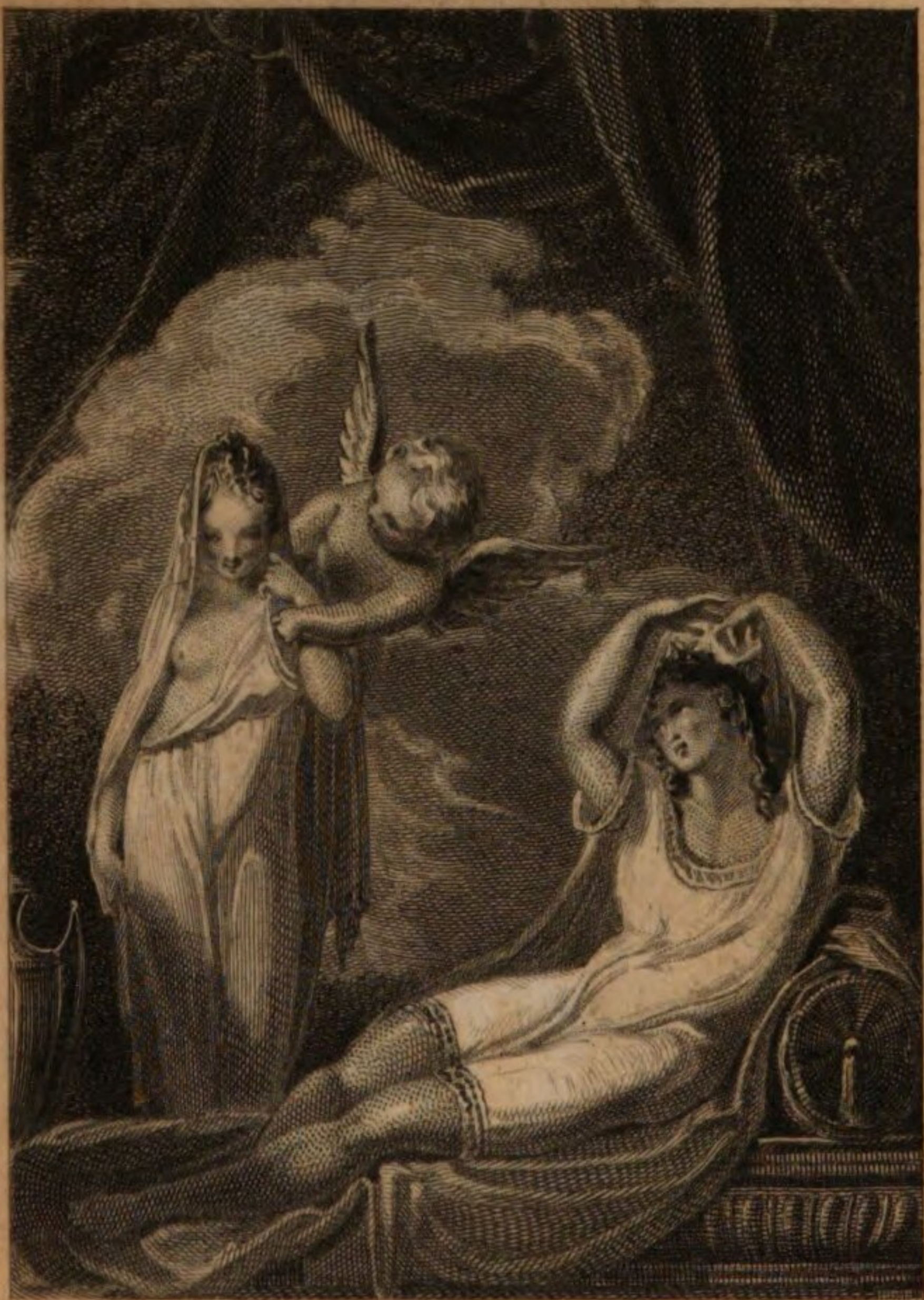
THE
WORKS
OF
PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

VOL. III.

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WORKS
OF
PETER BINDAR, ESQ.
VOL. III.

BARNARD AND FARLEY,
Skinner-street, London.

22 BE



Then pr'ythee Love, delight my heart

Page 237.

T. Watts Del.

C. Warren Sculp.

Pub. by J. Walker Paternoster Row. and the other proprietors.

THE
 FLORES
 OF
 PETER PINDAR, ESQ.
 Vol. III.



*Embrace'd of the rills and fresh'ning gale.
 Page 324*

LONDON:
 Publish'd by J. Walker, Paternoster Row, and
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BIBLIOTHECA

REGIA

MONACENSIS.

THE
WORKS
OF
PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

WITH
A COPIOUS INDEX.

To which is prefixed
SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE.

—
IN FOUR VOLUMES.
VOL. III.

—
LONDON:

Printed for Walker and Edwards;

F. C. and J. Rivington; J. Nunn; Cadell and Davies; Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown; J. Richardson; Law and Whittaker; Newman and Co.; Lackington and Co.; Black and Co.; J. Black; Sherwood, Neely, and Jones; R. Scholey; Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy; Gale and Fenner; J. Robinson; and B. Reynolds.

—
1816.

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

CELEBRATION ;

OR,

THE ACADEMIC PROCESSION

TO

ST. JAMES'S.

AN ODE.



**Rare band ! whom wide-mouth'd mob with shouts
shall hail :**

West at the *head*, and Wilton at the *tail* !

CONTENTS.

Peter, after the manner of Parsons, prayeth for good Weather.—He beggeth Morning to smile on the Meat and Drink, and the cavalcading Members of the Royal Academy.—Peter upbraideth Mister Wilton for guzzling Porter with low people below, when he should be above, amongst the Antiques.—The Cavalcade described.—It arriveth at St. James's.—The Members tremble.—They appear before their Sovereign.—They fall on their Faces.—They get up again.—The President receives the Honour of Knighthood.—He feeleth himself metamorphosed into a sublimer Creature.—A most original, beautiful, and striking Comparison between Mister West's new State and that of a Butterfly.—Peter wondereth at the great Power of a Sword and a Word, and wisheth they could improve the literary Abilities of Mr. West.—The Members kiss hands; who, Peter thinketh, would gladly kiss any other Part than no Part of Majesty.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE READER.

MARVELLING READER,

SOON after the death of Dr. Johnson, a subscription for a monument to the memory of that celebrated moralist being in circulation amongst the *first* people of the kingdom, the Royal Academy generously and unanimously voted one hundred pounds towards the expenses, as a tribute of regard for so extraordinary a man, and one of their own members; Dr. Johnson holding the place of Professor of Modern Literature. This resolution being presented to the king, his majesty, in consideration of the *extreme poverty* of the Royal Academy, instead of giving the royal assent, imposed the royal veto.—So much for Dr. Johnson.

In consequence of the exalted idea entertained by the members of the Royal Academy of the late President's (Sir Joshua Reynolds) discourses, they resolved in council that an elegant edition should be printed at the expense of the Academy: one copy to be presented to each of the members; the remainder of the copies to be deposited in the Library of the Academy; and a copy to be given occasionally to the most successful student, and to the newly-elected academicians. This resolution was also offered to the king, who, on account of the *still reigning poverty* of the Academy, put a period to the proceedings, by a royal veto!

Mister West, the present *extraordinary* president of the Royal Academy, *un-terrified* by royal vetos, *with* and *by* the advice of his council, magnanimously produced another string of resolutions:—viz. to beg to be *permitted to eat and drink, totis viribus*, in spite of the Academy's *poverty*, the Academy's and his Majesty's good health, amidst *mountains* of meat and *oceans* of drink; to present an address of *humble* thanks to his majesty for his *unexampled munificence* to his own Academy; and to be indulged with the honour of presenting a handsome medal of gold to *his* majesty, to *her* majesty, to the Prince of Wales, and to the Princess Royal. These resolutions were *fortunately* received by majesty, with the most *flattering cordiality*; and *this day*, all these things (God willing) are to be *performed*

and *executed*, together with the most *august* and *sublime* ceremony of Mister Benjamin West's *knight-hood* *.

Redeunt Saturnia regna!

* Since the first edition, the *poet* (as hath been *sometimes* the case with the most inspired characters) finds himself mistaken; the ceremony did not take place: had this *ne plus ultra* of laughable and degraded knighthood happened, the knights of *Peg Nicholson* would have *held up their heads*.

THE
ACADEMIC PROCESSION

TO
ST. JAMES'S.



SOL, put thee on thy best gold wig to-day;
Let rude December be the gentle May;
Chain'd be the tempests, and well bung'd the rain;
Nor let a fog his sullen twilight spread,
As lately dark'ning bade us think the head
Of some high-titled man was cleft in twain.

Yes, yes, let Morn look down with smiling pride,
And smile on roast, and boil'd, and bak'd, and fry'd,
And grill'd, and devil'd, gums of Genius greeting;
Smile too upon the academic men,
Respectables indeed! who, nine in ten,
Well as of *painting*, know the *art of eating*.

Smile too on the procession—*grateful* throng,
That glorious through, the Strand shall move along,
And at St. James's give th' address of honey;
Full of rich loyalty and candied praise,
For royal favours that a world *amaze*!

Viz. pictures, statues, drawings, books, and money.

Rare band! whom wide-mouth'd *Mob* with shouts
shall hail;
West at the head, and Wilton at the tail.

8 THE ACADEMIC PROCESSION

Yet let not Wilton join the glorious rear;
 No, let not Wilton in the band appear;
 Wilton, who, lazy beer-admiring master,
 For Whitbread, quits his pupils and their plaster;
 Deserts, for common serving-men, the room,
 And *hobs or nobs* with ladies of the broom :

Preferring thus black Charles's* Æthiop face
 To Belvidere Apollo's head and grace;

O fie! 'midst vulgar porter-pots regaling;
 Who leav'st great Hercules for poor grey John†,
 And, what must shock the feelings of a stone,
 The youthful Venus for old Mother Maling‡.

See! from yon dome, amid th' expectant throng,
 Slow moves the tribe of Benjamin along,

While Fame before them with her trumpet flies;
 Whilst on their heads, from bulks and chimney-tops
 As thick as herrings, or as thick as hops,

Wild Admiration casts her countless eyes.

And now they reach the gate of Adoration!

And now a very sudden palpitation

Amid the fibres of their hearts they feel

And now of royalty th' electric shock,

Just as a man upon the black-brow'd rock

Has oft experienc'd from the numbing eel§.

And now they panting mount St. James's stairs,
 In *goodly* order and in *goodly* pairs;

Now at the hall of audience they arrive;

Now 'midst the blaze of majesty they fall

Prone on their faces, like affrighted Paul,

Half dead, alas! poor saint! and half alive.

* A servant of the R. Academy.

† An old servant *also* of the R. Academy.

‡ A servant *likewise* of the R. Academy.

§ The torpedo.

See them, like nine-pins tumbled on the plain!
And now they get upon their *ends* again!—

Behold grave Benjamin th' address present!
Now on his knees (his soul's first wish!) *delighted*,
Behold *once-quaker* Benjamin be-knighted,
Amidst a moon-ey'd host of wonderment!

Now on his shoulder drops the magic sword:
'Arise Sir Benjamin!' the sovereign says—
Happy, the knight ariseth at the word,
And feels himself o'erwhelm'd with glory's rays.

In bolder streams his blood begins to flow;
His heart sublime, a richer torrent pours;
He looks contemptuous on the mob below,
And, swelling, now a pyramid he tow'rs.
With *lords* behold him talk—with *ladies* chat
Of sceptres, snuff, rebellions, and *all that*.

Thus from his humble shop the silken worm
That *crawl'd* at first the earth, to man's surprise,
Bursts forth with splendor—what an angel form!
And mounts on glittering wings of gold the skies;
Talks to *this mealy* lord, and now that fair,
So happy mingling with the tribes of air!

Ah! dwelleth such rare virtue in a *sword*?
Ah! lodgeth such huge magic in a *word*?
Good heav'ns! what pity for th' unletter'd knight,
They cannot teach to *speak* and *read* and *write*!

And now they humbly all kiss hands so sweet;
How blest the hand of majesty to greet!
For which, miles high would thousands gladly
And would but sacred majesty *permit*, [jump:
Such really is Ambition's raging fit,
(Unlike Rabelais the rogue*) they'd kiss the *rump*!

* The story of Rabelais running from the pope's
presence is too well known to be repeated.

10 THE ACADEMIC PROCESSION.

Now cloth'd with honour, see the troop retreat!

Now majesty's good health they *drink* and *eat*!

Now, maudlin majesty's good health *disgorge*!

Now on poor *kingless* France they run their rigs!

Now mad for majesty they burn their wigs!

Now, loyal, fry their watches * for King George!

* This farce was actually performed during the late reign, in the full form of loyalty, by the mayor and aldermen of a *certain* corporation in a western county.

HAIR POWDER;

A

PLAINTIVE EPISTLE TO MR. PITT.

Yet, if resolv'd to worry *wigs* and *hair*,
And, Herod-like, not *little children* spare;
Say (for methinks the land has much to dread)
How long in safety may we wear the *head*?



TO WHICH IS ADDED,

FROGMORE FETE;

AN ODE FOR MUSIC,

For the First of April, vulgarly called all Fools' Day.



‘—— *Trahit sua quemque voluptas.*’

‘In *various things* (says Virgil) folks delight;
And so it *really is* in our great nation!

In meanness, avarice, *some*—revenge and spite,
Dutch fairs, mock charities, and ostentation.

HAIR POWDER;

THE PLAINATIVE EPIGRAM TO MR. PITT.

How long in safety may we wear the head?
Say (for methinks the land has much to dread)
And, fiercer still, not little children spare;
Yet, if remedy to woe's eyes and hair.

to which is added

FROGMORE FETE;

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

For the first of April, yearly called all Frogs, Day.

— Translated and paraphrased.

In various strains (say Virgil) folks delight
And so it stands in our great nation;
In measure, meter, some—some and some
Which give most pleasure and amusement.

CHAPTER OF CONTENTS.

A sublime Exordium, containing a great Compliment to Mr. Pitt—The Poet sagely adviseth the Minister—observeth to him the Effect of Time on the Heads of Beaux and old Maids—The hard Fate of poor carrotty-polled Phillis—Lubin's and Hodge's Disappointment, by means of this cruel Tax—A great and economical Judge's Mortification; and Exultation of his Fur-clad Brother at the Tax on Hair Powder—A melancholy Picture of the Hair-dressers and Barbers—The Poet's eye (as Shakspeare sayeth), 'in a fine phrensy rolling,' beholdeth the Chase of a powdered Poll; the Capture; the Redemption; and Punishment of the Informers in London—also Poll-chases in the Country, illustrated by an apt Simile--Peter exclaimeth at the Minister, and compareth him to a hard-hearted Fellow that lived upon Executions—Peter praiseth Mr. Pitt's powers of Oratory—He attacketh the Pride of the Minister; wishing him to take a

little Retrospect of humble Days—A Kite and beautiful Bat-comparison—Another charming Comparison of the Boy and his Trunk—Peter telleth strange and unbelievable Things, and giveth two most gracious Speeches—Peter praiseth the two Speeches, and giveth alarming Advice—He exhibiteth a Part of his political Creed—Peter showeth his profound Knowledge of Emperors and Kings and Queens, &c. and maketh shrewd Observations thereon; concluding with a Compliment to Mr. Fox—Peter prayeth fervently for the Royal Family—The Poet suspecteth the Effect of the Minister's Eloquence—Peter prayeth to Mr. Pitt—England wittily and properly christened an old Cow; also America—The Poet asketh a pertinent Question relative to royal Exemption from the Tax, and administereth laudable Counsel—Peter gravely and ingeniously pointeth out a Tax on Christian Skins; also some (not all indeed) of the great Advantages of human Hides in the Way of Trade—The convertible Use of Mr. Justice Buller's tender Hide; of the Duke of Gloucester's; of the Duchess of Cumberland's; of Lord Brudenell's (the Lord help him!); of the Duke of Richmond's, &c.—The Poet asketh where the Powder Tax was born, and, like a certain great Man, answereth the Question himself—The Poet telleth the Minister a sorrowful Tale—A stinking, yet beautiful Simile—Peter prophesieth—Serious and good

Advice to Mr. Pitt—Political and deep Reflections—Peter seeth a Vision full of Horror—He affecteth a Smile, but it seemeth to be rather the Risus Sardonicus—Peter counselleth (but, he thinketh, in vain) the Minister and his Colleague Harry Dundas to run the Gantlet—The Conclusion.

A

PLAINTIVE EPISTLE.

O Mighty master of the *ways* and *means*
To slake the golden thirst of kings and queens;
To gorge the cavern of each greedy chest
With all the wonders of the bleeding east;
To lull with opiate draughts a kingdom's groans, 5
Patch ragged crowns, and cobble crazy thrones;
The modest bard, for five short minutes, bear;
Nor may the Muse's wisdom wound thy ear!

Sick of thy taxes, while the wearied nation
Drags her last penny forth, and fears *starvation*; 10
Whose voice is loud, and daily waxing louder;
List to the serious sound, and damn the powder.
To *thee*, responsible for ev'ry blunder,
Her *mildest* murmurs should be claps of thunder.

Pleas'd with thy fav'rite folly, mark old time. 15
Wide-grinning at the beau beyond his prime;
And many a maid, beyond life's blooming day,
Whose curls his wonted malice turn'd to grey!

Lo, the poor girl, whom carrot-colour shocks,
Pines pennyless, and blushes for her locks! 20
Refus'd to fly to powder's friendly aid,
She bids them seek in caps the secret shade;

No ringlets now around her neck to wave,
 Phillis must hide the redd'ning shame, or shave!
 At *thee* she flings her curses, Pitt, and cries— 25
 At *thee* she darts the lightnings of her eyes; [vex,
 And thinks that Love ne'er warm'd him who could
 With wanton strokes of *cruelty*, the sex.

On Sundays trim, to give his head an air,
 Poor Lubin shook the dredge box o'er his hair; 30
 Hodge dipp'd his caxon 'mid the sack of flour:
 But now they execrate the arm of pow'r;
 Lubin no longer dares the dredge-box shake,
 Nor Hodge to dip his caxon in the sack.

Yet see a *nobler* mourner! K——, lo! 35
 The saving judge has felt a stunning blow:
 His hawk-æconomy won't thank thee for't,
 Which stops his pretty nipperkin of port.
 Not so Judge Blood, who glories in deceit;
 His life one murder, and his soul a cheat— 40
 He loves a law, and hugs the man who made it,
 To hang a culprit and himself evade it.

See groups of hair-dressers all idle stand,
 A melancholy, mute, and mournful band;
 And barbers *eke*, who lift the crape-clad pole, 45
 And round and round their eyes of horror roll;

Verse 38. *Nipperkin of Port.*] Such is the
 laudable moderation of this second Sir John Cutler,
 or Mr. Elwes, that he allows himself and lady *at*
 and *after* dinner no more than this little measure
 of wine! A fine example for the sons of dissipation!
 It has been supposed that the æconomical Judge
 has surpassed the famous miracle of the loaves and
 fishes, by making *one bottle* of wine serve for *double*
 the number of souls, or rather *bodies*, that have
 come with open mouths to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.
 I do not think they have gone away so *well-satis-*
fied.

Desponding, pale, like Hosier's ghost so white,
 Who told their sorrows 'mid the moony light.
 But see! each hopeless wight with fury foams;
 His curling-irons breaks, and snaps his combs; 50
 Ah! doom'd to shut their mouths as well as shops;
 For dead is custom, 'mid the world of crops.

In fancy now I mark the frequent race;
 I see th' informer polls of powder chase
 On this, on that, a footman, maid of mop, 55
 Fierce as the tiger from his ambush, pop;
 Now if his cruel clutches, sharp and strong,
 To Bow-street drag his powder'd prey along:
 And now I see the mob in mercy's cause,
 Redeem the victim from his savage paws; 60
 And now the tyrant to a horse-pond draw,
 To quench the red-hot thunder-bolt of law.
 Amidst our villages, in fancy's eye,
 I see informers chase, and culprits fly—
 Rude pikes so hungry, putting to the rout, 65
 Voracious darting, a poor host of trout.

Who would not hide the temple's white and grey?
 'Your money, sirs—remove the mask, or pay,'
 Is now thy language to a groaning nation!
 Pitt, Pitt, thou hast no bowels of compassion. 70
 How mean (for money such thy boundless rage)
 Thus to expose the cruel pow'r of age!
 Much like the man art thou, and hard as he,
 Who let his scaffold out at Tyburn tree;
 Where, as the great and pious Doctor Dodd 75
 Gave by a rope his sinful soul to God,
 Thus on his boards aloft, amid the crowd,
 Th' unfeeling wretch of wretches bawl'd aloud,

Verse 52. *World of crops.*] Such is the universal disgust at the powder-tax, that many thousands of the male sex have already sacrificed their favourite curls, to disappoint the rapacity of a minister.

(So anxious people's pockets to be picking) 79
 ' Up, up—who mounts here?—*all alive, and kicking.*'

I grant thine eloquence's happy flow;
 But Truth should bear it company, I trow—
 Hypocrisy, the knave, to keep his place,
 Too often borrows Virtue's honest face.

I know thy pride vaults high—but what of that?
 The tow'ring column often rais'd a rat. 86
 Though toss'd aloft by stone-blind Fortune's pow'r,
 Awake thy mem'ry to thy *humbler* hour:
 Though *now* a kite—ah! *once* a bat, how small!
 Flick'ring around for flies in yonder hall! 90
 But, drunk with honours, 'No,' thou criest, 'no;
 I thank thee, but I cannot look so low.'
 Thus a poor country boy to India goes;
 A small portmanteau all the wealth he knows;
 Arrives, with awkward legs and arm and mien; 95
 But, ere a twelvemonth pass, how chang'd the scene!
 He mounts his elephant, treats, wh—s, gets drunk,
 And, ah! forgets his friend the *little trunk*.

Know, man, no more of taxes now we want;
 Lo, generous m——y prepar'd to grant. 100
 Hark to a voice *divine*!—'Pitt, Pitt, hæ, Pitt;
 'No more, no more for taxes whet thy wit;
 I'll pay, I'll pay the soldier and the tar—
 My millions, Pitt, shall pay the glorious war; 104
 I'll give sheep, lamb, ram, turkey, duck, boar, sow,
 Goose, gosling, cock, hen, heifer, bull, calf, cow;
 And, Pitt, hæ, hæ! at Smithfield Pitt, I *shine*—
 Mine's the best beef—yes, mine—what, what?—yes,
 mine:

I'll empty every guinea-chest, and sack;
 Yes, yes, the people ought to have it back:

Verse 90. *In yonder hall.*] Westminster-Hall.

My money in the stocks, my wood, my hay : 111
 Yes, yes, I'll give my all, my all away ;
 Yes, yes, I know, I know the hounds are howling—
 God, Pitt, I don't, I don't much like their growling :
 Hæ, hæ, growl, growl—what, what ? things don't
 go right ;
 Why quickly, quickly, Pitt, the dogs may bite—
 That would be bad, bad, bad,—a sad mishap—
 Hæ, Pitt—hæ, hæ ? I should not like a *snap* ?

Verse 111. *My wood.*] Here I must candidly condemn a part of the people, whose cause, in the affair of hair-powder, I am so pathetically pleading. ' Such (says the Windsor Chronicle) was the unparalleled effrontery of the inhabitants of Brentford, during the late unexampled frost, when they should have thought of nothing but *dying*, that those very people, not worth a groat, starving, shivering, and in rags, dared to proceed in a body, amidst the dead silence of the night, with their unhallowed feet, into the sacred gardens of Richmond and Kew ; where they wickedly, inhumanly, and feloniously, cut down and maimed a number of trees, many of which they had the impudence to carry away to their own scrub chimneys, to warm their own vile bones, because, forsooth, *certain* great people happened fortunately to be in possession of *enormous quantities* of wood, during the great scarcity, and chose not to *give* it away in *idle charity*, nor *sell* it at the *then* current price, which had every probability of mounting higher : as though they had not an equal right to *turn a penny in an honest way*, with any *coal-shed man* in the village of Brentford. But behold how they behaved on this insulting, provoking, stealing, and trying occasion ! So far from advertising handsome rewards for discovering the rogues, and bringing them to justice ; such was their clemency, that they ordered the affair to be hush'd up, and buried in perpetual oblivion !!!

Such are the sounds to stun those ears of thine
Where truth and speed and oratory shine. 120

And hark, another voice ! and thus it cries :
' I geef my chewells to de peepel's sighs—
All tings from Mistress Hastings as I gote ;
I geef de fine pig di'mond of Arcote ;
Iss, dat vich Rhumbold geef, I geef again, 125
Rader dan see de peeples suffer pain.
De emp'ror presents, Lord ! I vil not tush,
Although de duty coss so very mush.
I turn off Mister Wyat *, dat I sal ;
And geef up Frogmore—Iss, I geef up all ; 130
Geef up mine di'mond stomacher indeed ;
All, all, mush rader dan de peepel's bleed :
Iss, iss, I geef up all, shust like de k—,
For bankrup nation be quite deflish ting.
Vat signifies de millions in our purses, 135
If money do profoke de peepels curses ?

Verse 124. *Di'mond of Arcote.*] The famous diamond, so infamously obtain'd by Mr. R.; constituting a curious piece of Asiatic history.

Verse 128. *Duty coss so very mush.*] I am really afraid to touch upon this ticklish topic. The late procession of imperial presents from the India-House to was attended by a dirty Custom-House-officer; but for *what reason* the L— of the T— can best explain. It has been rumoured, and believed, that a small order from a *certain quarter* can overpower an act of Parliament; which, if true, maketh a second edition of little David knocking down the great Giant of Gath.

* The Architect.

Verse 135. *Vat signifie de millions.*] Notwithstanding her m—'s immense property, in *one thing* and *another*, she possesses the most economical circumspection : witness the following pretty tale.—

We won't haf tumult—no sush ting muss spread—
 Mine Gote! *half loaf* be better dan *no bread*.
 Peety to make de Englis peepels groan;
 So goote as poote de prences 'pon de trone; 140
 Who soon, mine Gote! may take it in der brain,
 Vat dey *poote up*, dey may *pull down* again.'

What sounds of wisdom, Pitt, to make thee shrink!
 Beware!—thou stand'st on danger's giddy brink:
 Know, that a single grain, or half grain more, 145
 May turn the balance, man, and heave thee o'er:
 And shouldst thou tumble down the rock of fate,
 No *seas* of tears will wail thy shorten'd date.
 Go, copy the good pair whom all *adore*,
 Who spurn the proud, and hug the humble poor.

Though from my soul I hate mad dissipation, 151
 That beggars and insults a generous nation;
 Too from my soul the avarice I hate,
 That, thirsty, squeezes like a sponge the state:
 Wishing from trees (so keen the gold it grapples)
 To shake down guineas just like pears and apples.

A Miss J-n-r, of Gloucestershire, with her mother, viewing the Palace of St. James's, and entering her M——'s dressing room, where a cushion *full* of pins lay on her toilette, the young lady expressed a strong desire for having one of the q——'s *pins* to carry into the country, and was reaching out her hand to take one; when the attendant, struck with a sudden horror, caught her arm, and told her it was impossible to be granted, as her M—— would certainly *find it out*.—'D'ye think I might *change* a pin?' sighed the young lady, with anxiety. 'Miss,' replied the attendant, after some consideration, 'it is probable her M—— may *not* find *that* out, but I'll run the risk.'

Verse 150. *Who spurn the proud.*] *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.*

Think not I court a tumult's lawless hour,
 And wish a *mob's* wild arm the sword of pow'r:
 No! let a Titus, let an Alfred rule;
 Who sighs not for a king, I deem a fool. 160
 Like those were Europe's monarchs! in thy ear,
 What from a people had *such* forms to fear?
 Safe 'mid the ardour of a realm's embrace!
 Kings never fall but by their own disgrace.
 I murmur not at kings, if good for *aught*; 165
 I only quarrel when they're good for *nought*.

'Tis whisper'd that I never reverenc'd thrones:
 Granted—I never worship *stocks* nor *stones*;
 Nor look I for *wise* emp'rors, nor *wise* kings—
 'Tis expectation's madness—Quixote things. 170
 The man to titles, and to riches born,
 Amid the world of science, how forlorn!
 To speak to think, unable, mark his air!
 Heav'ns! what an idiot gape, and idiot stare!
 Though lord of *millions*, gilt with titles o'er— 175
 A statue 'midst a library!—no more!
 He deems the butterflies of folly, *treasure*;
 And shuns chaste Wisdom, for the strumpet Pleasure.
 'Tis true, gay Pleasure *courts* us to the joy,
 While wisdom to her swains is always *coy*. 180
 The brain must *labour*, or it proves the sport
 Of Wisdom's circle, though it charm a *court*.
 Seek we *corporeal* strength? the mine, the plough,
 Of *strong* examples, furnish us enow.
 Search we the spot which *mental* power contains?
 Go where man gets his living by his *brains*.
 Had Charles* *first* popp'd into the world I ween,
 That world a very *diff'rent* Charles had seen.
 'What had Charles been?' is ask'd with wonder—
 even
 That good, fat, honest, sleepy fellow—Stephen† 190

* Mr. Fox.

† The late Lord Holland, elder brother of Mr. Fox.

O may of princes a long race succeed !
 Such *doves*, such *harmless doves* as *now* we feed;
 Not *eagles*, screaming with insatiate maw,
 Wild in our hearts to plunge the beak and claw ?
 And yet too oft, to damn the coward age, 195
 Our isle has trembled at a tyrant's rage.
 Thus 'mid the smiles of Nature's fair domain,
 Where blooming Health and Plenty lead their train;
 Where, rob'd with verdure, wind the rills along,
 And ev'ry vale resounds with cheerful song; 200
 See o'er th' Elysian scene, with lofty head,
 The blood-stain'd *gibbet* dash the soul with dread !

I own thy eloquence's stream, but know,
 Too oft for England's welfare periods flow :
 A truce to all such metaphoric breath : 205
 So soft, they drop into our ears with death.
 How like the snows, wide-ermining the air,
 So gently sinking, kissing, all so fair ;
 Falling on simple sheep, and soon, alas !
O'erwhelming, killing, with the courteous mass.

Mercy to England yield, the poor lean cow !
 Thy busy fingers have forc'd milk enow : 212
 Though frequent rushing the lank teats to teaze,
 How patiently the beast has borne thy squeeze !
 Just shak'd her head, and wincing whisk'd her tail,
 When oft thou fill'dst a *puncheon* for a *pail* :
 But now she bushing roars, and makes a pudder,
 Afraid thy harden'd hands may steal her *udder*.
 Think on America, our cow of *yore*, 219
 Which oft the hand with Job-like patience bore;
 Who, pinch'd, and yet denied a lock of hay,
 Kick'd the hard milkman off, and march'd away.
 In vain he try'd by ev'ry art to catch her; [her;
 To wound, to hamstring, nay, knock down, *despatch*

Verse 202. *The blood-stain'd gibbet.*] In France, Switzerland, &c. are many of these pretty monuments of pride.

Far off she kept, where Love, where Freedom rules,
Mocking the fruitless rage of rogues and fools. 226

Speak Pitt (for know at times I'm rather dull)
Why from thy tax exempt a *royal* skull?
Why free each *creeping thing* about a court?
The grumbling nation will not thank thee for't. 230
Let Hawksb'ry frown, and bull-face Brudenell roar;
They well may club, to ease the nation's score:
Their purse-strings, nay, let all thy colleagues draw,
Disgorging a poor guinea from each maw.
Let Queensb'ry nobly pinch his Cyprian sinnings,
And stately Cumberland her faro winnings; 236
Let Madam S———g make up wry faces,
Something should come in troth from sales of places.
Say, what the tax thy brain will next provide?
Alas! why not attack the human hide? 240
Lord, Lord! how much it must the nation aid!
Folks may be *scalp'd* with safety—why not *flay'd*?
'Tis verily a shame—a crying sin,
The world should bear about a useless skin;
What's worse, that skins should in the *grave* be laid,
So beautiful an article of trade.
Think of the spatterdashes, boots and shoes;
And think thou of the *millions* people use:
Such, form'd from human hides, would brave the
weather,
And save *such* quantities of foreign leather. 250

Verse 236. *And stately Cumberland.*] As one of the great supporters of morality, for such every muse should be, I have several times had it in contemplation to give this dame a public rap on the knuckles for certain parsimony to some of the poor disbanded and faithful servants of her household, after the death of her simple duke. The tale however is too full of matter for a solitary note, and may, some time or other, give importance to an ode.

Verse 237. *Let Madam S———g.*] This greatly kept one of the first sale-shops in England.

Thus would our Britain annual thousands gain,
 And rival all the cows and calves of Spain.
 Ask'st thou what *other* use our hides could boast?
 Books may be bound, my friend—the letter'd host:
Cases of conscience, Buller's skin should bind;
 Good folios upon *mercy to mankind*:
 Glo'ster's, a book on wedlock's *sweet tranquillity*;
 His sister Cumberland's, upon *humility*:
 Brudenell's, on beauty, witty conversation,
 On manners, music, ratiocination: 260
 Hawk'sb'ry, on fair, disinterested deeds:
 Essays on manliness, the skin of Leeds:
 Richmond's on *courage*; modesty, Dundas's;
 State-sycophants, a volume upon asses:
 The ——'s, on elocution, hay and hogs, 265
 Corn, politics, tithes, civil-list, and logs:
 The ——'s, on di'monds, pearls, and custom-dues,
 Old gowns, old petticoats, old hose, old shoes;
 Good-nature, state-extravagancy-lopping,
 Pins, mantua-makers, milliners, and shopping:
 To close th' illustrious list, and sounding line,
 On delegates, reform, and powder, *thine*. 270

O say, where first was plann'd thy powder scheme?
 At *Wimbledon* arose the golden dream;
 Where thou, and honest Rumbold-hunting Harry,
 Project, and re-project, and oft miscarry?
 Two *graziers*, cheap'ning hogs to fill your styes;
 Two *spiders*, weaving lines for simple flies.
 Rich spot! whence millions take their easy wing,
 To bribe an emp'ror, and *refresh* a king;
 Where, blest, ye bumper it in England's cause,
 Belch Opposition's fall, and hiccup laws; 280
 With equal spirit, where each work succeeds,
 A bottle now, and now a nation bleeds.

Verse 278. *And refresh a king.*] His most honourable majesty, our late good and firm ally, the King of Prussia, like the gentlemen of the bar, requires very often a *refresher* before his cannon can plead.

Ah, Pitt! of late thy counsels draw disgrace:
 The spring-tide of thy fortune ebbs apace.
 When reputation *sickens*, toil is vain— 285
 No *nostrum* gives the bloom of health again!
 No more (so grateful to the sense) a *rose*,
 It drops, a *putrid carcass*, to the crows.
 I mark the pompous column of thy fame,
 Fast crumbling to the dust from whence it came;
 And see thy thund'ring day in silence close, 291
 While Wisdom triumphs o'er the pale repose.
 Too much thou courtest Danger's dizzy height;
 The treach'rous sands may sink beneath thy feet—
 Thy kite, that reeling, shifting, mounts the storm,
 May force Heav'n's flash upon thy feeble form!
 Think not I wish with Satire's blade to *play*,
 And, charm'd with man's disgraces, selfish say,
 'Let folly root in ministers and kings—
 While rank and thick like aconite it springs, 300
 Delighted on the precious load I look,
 And hail a harvest for the muse's hook.'

Still to be *serious*, Pitt, before we part:
 Let Mercy melt the mill-stone of thy heart.

Verse 287. *No more (so grateful to the sense) a rose.*] To avoid an ambiguity here (for I have been questioned about it), I mean the sweet-smelling *rose of the fields*, not Mr. George Rose, of the Treasury.

Verse 304. *Let Mercy melt the mill-stone of thy heart.*] I principally allude in this place to the *political* character of this statesman, which is rather marked with severity. As for the *domestic*, it possesses some traits belonging to the Jolly God. Even Parliament last year saw him enter the walls of St. Stephen, arm in arm with his dear colleague and constant companion *honest* Harry Dundas; both fortunately conducted to the Treasury Bench without a fall, by the boozing reeling deity, where '*Pa-inurus* nodded at the helm.'

How nobler far, for honest fame to toil, 305
 And change a kingdom's *curses* for a *smile*!
 Yet, if resolv'd to worry *wigs* and *hair*,
 And, Herod-like, not *little children* spare,
 Say (for methinks the land has much to dread)
 How long in safety may we wear the *head*? 310
 Enough our necks have bow'd beneath the yoke;
 Enough our sides have felt the goad and stroke;
 Then cease to make, by further irritation,
 Our *patience* the sole rock of thy salvation.

Of late hath Glory quarrell'd with thy fame; 315
 Poor Public Credit founder'd!—lame, quite lame—
 Rapacity too oft extends her jaw,
 Fresh whets her fang, and points her iron claw!
 The arm of Vengeance drops not *lightly* down;
 Not quite a *feather* on a culprit's crown— 320
 Profusion vilely foster'd—Honour dead;
 Resentment's eye looks dangerously red.
 Believe me, Pitt, not yet is *thine* the realm,
 Not *thine* the ship, because thou hold'st the helm:
 Such is the voice of Truth!—perhaps it wounds—
 Friend to *thyself* and England, heed the sounds;
 Sounds to *alarm*—and let not, though severe,
 The breath of Folly brush them from thine ear.
 Vain is rough bluster—vainly dar'st thou say,
 'Poh! *danger*! I have met its trying day'— 330
 For, ah! too often, boastful of his wars,
 Rank Cowardice assumes th mien of Mars.

Dim though *thy* beam, the muse's eagle eye
 Beholds a tempest in the distant sky;
 Dull though *thy tympanum*, her nicer ear 335
 Catches a thunder-growl from yonder sphere;

Verse 330. *Poh! danger.*] At the Old Bailey lately, in the affair of Mr. Horne Tooke, on the subject of delegation, when Mr. *Memory* Middleton was beat *hollow* by the prime minister.

She sees sharp Fate amid the gathering gloom;
 A cloud of vengeance, black with mortal doom;
 But dares not *name* the melancholy form,
 Whom Guilt has mark'd the *victim* of the storm.

Now to be *gay* again—should Famine rise,
 The meagre spectre, on a S——'s eyes,
 And should the groan of Britain's bleeding wound
 Press on the shrinking ear—a killing sound;
 Be whistles blown, and bells of children rung; 345
 The fav'rite little farthing rush-light sung;
 Let dancing dogs, delighting, form their ball,
 Whips crash, and grinding hurdy-gurdies squall;
 While crown'd with chimney-sweepers on their way,
 In deep-ton'd unisons the asses bray; 350
 Such as at Frogmore*, form'd to please a pair,
 The true sublime of monarchs, a Dutch fair!
 And as again, on Frogmore's happy green,
More shows shall gladden our good king and queen†;
 Suppose Dundas and thou (a princely sport) 355
 Play some farce character to charm the court,
 And boldly run the gauntlope through a mob,
 That execrates, that damns the powder job;
 Where barbers, hair-dressers, perfumers, throng,
 To hoot and hustle as ye course along; 360
 Dash with their powder-bags your brains about,
 With many a kick, and scoff, and grunt, and shout;
 Each face with tallow and with dripping smear;
 And with hot pincers tweak each nose and ear!
 Lo! should it miss the *royal* approbation, 365
 I'll answer for the *plaudit* of the nation.

Such is the song—and do not thou, severe,
 With *treason, treason*, fill a royal ear.

* A villa near Windsor, belonging to the queen.

† This is absolutely determined on, in the Frogmore senate.

A gentle joke, at times, on queens and kings,
Are pleasant, taking, nay, *instructive* things:
Yet *some* there are, who relish not the sport,
That flutter in the sunshine of a court;
Who, fearful *song* might mar their high ambition,
Loose the gaunt dogs of state, and bawl ' *Sedttion* !'

FROGMORE FETE;

AN ODE FOR MUSIC*,

For the first of April, vulgarly called All Fools' Day.



'TWAS at the royal seat on Frogmore Green,
 With Britain's gold, uprear'd by Britain's *queen*;
 To charm a court, a princess† turn'd her head;
 At length deliver'd was her lovely brain,
 And, lo! on Frogmore's happy happy plain, 5
 Wonders on wonders soon were brought to bed.

* The reader will, at the first glance, perceive a resemblance between *my* ode, and the celebrated ode for *St. Cecilia's Day* by Dryden, and know perhaps to which he must yield the *preference*. In spite of all the praises bestowed on Alexander's Feast, I dare pronounce it, a downright drunken Bartholomew-Fair scene; the *poetry* too, not superior to the *subject*: whereas the Frogmore Gala was of the order of sublimity; and as for the merits of *my* muse on the glorious occasion (though indeed I could say a great deal in her favour) my good old friend, the public, must decide.

Verse 1. 'Twas at the royal seat.]

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won.'

DRYDEN.

† The Princess Elizabeth.

Sublime the pair of England sate!
 Staring with most enormous state,
 The family of Orange by their side;
 With all the pretty offspring round, 10
 That struck the mob with *awe profound*;
 Sweet state, untainted by *one grain* of pride!

And bold beside them sat each valiant peer;
 Carpmeal, and courtly Chesterfield, were there;
 Macmanus, star-clad Sal'sb'ry, Townsend, Jealous,
 The *guards* of England's sovereigns—furious fellows!
 With combs, puffs, powder-bags, their temples bound;
 In golden letters, Guinea pigs, around.
 'Kings love *mean company*,' quoth Edmund Burke—
 Making indeed with *royal taste* short work: 20
 But thus kings *honour* and *exalt* the low!
 How like the god that gives the golden day;
 Who through a *little hole* can dart his ray,
 And bid the dungeon with his radiance glow;
 Nay, from its filth too, bid a *vapour* rise, 25
 And make it a *gay cloud* amid the skies!

Verse 13. *Each valiant peer.*]

'His valiant peers were plac'd around.'

DRYDEN.

To the *ignorant* in punctuation, this passage may seem *degrading*; as though the poet meant Messrs. Carpmeal, Macmanus, Townsend, and Jealous, as a *part of the peers*; whereas no such idea was intended. I nevertheless entertain a high respect for those gentlemen, as very useful members of society; yet cannot place them *so high*—it is so astonishing a leap from Bow-street.

Verse 18. *In golden letters, Guinea pigs, around.*

'Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.'

DRYDEN.

Verse 25. *Bid a vapour rise.*] Witness Lord H—y, Lord A——d, Mr. G. R-se, Mrs. H——, &c. whose

But Pitt and Grenville were not there,
 To whom a puppet-show is dear—
 Too small *decorum* on a *certain* debt,
 Repell'd the pair from royal sport, 30
 Whose want of manners put the court,
 Like sour small beer, indeed, upon the fret.

No, no—the cousins were not ask'd indeed!
 Broad hints, though giv'n, by no means could suc-
 ceed;
 Nought could prevail, alas! nor tears, nor sighs!
 The zephyr, that scarce moves the lily's head, 36
 As soon might lift Old Ocean from his bed,
 And dash his *wild* of waters to the *skies*.

Saunt'ring Saint James's Park were seen the pair,
 Whilst bustling Frogmore triumph'd in her fair. 40

And now to charm our gracious queen and king,
 Ascending on a public stage,
 The tuneful wonder of the age,
Hight Incledon, began with bows to sing.

Of war he chanted—glorious war; 45
 Of millions, millions, sent afar,
 To aid of falling monarchy the cause;
 When, lo! the lofty great all smil'd applause.

Now to the happy, simp'ring courtly crowd,
 In melting melody he sung aloud,

origins may be traced (as Mr. Burke emphatically expressed himself on a particular occasion) 'to the *swinish multitude*.'

Verse 29. *Too small decorum*.] Not a single card of invitation was sent from Windsor or Carleton-house. Violent were the r—l displeasures in the *beginning*; but the poet, in the true spirit of Christianity, hopes that he shall not be able to say, like the Liturgy, 'As it was in the *beginning*, is *now*, and *ever shall be*, world without end.'

A list of *ev'ry* Hanoverian hide;
 Skins of those mighty men, by bullets bor'd,
 Worth thirty pounds a-piece to their high lord,
 For whose *great glory* and defence they *died*.

Dear is Hanoverian-skinning! 55
 Money well is worth the winning—
 Fighting still, and still destroying;
 Hide-money is worth enjoying:
 Cutting, killing, drowning, starving;
 Soldiers' skins are well worth carving. 60

And now the sweet Timotheus sang the fair,
A la Chinoise, that brought such crowds to stare;
 And bear the trumpery of the booths away:
 And then to *charity* he pour'd the strain—
 How folk a deal by *charity* may gain, 65
 And thus, with *int'rest fair*, themselves repay!

And then he prais'd the great man and his dame,
 From whose *deep* heads the scheme so cunning came.

Verse 55. *Dear is Hanoverian-skinning.*]

' War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
 Honour but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it *worth* enjoying.'

DRYDEN.

Verse 63. *And bear the trumpery of the booths away.*] Booths were formed, and filled with the trinkets of the Windsor shops; purchased by *somebody or other* of the inhabitants of Windsor at *prime cost*, and sold at Frogmore at about *one thousand pounds per cent*. Large quantities were retailed on the occasion: for *who* could withstand the temptation of carrying off a *bit* of majesty which would crown the possessor with eternal glory, and support a charity?

And now he chose a plaintive strain—
 The embassy across the main, 70
 Of poor Macartney, and sad Staunton, knight;
 Forc'd, forc'd to enter, cheek by jowl,
 With hogs, dogs, jackasses, Jehol—
 The sad procession!—a tumultuous sight!

A lord and knight, disgrac'd, and tir'd, and fretting,
 Amidst the dusty hurlyburly sweating— 76
 An embassy! to which we may compare
 A drove of oxen sent to Smithfield fair.

The pinions of *importance* pluck'd,
Thrice to the earth their heads they *duck'd*; 80
 And *thrice* did they with blushes rise,
 With not a friend to close their eyes.

Thus suffer'd British majesty disgrace,
 So *well* supported by the B——k race!

At this the court of Frogmore *sigh'd*— 85
 And now he sang of more and worse disgrace;
 Sang how the emp'ror show'd an angry face;
 Swearing the bold advent'urers should be ty'd
 To a cart's tail,
 Should they dare fail 90

To leave the city in two days, poor clan!
 When off they mov'd all mournful, beast and man.

Verse 82. *With not a friend to close their eyes.*]

' On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.'

DRYDEN.

To this *degrading ceremony* of prostration before his Chinese majesty, it is said, our embassy submitted. But how could it be helped? Every thing, to be sure, that could be *devised* for the *honour and glory* of Great Britain, was attempted by *Ambassador and Co.*; but *beggars* must not be *choosers*.

At this the court of Frogmore dropp'd a tear;
For pity dwells with q—— and k—— and peer.

' Yet O think,' the songster said, 95
' Of the pretty smuggling trade!
Court and cobbler *this* pursues:

Smuggling, juggling,
Juggling, smuggling,
Never mind the custom-dues.' 100

At this the court resum'd the cheerful smile:
For smuggling cannot *courtly* folk defile:
Courts may smuggle what they please—
Mob alone, exchequers seize.

And now he sung the *little box*, and old, 105
That caught the sovereign's wild and raptur'd
Which, oh! when open'd, a sad story told! [gaze;
Displaying *pot hooks*! not a *bulse's* blaze.

What are *rhimes* to western kings?
Paltry, stupid, jingling things: 110

Verse 103. *Courts may smuggle what they please.*] Lady H—rn—sse and her *private card-parties* know more of this matter than the poet. The sly nocturnal visits of a certain great lady's *sedan-chair* from the are notorious.

Verse 105. *The little box.*] A present, containing a scrap of complimentary *rhime*, manufactured by Kien Long *himself*, in answer to the *Latin letter* sent by the King of Great Britain (but not of his own composition) to the Emperor of China. Poor Sir George Staunton was made overseer of the *Latinity*; but as the knight had long forgotten his *propriæ quæ maribus*, the *literary vigour* of a *German* was employed for the occasion. Are our universities still in disgrace? Will nothing but *Gottingen* go down? In the sacred name of Literature, what have our princes imported from thence to *astonish*, that could not have been given by Cambridge and Oxford?

Learning is a monarch's *sport*—
Wisdom never goes to court.

Now came a groan, that seem'd to say, 'A p-x
On all the jingle of th' old driv'ler's box!'

Of taxes now the sweet musician sung 115
The court, the chorus join'd,
And fill'd the wond'ring wind;
And *taxes, taxes*, through the garden rung.

Monarchs first of taxes think :
Taxes are a monarch's treasure : 120
 'Sweet the pleasure,
 Rich the treasure ;'
Monarchs love a guinea's chink.

And now to Avarice he tun'd the strain,
That suck'd a nation like a sponge— 125
And now to Dissipation's madding train,
Who in distress a people plunge ;
A *people* that from *ruin* scarce can 'scape—
And now the wide-mouth'd court began to *gape*.

Gaping is the mouth's disease, 130
When a *subject* fails to please.

Now to sad France his plaintive voice he tun'd—
Sunk by the wicked *sans-culottes* so low ;
Dealing poor Despotism so dire a blow !
When, mark ! the melting audience almost *swoon'd* !

The songster now a *graver* subject chose—
'Who is to pay *performers* that compose [words :
This charming *Fete* of Frogmore ?' were the

Verse 120. *Taxes are a monarch's treasure.*]

'Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure,' &c.

DRYDEN.

What a poetical and sublime compliment to the
military of that day.

FROGMORE FETE.

39

With much surprise,
And rolling eyes, 140
The court heard syllables, that stabb'd like swords;
Two voices came—'Mine Gote!—enuff, enuff.'—
'How! how! what, what? stuff, Incledon, stuff, stuff.'
'*We* pay! no, no! mine Gote, we haf more wit.'—
'Go, go to Parliament—ask Pitt, ask Pitt.' 145

With *loaded subjects*, ah! we see
A *jack ass* in the next degree;
When soon appear'd the emblematic brutes,
With chimney-sweepers on their backs
That *kick'd*, and *spurr'd*, and *lash'd* their hacks—
And well with such *tame fools* the treatment suits.
Off gallop'd, for royal amusement, the asses;
'Mid the haycocks they scamper'd, and knock'd
down the lasses— [bray'd
Girls squall'd, the court laugh'd, and the jack-asses
At the sight of the legs by the tumble display'd.
Now a couple leap'd down from their state to the
prancers,
Musicians and racers, tune-grinders and dancers;
Shaking all by the hand, who, in compliment clever,
Roar'd aloud, 'Kings and queens, fun and Frog-
more for ever!!!'

Ver. 146 & 147. *With loaded subjects, ah! we see
A jack-ass in the next degree.]*

'The mighty master smil'd to see,
That *love* was in the next degree.'

DRYDEN,

Verse 156. *Now a couple leap'd down, &c.*]

'Thais led the way.' DRYDEN.

Verse 158. *Shaking all by the hand.*] His m——y was verily the happiest gentleman in the world, and (*si licet parvis componere magna*) was as merry as a *grig*, vowing repetitions of the gala; but by what fatality it has not happened, not even the sagacity of the poet is able to discover.

THE
ROYAL TOUR,
AND
WEYMOUTH AMUSEMENTS;
A Solemn and Reprimanding
EPISTLE TO THE LAUREAT.

PITT'S FLIGHT TO WIMBLEDON, AN ODE.
—AN ODE TO THE FRENCH.—ODE TO
THE CHARITY-MILL IN WINDSOR-PARK.
—A HINT TO A POOR DEMOCRAT.—ODE
TO THE QUEEN'S ELEPHANT.—THE SOR-
ROWS OF SUNDAY; AN ELEGY.

— *Aude*
Cæsaris invicti res dicere. HORACE.

Shame on thee, Pye! to Cæsar tune the string;
Berhime his *route*, and Weymouth wonders sing:
Saddle thy Pegasus at once—ride post:
Lo, ere thou start'st, a thousand things are *lost*.

THE
ROYAL TOUR

AND
WYOMOUTH AMUSEMENTS;

A Selection of the most interesting
EXHIBITS TO THE LARGEST

THE GREAT TO WINDMILL, AN ODE.
—AN ODE TO THE FRENCH—ODE TO
THE GALLIES—WILLIAM WINDMILL—ODE
—A HINT TO A FOUR DANDY—ODE
TO THE QUEEN'S MOUNTAIN—THE ROSE
HOWS OF SUNDAY; AN EPIQUE.

CHAMBERLAIN OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF MONARCH.

Examine on this, I say, to the whole;
Heaven's the world, and I'll show you the whole;
Buckle up, I say, at once—this part;
I'll show you the whole, at a thousand things and more.

TO J. PYE, ESQ.

SIR,

I ALLOW you virtues, I allow you literary talents ;
but I will not subscribe to your *indolence*: one
little solitary annual ode is not sufficient for a great
king. Whatever things are *done*, whatever things
are *said*, nay, whatever things are *conceived* by
mighty potentates, are treasure for the page of his-
tory. Blush, my friend, that a *volunteer* bard
should run off with the merit of recording the
wonderful actions and sapient sayings of royalty!
As soon as the Mill of Charity was erected in Wind-
sor Park,

Lo! at the deed, the muse caught fire,
And swell'd, with praise, the sacred lyre,
Sweet lass! she could not for her soul sit still.
Imagination, on the watch,
Op'd, for the swelling flood, the hatch;
And, lo! to work, alertly, went *her* mill.

As soon as the royal journey to Weymouth was
announced, the same loyal muse

Turn'd her brain's pockets inside out,
For poetry, to praise the rout.

No sooner was the noble elephant from Arcot pre-
sented to our *beloved* queen, and most *œconomically*

and most *generously* returned on the nabob's hands,
on account of his *appetite*, but the same muse

Began a tender melancholy air;
Sung how he trudg'd, poor beast, to Peckham fair,
And Saint Bartholomew's, to help defray
His sad expenses on the wat'ry way.

No sooner was a boat *ordered* by the *omnipotent*,
all-feeling, all-honest, all-delicate, all-constitu-
tional lords of the on board Captain Orack's
ship, the Phœnix (*even before she came to her*
moorings) for *the other presents* (fortunately with-
out stomachs!) from the *same knowing* nabob to
her most *excellent* m——y, not to Mr. Pitt, and
his Grace of Portland (for ministers are ciphers
now-a-days), but lo, the muse,

Attentive ever to great princes,
To *muslins* tun'd her harp, and *chintzes*;
And prophesy'd of ev'ry shawl,
That Schw——g would *sell them all*.

A circumstance that actually took place; making,
we presume, a *decent return*—the original cost, in
India, exceeding ten thousand pounds!!!

In future, then, my friend Pye,

Let no man say I hate our kings and queens,
Princes and drawing rooms and levee-scenes;
Despise the bows and curtsies, whisper'd talk:
I love the *mumm'ry* from my very soul:
Daily I spread its fame from pole to pole—
What glorious quarry for the muse's hawk!

Ask if the man whose heart the chase adores,
Wishes annihilation to wild boars,

Or wolves so hungry.—‘No,’ the sportsman criès—
‘Long live wild boars and wolves! God bless their
eyes!’

May kings *exist*—and trifle pig with kings!
The muse desireth not more precious things—
Such sweet *mock-grandeur*!—so *sublimely*
garish?

Let’s have no Washingtons: did *such* appear,
The muse and I had ev’ry thing to fear—
Soon forc’d to ask a pittance of the parish.

Such want no praise—in native virtue strong:
’Tis *folly, folly, feeds* the poet’s song.

The world is full of things, but the world is full of things that are not things.

—

The world is full of things, but the world is full of things that are not things.

The world is full of things, but the world is full of things that are not things.

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THE
ROYAL TOUR,
OR
WEYMOUTH AMUSEMENTS.

—◆—
PROËMIUM.

GREAT is of hair-powder the sale—
Dundas and Pitt have both turn'd pale;
Yet courtiers cry aloud its want of merit.
Courtiers have try'd with all their spite
To sink it in Oblivion's night— 5
My friend, the Public, keeps it up with spirit.
How often we have seen a bullying cloud
Attack the sun, and quarrel too aloud;
Spit, thunder, lighten, frighten the two poles,
Blocking up ev'ry avenue for peeping; 10
On this side now, and now on that side creeping;
A sort of dirty malkin stopping holes!
Sometimes the worried glorious god of day
Inststs upon a view, and shews an eye;
Just as a manager, when some sad play 15
Is taken ill, and very like to die,

Verse 1. *Hair-powder the sale.*] My ingenious poem so called; not Mr. Pitt's *ingenious* tax on that subject, which, we are well informed, succeeds as miserably in *produce*, as *reputation*.

Kens through the curtain on the critic nation,
All hissing, clatt'ring, howling out damnation.

Thus Envy, the vile hag, attacks my rhimes,
Swearing they shall not peep on distant times; 20

But violent indeed will be the tussel;
I deem myself, indeed, a tuneful *whale*:
She swears I'm not upon so large a scale;
Rather a wrinkle, limpet, paltry muscle,

Clinging to heavy rocks, or wooden things, 25
Meaning my loyalty, *perchance*, to kings.
The public seems to like my brats,

Begot, indeed, with little pain—
Whether it turbot gives, or sprats, 30
Behold *another* to maintain!

Thus, then, I cast it on that sea the town:
If *true*, it *swims*; if *spurious*, let it *drown*.

ROYAL TOUR.

SEE! Cæsar's off! the dust around him hovers,
And, gathering, lo, the King of Glory covers!
The royal hubbub fills both eye and ear, 35
And wide-mouth'd wonder marks the wild career.
How like his golden brother of the sky,
When nature thunders, and the storm is high;
Now in, now out of clouds, behind, before,
Who rolls amid the elemental roar. 40
Heav'ns! with what ardour thro' the lanes he drives,
The country trembling for its tenants' lives!
Squat on his speckled haunches gapes the toad,
And frogs affrighted hop along the road;
The hares astonish'd to their terrors yield, 45
Cock their long ears, and scud from field to field;
The owl, loud hooting, from his ivy rushes;
And sparrows, chatt'ring, flutter from the bushes:
Old women (call'd 'a pack of blinking b—s'),
Dash'd by the thund'ring light-horse into *ditches*, 50
Scrambling and howling, with post—rs pointed,
Sad picture! plump against the Lord's Anointed.
Dogs bark, pigs grunt, the flying turkeys gobble;
Fowls cackle; screaming geese, with stretch'd wing,
hobble;
Dire death his horses' hoofs to ducklings deal, 55
And goslings gape beneath the burning wheel!

Thus the great Æol, when he rushes forth,
 With all his winds, east, west, and south, and north;
 Flutter the leaves of trees, with woful fright,
 Shook by his rage, and bullied by his might! 60
 Straws from the lanes dispers'd, and whirl'd in air,
 The blustering wonders of his mouth declare.
 Heav'd from their deep foundations, with dread sound
 Barns and old houses thunder to the ground,
 And bowing oaks, in ages rooted strong, 65
 Roar through their branches as he sweeps along!
 George breakfasts on the road, gulps tea, bolts toast;
 Jokes with the waiter, witty with the host;
 Runs to the garden with his morning dues;
 Makes mouths at Cloacina's; reads the news. 70
 Now mad for fruit, he scours the garden round;
 Knocks every apple that he spies, to ground;
 Loads ev'ry royal pocket, seeks his chaise;
 Plumps in, and fills the village with amaze!

He's off again—he smokes along the road!
 Pursue him, Pye—pursue him with an *ode*: 75
 And yet a *pastoral* might better please;
 That talks of sheep, and hay, and beans and peas;
 Of trees cut down, that Richmond's lawn adorn,
 To gain the pittance of a peck of corn. 80
 He reaches Weymouth—treads the Esplanade—
 Hark, hark, the jingling bells! the cannonade!
 Drums beat, the hurdigurdies grind the air;
 Dogs, cats, old women, all upon the stare:
 All Weymouth gapes with wonder—hark! huzzas! 85
 The roaring welcome of a thousand jaws!
 O Pye, shalt *thou*, Apollo's fav'rite son,
 In loyalty by Peter be outdone?
 How oft I bear thy master on my back,
 Without one thimbleful of cheering sack; 90

Verse 79. *Of trees cut down.*] Great has been the
 massacre among the *sturdy oaks*, to make room for
 the courtier-like pliability of the *corn-stalk*, that
 brings mere *grist* to the royal mill.

While *thou* (not drunk, I hope), O bard divine,
 Oft wett'st thy whistle with the muse's wine!
 O haste where prostrate courtiers monarchs greet,
 Like cats that seek the *sunshine* of the street;
 Where Chesterfield, the lively spaniel, springs, 95
 Runs, leaps, and makes rare merriment for kings;
 Where sharp Macmanus, and sly Jealous, tread,
 To guard from treach'ry's blow the royal head;
 Where Nunn and Barber, silent as the mouse,
 Steal, nightly, *certain* goods to Glo'ster House. 100
 O say, shall Cæsar in rare presents thrive;
 Buy cheaper, too, than any man alive;
 Go cheaper in excursions on the water,
 And laureat Pye know nothing of the matter!
 Acts that should bid his poet's bosom flame, 105
 And make his spendthrift subjects blush with shame!
 What tho' Tom Warton laugh'd at kings and queens,
 And, grinning, ey'd them just as *state machines*;
 Much better pleas'd (so sick of royal life)
 To celebrate 'Squire Punch and Punch's wife? 110
 I grant thee deep in Attic, Latian lore;
 Yet learn the province of the muse of yore:
 The bards of ancient times (so hist'ry sings)
 Eat, drank, and danc'd, and slept with mighty kings,

Verse 98. *To guard from treach'ry's blow the royal head.*] Be it recollected with horror, that a stone was flung at our beloved sovereign in St. James's Park about two or three years past, endangering his life; yet an impudent rhimer thought *otherwise*; who, on the occasion, had the audacity to write the following epigram:

Talk no more of the lucky escape of the *head*,
 From a flint so unwittingly thrown:
 I think very diff'rent—with thousands indeed,
 'Twas a lucky escape for the stone.

Verse 99. *Where Nunn and Barber.*] Two tradesmen, who repair constantly from London to Weymouth, when royalty deigns to visit the spot.

Who courted, reverenc'd, lov'd the tuneful throng,
And deem'd their deeds ennobled by a song. 116

Lo, Pitt arrives! alas, with lantern face!
'What, hæ, Pitt, hæ—what, Pitt, hæ, *more* disgrace?'
'Ah, sire, bad news! a second dire defeat!
Vendee undone, and all the Chouans beat!' 120
'Hæ, hæ, what, what?—beat, beat?—what, beat agen?
Well, well, more money—raise more men, more men.
But mind, Pitt, hæ—mind, huddle up the news;
Coin something, and the growling land amuse:
Make all the *sans-culottes* to Paris caper, 125
And Rose shall print the vict'ry in his paper.
Let's hear no more, no more of Cornish tales—
I sha'n't refund a guinea, Pitt, to Wales:
I can't afford it, no—I can't afford:
Wales cost a deal in pocket-cash and board. 130

'Pitt, Pitt, there's Frost, my bailiff Frost—see, see!
Well, Pitt, go back, go back again—b'ye, b'ye:
Keep London still—no matter how they carp—
Well, well, go back, and bid Dundas look sharp.
Must not lose France—no, France must wear a crown:
If France won't swallow, *ram a monarch down*.
Some *crowns* are scarce worth *sixpences*—hæ, Pitt?'
The premier smil'd, and left the royal wit.

Now Frost approaches—'Well, Frost, well, Frost,
pray,
How, how went sheep a score?—how corn and hay?'

'An't please your majesty, a charming price: 141
Corn very soon will be as dear as spice.'

'Thank God! but, say, say, do the poor complain?
Hæ, hæ, will wheat be sixpence, Frost, *a grain*?' 142

'I hope *not*, sire; for great were then my fears,
That Windsor would be pull'd about our ears.' 146

'Frost, Frost, no politics—no, no, Frost, no:
You, you talk politics! oho, oho!

Windsor come down about our ears! what, what?
 D'ye think, hæ, hæ, that I'm afraid of that? 150
 What, what are soldiers good for, but obey?
 Macmanus, Townsend, Jealous, hæ, hæ, hæ?
 Pull Windsor down? hæ, what?—a pretty job!
 Windsor be pull'd to pieces by the mob!
 Talk, talk of farming—that's your *fort*, d'ye see;
 And, mind, mind, *politics* belong to *me*.
 Go back, go back, and watch the Windsor chaps;
 Count all the poultry: set, set well the traps.

' See, see, see! Stacie—here, here, Stacie, here—
 Going to market, Stacie?—dear, dear, dear! 160
 I get all my provision by the mail—
 Hæ, money plenty, Stacie? don't fear jail.
 Rooms, rooms all full? hæ, hæ, no beds to spare?
 What, what! give trav'lers, hæ, good fare, good fare?
 Good sign, good sign, to have no empty beds! 165
 Shows, shows that people like to see crown'd heads.

The mail arrives! hark! hark! the cheerful horn,
 To majesty announcing oil and corn;
 Turnips and cabbages, and soap and candles;
 And, lo, each article great Cæsar handles! 170
 Bread, cheese, salt, catchup, vinegar, and mustard,
 Small beer, and bacon, apple-pie, and custard:
 All, all, from Windsor greets his frugal grace,
 For Weymouth is a d-mn'd expensive place.

Sal'sb'ry appears, the lord of stars and strings; 175
 Presents his poem to the *best* of kings.

Verse 159. *See! Stacie.*] The honest master of the
 Royal Hotel.

Verse 162. *The mail arrives.*] This mail-coach
 costs the public at least fifty pounds every day of
 the week (Sundays not excepted) during the king's
 residence at Weymouth—It is really a sutler's cart.

Verse 176. *Presents his poem.*] This high lord is
 really a *high* poet. His journey to Weymouth,
 which I was horribly afraid would have forestalled

Great Cæsar reads it—feels a laughing fit,
And wonders Sal'sb'ry should become a wit.

A batch of bullocks! see great Cæsar run:
He stops the drover—bargain is begun. 180
He feels their ribs and rumps—he shakes his head—
'Poor, drover, poor—poor, very poor indeed.'
Cæsar and drover haggle—diff'rence split—
How much?—a shilling! what a royal hit!
A load of hay in sight! great Cæsar flies— [buys.
Smells—shakes his head—'Bad hay—sour hay'—he
'Smell, Courtown—smell—good bargain—lucky load;
Smell, Courtown—sweeter hay was never mow'd.'
A herd of swine goes by!—'Whose hogs are these?
Hæ, farmer, hæ?'—'Yours, measter, if you please.'
'Poor, farmer, poor—lean, lousy, very poor—
Sell, sell, hæ, sell?'—'Iss, measter, to be zure:
My pigs were made for zale, but what o'that?
Yow caall mun *lean*; now, zur, I caall mun *vat*—
Measter, I baant a starling—can't be cort; 195
You think, agosh, to ha the pigs vor *nort*.'
Lo! Cæsar buys the pigs—he slily winks—
'Hæ, Gwinn, the fellow is not *caught*, he thinks—
Fool, not to know the bargain I have got!
Hæ, Gwinn, nice bargain—lucky, lucky lot!' 200
Enter the dancing dogs! they take their stations;
They bow, they curtsy to the lord of nations;
They dance, they skip, they charm the k— of fun,
While courtiers see themselves almost *outdone*.

Lord Paulet enters on his hands and knees, 205
Joining the hunts of hares with hunts of fleas.

mine with the public, will make its appearance soon,
and, I am informed, will be enriched, like *my works*,
O marvelling reader! most elegantly bound at this
time, and in the library, at Buckingham-house, with
royal annotation.

Verse 206. *Joining the hunts of hares with
hunts of fleas.*] The earl has won the royal smile,

Enter Sir Joseph! gladd'ning royal eyes!
 What holds his hand? a box of butterflies,
 Grubs, nests, and eggs of humming-birds, to please;
 Noots, tadpoles, brains of beetles, stings of bees.
 The noble president, without a bib on,
 To sport the glories of his blushing ribbon!

The fishermen! the fishermen behold!
 A shoal of fish! the men their nets unfold;
 Surround the scaly fry—they drag to land: 215
 Cæsar and Co. rush down upon the sand;
 The fishes leap about—Gods! what a clatter!
 Cæsar, delighted, jumps into the water—
 He marvels at the fish with fins and scales—
 He plunges at them—seizes heads and tails; 220
 Enjoys the draught—he capers—laughs aloud,
 And shows his captives to the gaping crowd.
 He orders them to Glo'ster Lodge—they go:
 But are the fishermen rewarded?—No!!!

Cæsar spies Lady Cathcart with a book; 225
 He flies to know what 'tis—he longs to look.
 'What's in your hand, my lady? let me know.'
 'A book, an't please your m——y.'—'Oho!
 Book's a good thing—good thing—I like a book.
 Very good thing, my lady—let me look— 230
 War of America! my lady, hæ?
 Bad thing, my lady!—fling, fling *that* away.'

A sailor pops upon the royal pair,
 On crutches borne—an object of despair:
 His squalid beard, pale cheek, and haggard eye,
 Though *silent*, pour for help a piercing cry. 236

'Who, who are *you*? what, what? hæ, what are you?'
 'A *man*, my liege, whom kindness never knew.'

and is made a lord of the bedchamber; but as capricious inconstancy is a prominent feature in the Brunswick family, a *royal frown* may be at no great distance.

‘ A sailor ! sailor, hæ ; you’ve lost a leg.’
 ‘ I know it, sir—which forces me to beg. 240
 I’ve nine poor children, sir, besides a wife—
 God bless them ! the sole comforts of my life.’

‘ Wife and nine children, hæ ?—all, all alive ?
 No, no, no wonder that you cannot thrive.
 Shame, shame, to fill your hut with such a train !
 Shame to get brats for *others* to maintain !
 Get, get a wooden leg, or one of cork :
 Wood’s *cheapest*—yes, get wood, and go to work.
 But mind, mind, sailor—hæ, hæ, hæ—hear, hear—
 Don’t go to Windsor, mind, and cut one there : 250
 That’s dangerous, dangerous—there I place my traps ;
 Fine things, fine things, for legs of thieving chaps :
 Best traps, *my* traps—take care—they bite, they bite,
 And sometimes catch a dozen legs a night.’

‘ Oh ! had I money, sir, to *buy* a leg !’

‘ No money, hæ ? nor I—go beg—go beg.’—

How sweetly kind to bid the cripple *mump*,
 And cut from *other people’s* trees a stump !
 How vastly like our kind Archbishop M—e,
 Who, hating beggar tribes at Lambeth door, 260
 Of meaner parsons bids them ask relief—
 There, carry their coarse jugs for broth and beef !

Verse 246. *For others to maintain.*] Is not this sarcasm as applicable to *thrones* as *hovels* ?

Verse 259. *Archbishop M—e.*] It is reported, but we hope *falsely*, that our metropolitan, as well as Mrs. M—e, are really tired with the number of poor creatures who, three times a week, have, from time immemorial, claimed the charitable donation of broth and meat from Lambeth Palace. It is moreover added, that a strong application has been made for the removal of this nuisance, but hitherto without success.

‘ Mine Gote! your mashesty!—don’t hear sush stuff:
De workhouse always geefs de poor enough.
Why make bout dirty leg sush wondrous fuss?— 265
And den, what impudence for beg of us!
In Strelitz, O mine Gote! de beggar skip:
Dere, for a sharity, we geefs a *whip*.
Money make subshects impudent, I’m sure—
Respect be always where de peepel’s *poor*.’ 270

‘ How, sailor, did you lose your leg?—hæ, hæ?’

‘ I lost it, please your majesty, at sea,
Hard fighting for my country and my king.’

‘ Hæ, what—that’s common, very common thing.
Hæ! lucky fellow, that you were not *drill’d*: 275
Some lose their heads, and many men are kill’d.
Your parish? where’s your parish? hæ—where,
where?’

‘ I serv’d my ’prenticeship in Manchester.’

‘ Fine town, fine town—full, full of trade and riches;
Hæ, sailor, hæ, can you make leather breeches?
These come from Manchester—there, there I got ’em!
On which great Cæsar smacks his buckskin bottom.
‘ Must not encourage vagrants—no, no, no—
Must not make laws, my lad, and break ’em too.
Where, where’s your parish, hæ? and where’s your
pass?’

Well, make haste home—I’ve got, I’ve got no brass.

Now to the Esplanade a seat is borne,
To ease the q—’s sweet bottom and her corn;
For corns are apt ev’n *majesty* to bite,
As well as on *poor* toes to vend their spite. 290

Around the gracious q— of England, lo,
Dames of the bed-chamber, a goodly row!
Mob passing by, of majesty so fond,
Dipping, like ducks, their noddles in a pond.
How would this sight of Strelitz charm the soul?
A *lofty* land, although a *spider* hole! 296

Avaunt, all frail-ones, from the q—'s chaste view
 Pollution taints the air with such a crew!
 Dare ye approach? full soon ye meet resistance;
 Imhoff's *pure* wife shall shove you at a distance:
 The east's proud empress, who, with di'mond wand,
 Can visit the first lady of the land;
 Nay, *more*, the chronicles of truth aver,
 Can make the land's first lady vist *her*!

She comes! the majesty of this fair isle 305
 Greets Mistress Imhoff with an ell-wide smile;
 Bids her partake the radiance of a crown,
 And, on the *seat of Innocence*, sit down.
 Lo, down she sits! the mob, all-envying, views,
 As Mistress Imhoff whispers Indian news. 310
 The Stadtholder! he joins Queen Charlotte—*bump*
 Falls on the seat of royalty, his rump!
 Peace to his spirit! he begins to doze!
 He snores! heav'ns bless the trumpet of his nose!
 So great is folly, that the world *mayhap* 315
 Shall, grinning, point at Hoogen Moogen's nap.
 Princes of Europe, pray exclaim not 'shame!'
 Go, for mankind's repose, and do the same.

My Lady H—e appears! how large!
 Deep laden, like a camel, or a barge.
 What's all beneath her petticoats?—Shawls, chintz—
 Why should the muse, indeed, the matter mince?
 Muslins the richest, of the fertile east.
 Lo, back she moves again, to be undrest!
 At Glo'ster-Lodge, upon the bed she squats, 325
 To drop the lumber, shawls, and broider'd brats;
 Where England's happy —— her steps pursues,
 Attends the labour, and turns *accoucheuse*.

Hark! Cæsar and the little children talk;
 Together laugh, together too they walk: 330

Verse 300. *Imhoff's pure wife.*] One of the
 Park-lane triumvirate of sm-g-lers.

The mob around admire their pleasant things,
And *marle* that *children* talk as well as *kings*.

And now to Delamot's the m——h speeds;
He catches up a score of books, and reads—
Learns nothing—sudden quits the book-abode—
Orders his horse, and scours the Dorset road.
He's in again; he boards the barge—sets sail—
Jokes with the sailors, and enjoys the gale:
Descants on winds and waves—the land regains,
And gives the tars just *nothing* for their *pains*!
For, what a *bore* that kings their *slaves* should *pay*!
Sufficient is the *honour* of the day!

Now springs the sov'reign wildly to the seas—
Rushes intrepid in—*along to knees*!—
Old Neptune, jealous of his world, looks big— 345
And blust'ring Boreas blows away his wig.

O Pye! amidst such doings canst thou *sleep*?
Such wonders *whelping* on the land and deep!
So nobly form'd to deck th' historic page,
Astonish man, and swell the muse's rage! 350

Thus, thus I sing of royalty *unpaid*;
In courts observe, and follow to the shade;
And mean, God willing, since *thou* wilt not write,
To give each word and action to the light;
With daily deeds my voice sublimely raise, 355
And sound wise speeches into distant days.
In spite of low Democracy, the brute,
Kings shall at length regain their *lost* *repute*.
The poor sunk falcon, robb'd of ev'ry plume,
That snaps the ground, and mourns his humble doom,
With powerful pinion soon from earth shall rise,
Mix with the solar blaze, and sweep the skies.

Such shall be done, if pow'r the bard can boast,
Who deems the breed *too precious* to be lost.
And since Augustus deign'd with bards to dine, 365
And, blest with bards, Mecænas drank his wine

O let us hope that mighty *modern* kings
 May cease to class the *bards* with *vulgar things*,
 And of the tuneful tribe think *somewhat* higher,
 Than *Newgate's bellman*, or a *country crier*! 370
 Should this rare æra rise, and Brunswick's grace
 Revive the drooping glory of his race;
 How happy at St. James's, my friend Pye,
 At Buckingham and Windsor, *thou* and *I*,
 To see fair Genius re-assume her reign; 375
 Dulness and Avarice expell'd the scene;
 The fat'ning bards their laurell'd fronts display,
 And proudly triumph over *hogs* and *hay*!

Once more then let me beg thee, lazy Pye,
 To follow monarchs wheresoe'er they fly; 380
 When, from the lofty pinnacle of thrones,
 They sink, to tread, with vulgar folks, the stones;
 To *Weymouth* waves, and sands, and shops repair;
 Dash country Joans with dread, and bumpkins scare:
 In laugh, and hop, and skip, and jump, and jest,
 For ever trifling, and for ever blest. 386
 How like the rustic boy, the simple thing,
 Who only wish'd to be a mighty king
 (So meanly modest was his pray'r to Fate),
 To *eat fat pork*, and *ride upon a gate*!

Verse 370. *Than Newgate's bellman, or a country crier!*] Never were the *Αοιδοι*, *alias* poets, in more disesteem than at the court of the Brunswicks. Homer, singing of such as were the greatest favourites of ancient monarchs mentions *Ιητηρσα Κακων*, *Τεκτονα*, *Δαργων*, and *Μαντιν*, *i. e.* a doctor, a house carpenter, and a conjuror. These our beloved S——n, following this classical example of antiquity, has *noticed* and *recommended*: Doctor Willis, to praliament; Sir William Chambers, to the comptrollership of the board of works; and Signor Pinetti, to the patronage of all the *conjurors* of the metropolis.

MR. PITT'S FLIGHT TO WIMBLEDON.

JUST as I prophesy'd!—the storm begins
And thou art off—for Wimbledon, I ween,
To hide thee there for all thy *courtly* sins,
So complaisant indeed to king and queen!

Loud was thy windows crash—a show'r of stones
Pour'd in thick vollies from the anger'd mob:
How the rude pebbles sought thy vanish'd bones!
And cry'd aloud, 'Where is the fellow's *knob*?'
But disappointed, on the carpet spread.
They griev'd they could not rattle round thy head.

Dundas's hay-loft soon, I guess,
In secrecy wilt thou possess;
Or else another secret nameless place—
A *sweet* asylum from the rage
Of such as desp'rate battle wage 15
With men who plunge the nation in disgrace.

This was a terrible affair!
Undoubtedly it made thee stare!
Indeed I think that thow wert right,
To ask the friendship of a flight. 20
Alas! when Danger his stern form reveals,
There's really wisdom in a pair of heels!

Since not a soul dares ope his jaws
To plead, O Pitt, thy awkward cause,
I'll be thy counsel, man, to bring thee off: 25
Not save thy reputation—no—
That's an Herculean work I trow;
Thy name must bear, indeed, th' eternal scoff.

Come from thy hay-loft then, or thy retreat
 Where Cloacina keeps her silent seat, 30
 And let me lead thee to the people's eye:
 Kneel down before them—own thy heavy guilt,
 For meanness and king-flatt'ry—treasure spilt,
 And other sins too glaring to deny.

This then be thy confession, Pitt:— 35
 ' Alas! by mad Ambition bit,
 And grinding Hunger, too, I needs must say;
 Where fickle Fortune loves to sport,
 I sought the region of the court;
 But Conscience damns, alas! the idle day. 40

' I bawl'd reform with Richmond's lord,
 But never meant to keep my word:
 Our bellowing frighten'd the great man and woman;
 With *patriot* threats we forc'd our way,
 And, while 'twas sunshine, made our hay, 45
 A trick with statesmen by no means uncommon.

' Ye gave me credit for my cries,
 And, gull'd, with pleasnre saw me rise;
 Though soon, too soon, ye mock'd the royal choice;
 Too soon I read in ev'ry face 50
 The hist'ry of a sad disgrace,
 Heard execration load the gen'ral voice.

' The breeze of popularity soon died—
 Soon ebb'd of Fame, alas! th' inconstant tide:
 Yet held I places, in the people's spite; 55
 Agreed, amongst my other sins,
 For cursed Hanoverian skins;
 Agreed for Gallic despotism to fight:
 Agreed to pay th' apothecary's bill,
 And load, with your good grist, the royal mill. 60

' Whisper'd the nation's purse was all their own;
 That subjects were rank rascals to complain;
 Who, silent, ought to bear the galling chain;
 And swore rebellion lurk'd in ev'ry groan.

' I own, the royal barns are full of corn; 65
 The finest, fattest beeves the land adorn;
 The fairest sheep in Windsor fields are seen:

Increase on ev'ry acre smiles,
 The richest 'mid the queen of isles:—
 All these belonging to our K. and Q. 70

' But what can I?—I dare not speak—
 I dare not say the people squeak,
 And sullen look, and threat, and swear, and cry,
 'Tis a vile shame the realm should starve:

Why should not *we* have fowls to carve, 75
 Although he is, forsooth, so wondrous high?
We put him there—*we* gave him all his money—
 'Tis hard the bees that *made* should *want* the honey.

' R——d shall out, the man of leathern guns,
 Whom Brav'ry scorns, and beauteous Science *shuns*;
 Whom seeming idiotism and madness rules;
 The veriest laughing-stock of veriest fools.
 H——y no more shall drain the hectic state,
 And suck, the leach, the empire to her fate.

' Lo, from the seat of Justice will I sweep 85
 The fur-clad rogue, renown'd for stealing sheep.

' I blush to think I help'd the war of kings,
 And, meanly crouching, made a royal pother:
 I now think princes very *so-so* things;
 The one half cheats, and arrant fools the other.

Verse 86. *Renown'd for stealing sheep.*] Whether this *notorious* and lofty limb of the law will be hanged or not, even the prophetic powers of the *Muse* cannot foretel; but that a score of stolen sheep, which the owners swore to, were in this fellow's pens, exhibited for sale at a country fair, is a fact that admits of no contradiction. Many bets are pending; and the odds, as well as the *hopes* of the country, are on the *rope*.

Ev'n to the tune she chooses, let her dance :
I'll cram no despots down the throat of France.

' I own myself, alas ! an arrant fool,
Not to suspect, and look *that Prussian* through :
Yet to Hypocrisy I went to school ; 95
But, hang the fellow, ' he was *Yorkshire* too.'

' When *out* of place, I thunder'd *state reform*—
Cry'd, venal parliaments are cursed things :
But when *in* place—Don't, don't provoke the
storm ;

Why alter, why displease the *best* of kings ? 100
Such is the creed of all the courtier train ;
Rocks of your hopes—the imps that ye maintain.

' As sharks and whales pick daily a good dish—
From all the dainty under-world of fish,
So tyrants, at a most ungodly rate, 105
For *human* dishes, daily, hourly, prowl ;
And, as the weazel sucks the eggs of fowl,
They, greedy, suck that larger egg, the state.

' But no such master will I serve,
Nor mistress, christen'd k— and q— ; 110
Who, whilst their plunder'd subjects starve,
Are, 'midst their hoarded millions, seen.

' The people's *servant*, till by fate o'erpower'd,
By G— that people shall not be devour'd !'

Thus if thou swearest—hear me—By our skins, 115
Which yet our bastinado'd backs retain ;
Gen'rous, we'll wipe out thy *old score* of sins,
And yield thee suff'rance to *begin again*.

Thus if thou swearest, and wilt sin no more,
A pardon shall be thine—our anger o'er. 120
Heed not the wrath of kings—the nation *made*
'em—

The people put on board their backs their honours ;
And should kings forfeit their esteem, the donors
Can (if I err not) in a trice *unlade* 'em.

Such, Pitt, is my advice—but thou art proud 125
 Although so lately one of us poor crowd;
 Crawling, by mean degrees, to thine high station;
 Thou canst not well remember thy old rags,
 Or thou hadst been more sparing of thy brags;
 Insulting thus a much too generous nation. 130

Lo, thus the lad in base Saint Giles's born,
 Blest with a barrow, first begins to bawl;
 Where Plenty, ah! exalteth not her horn,
 Potatoes the poor barrow's *little all*!

At length, succeeding by a *lucky cry*, 135
 And Fortune's fav'ring smile, the lad can buy
 A basket!—nay, *two* baskets for his barrow;
 To which he hangs the baskets with much pride,
 With endive, cellery, and greens beside— [row—
 Yes, with *much* pride, that warms his inmost mar-
 With all the gaping energy of song,
 Proudly he rolls his whole estate along!

Ambition still inspires his panting heart;
 And now sublime he rises to a *cart*,
 But not without a jackass let me say: 145
 A jack is harness'd—on the cart he mounts—
 Looks round—elate, his cabbages he counts,
 And triumphs in his partner's Brudenell-bray.

He stops not here—Ambition goads his soul
 To bid his orb in loftier regions roll, 150

In Covent-Garden, lo, a shop he gains!
 Pines, nect'rines, plums, and apricots, and peaches,
 Behold! his laudable ambition reaches;
 And now the *jack-ass* and the *cart* disdains.

An ass's *ditty* wounds his *nicer* ear, 155
 Bringing to mind his late and humble sphere:
 Archbishop-like, he *tow'rs* within his stall—
 Looks on the barrow, cart, and basket crew,
 With all the consequence of man, askew,
 And, for a *pack of beggars* damns them *all*. 160

ODE TO THE FRENCH.

OH! with what freedom have ye treated kings!
 Say, did ye not equip their backs with wings,
 Yet cruelly cut off their heads for *flying*!
 Alas! so lately did ye kings adore!
 Now 'tis a wolf, a lion, a wild boar— 5
 A hypocrite, a thing of theft and lying.

What folly to create the hungry kite,
 Yet quarrel with his appetite and claws;
 Or grumble at the tiger's ravenous bite,
 Yet give the savage such a pair of jaws! 10

For ever are ye plung'd in mad extremes!
 Let Common Sense, then, rouse you from your
 dreams.

Grandeur, I own, seems much increas'd in size;
 Much gaudier too her dress to mortal eyes.

The lofty lords and ladies of our isle, 15
 Enough to make a grave old Tom cat smile,
 Must ev'ry thing, forsooth, in *style* enjoy;
 And if to Margate doctors bid them go,
 By *sea*, to purify from head to toe,
 Turn up their dainty noses at a *hoy*.

'Foh! in a *hoy*, the filthy thing, embark!
 Loaded with beasts of all kind—Noah's ark!"

So nice! that, had they by *good* chance been born
 When Captain Noah put his wife on board,
 With all his other *live stock*, they had sworn
 To go together boldly to the Lord;
 That is to say, be drown'd!—bid life adieu,
 Sooner than sail with such a stinking crew.

Yet let me add—not all the great are *nice* ;
 Not all by pride are tainted, the vile vice— 30

No ! witness our good k—— and our good q——,
 Lord love 'em !—our most humble q—— and k——
 Can gracious stoop to any little thing,
 However humble, *not however mean*.

Heav'ns bless their pretty, goodly, greasy graces !
 I've seem them bolt fat bacon at the races ;
 On Ascot course, devour such loads of ham,
 And wash it down, so dainty, with a *dram* !

How simple ! like to many an ancient king,
 That roasted royal dinners by a string, 40
 And turn'd the royal rapier to a spit :
 Though full of magnanimity, could stoop
 To boil in their grand helmets, beef and soup,
 And eat from thence, so great their saving wit !

When good prince —— *deign'd visit* our small isle,
 Grand soul ! he came in *very humble* style—
 Cut no huge figure—made no mighty flash :
 Two shirts belong'd unto the princely lad ;
 'Twas all the linen treasure that he *had*,
 Which poor old Mother Davies us'd to wash ; 50

Goody of Richmond ! mother to the man
 Who strikes with rev'rent awe the Eton clan.

'Dear prince,' quoth Mother Davies, 'many a time
 The lad in linen was so wondrous short,
 I've made 'n wait until I clean'd the grime, 55
 To make 'n like a *Christian*, go to court.

Verse 45. *When good prince ——*]. The name of this young Strelitz man or *prince* is absolutely forgotten ; but he is, or was, full brother to our most *gracious* queen.

Verse 51. *Mother to the man.*] Dr. Davies, the present provost of Eton college.

‘ Yes, on my thorn there, many and many an eye
 Hath seen his honour’s linen hang to dry ;
 But soon, indeed, t’increase his little store,
 His sister, madam, made a couple more.’ 60

But to return—folks thought strange things of yore,
 When no absurdity Belief could shock ;
 When gossip Prejudice put in her oar,
 To scull the simple mind on Error’s rock.

What thousands thought that kings and queens eat
gold !

That beef and mutton was too *coarse a fare* ;
 And that their bodies were so finely *soul’d*,
 They breath’d a fluid *beyond vulgar air*.

Could not conceive that air so *gross and common*,
 Entering a dog’s and cat’s, and monkey’s nose,
 Inflated a *queen’s* lungs, so *great a woman* ;

Or *kings’s*, whom such *rare-particles* compose.
 Yes ! ’tis confess’d that Folly rul’d mankind—
 ’Twas once the same with *me* the bard, I find.

I grant that I, in life’s more early day, 75
 Deem’d kings *young God-almighties*—form’d for
 sway ;

The universe *fee simple*—*all* their own ;
 Though now I think the people claim a right
 To *somewhat* rather *larger* than a *mite* ;

Nay, that we should ev’n *halve* it with the throne.

I cry’d, ‘ Nought’s little which great kings approve ;

Kings turn, like Midas, all they touch’d to *gold*—
 Witness Lord Hawk’sb’ry, *turn’d*, by royal love,
 From *Jenkinson*, a clod of meanest mould.’

Witness the once poor Rose, though now a lord,
 Great at the Treas’ry’s *honourable* board. 86

What is there in a *fog* ? ‘ Nought ! nought !’ ye cry
 To *me* a fog was *once important*—why ?
 Immortal Cæsar cloth’d the *fog* with glory !
 How, in the name of wonder—read the story.

CÆSAR AND THE FOG.

CÆSAR, upon a summer's golden day,
 Got early from his bed to smell his hay,
 And see if all his fowls were safe and sound;
 And likewise see what traps had legs and feet
 Belonging unto men who wish'd to treat 95
 Their chaps with chicken, on forbidden ground.

Enter a general (Carpenter) low bowing,
 Scraping, and, mandarin-like, nodding, ploughing
 With nose of rev'rence sweet, the humble grass.—
 'Hæ, gen'ral, hæ? what news, what news in town?'
 'None, sire.'—'None, gen'ral?—Gen'ral, hæ, none,
 none?'

'Nothing indeed, O king, is come to pass.'

'Strange! strange! what, what—see *nothing* on
 the way?

Hæ, hæ?' cry'd Cæsar, all for news agog.

'Nothing, my liege—no, nothing I may say, 104
 Excepting upon Hounslow, sir, a *fog*.'

'Fog upon Hounslow, gen'ral—*large* fog, hæ,
 Or *small* fog, gen'ral?'—'Large, an't please your
 sire.'

'Strange, vastly strange!—what, large fog, large
 fog, pray?

Yes, yes, yes—*large* fog, that I much admire.'

Cæsar and Carpenter now talk'd of wars,
 Of cannon, bullets, swords, and wounds, and scars:

When, in the middle of the fight, the king
 Sudden exclaim'd—'Fog upon Hounslow, hæ?

'Large fog too, gen'ral?—well, go on, on, pray—
 Strange! very strange!—extr'ordinary thing !'

Now dwelt the gen'ral on the battle's rage,
 Where muskets, muskets—guns, great guns engage,
 Red'ning with blood the field, and stream, and bog;
 When rushing from the murd'rous scene of glory,
 The monarch sudden marr'd the gen'ral's story—

‘Fog upon Hounslow, gen'ral—*large, large fog!*’
 ‘Yes, sir,’ said Carpenter unto the king—
 ‘Strange! very strange!—extr'ordinary thing!’

At length the gen'ral *finish'd*—lucky elf!— 125
 With much politeness, and much sweat and pain.
 ‘Thank God! thank God!’ he whisper'd to himself;
 ‘Curse me, if ever I find *fogs* again!’

Thus, then, I rev'renc'd *fogs* in former days,
 Because I worshipp'd kings; and though I cease
 King-adoration, kings shall share my praise,
 Although the gape of Wonder may decrease.

I star'd on kings as comets, with *amaze*:
 But now a deal diminish'd is the blaze.

Kings are mere tallow-candles, nine in ten, 135
 Wanting a little *snuffing* now and then;
 Harb'ring a thief that plays a dangerous game;
 Which if we did not watch, and strait pursue,
 The fat is in the fire! and then adieu
 That grease so rich, the parent of the flame. 140

Nay, worse event from this same thief appears!
 The *house*, at times, is burnt about our ears.

Yet pray, sirs, take a king from Mister Pitt,
 And calmly to the sov'reign's will submit;
 And not, as ye have done, on *madness* border:
 Nay, list to me, for oracles I tell—
 Kings for the people may do very well,
 Like *candles* and their *thieves*, when kept in
order.

ODE TO THE MILL,

*Erected in Windsor Park, for grinding Corn at
a cheap Rate for the Poor.*

I *Said*, his m——y was very good!
 Ready to sacrifice his royal blood—
 Yes, for the poor, each precious drop to spill :
 And now behold the corn is grinding down ;
 Such is the glorious bounty of the crown ! 5
 And, lo, in Windsor Park a stately mill !
 Blow, blow, ye breezes—faster, gentle gales !
 Oh, for the poor of Windsor fill the sails !
 Egham and Staines—not *Brentford*, that vile
 place
 Whose wicked imps, in royalty's despite, 10
 Rush'd to the royal gardens at deep night,
 And foully murder'd half the Dryad race.
 Blow, gentle gales ; ye breezes, harder blow ;
 Or soon the charity will cease to flow :
 Ships to old Thames are pouring in with corn, 15
 While Madam Ceres whets her scythe and hook :
 I hear the clanking sound in every nook ;
 The reaper's song already cheers the morn.
 I *said* his majesty was good and great ;
 And that the famish'd poor would have a treat : 20
 And now, behold, they fatten on the flour !
 Vile Chronicle, I know what thou wilt say—
 ' Why do not monarchs give the flour away ?
 Why not a part of *hoarded millions* pour ?'

Grind, gentle mill, and bring down all the bran;
The *blacker* 'tis, the *wholesomer* for man.

I know that saucy Englishmen will say:
'Why will not monarchs *give* their beef away,
While famine's face stares forth from ev'ry door?
How, with an easy heart, can monarchs keep 30
Such droves of cattle, and such flocks of sheep,
While Hunger gnaws the vitals of the poor?'

Grind, gentle mill, with speed, the corn away;
Nor heed what envious, jealous people say,
'Why,' cries the mob, 'bejewell'd shines the q—,
While poverty appears with sallow mien? 36
All know the millions—'twas from *us* they came:
To shine while thus *we* suffer, is a shame.'

Worms! know ye not that Hanover is *poor*,
The fav'rite spot of our most gracious k—? 40
And shall *no* guineas, O ye fools, go o'er,
Where all our princes drank at Wisdom's spring?

Grind, gentle mill—nor let one grain be lost:
Well knows the monarch what a bushel cost.

Is not poor Strelitz *very poor* indeed, 45
That gave this nation a most gracious q—?
And, O ye rogues, in hist'ry shall we read,
That guineas never were in *Strelitz* seen?
Inform me, fools, what jewels can go *there*,
To match the *goodly* jewel sent us *here*? 50

Fools! was not Hesse as poor as a church mouse,
Till kind Amelia sent her thousands o'er?
At once lank Poverty forsook the house,
And 'stead of *straw*, a *carpet* grac'd the floor.

In thee what semblance unto k—s I find! 55
Not *British*, but to *foreign* k—s, I trust;
Who of the simple poor the faces grind,
Just as thou grindest ev'ry grain to *dust*.

Grind, gentle mill, with all thy kind endeavour!

O grind away!—for better *late* than *never*. 60

Verse 60. *Better late than never.*] This *most astonishing* charity soon expired. The children of Famine poured in too plentifully upon the royal munificence; which very soon must have reduced majesty to the same most pitiable situation!

Great, gentle mill, with all thy kind endeavours,
O grind away!—for better late than never.

Verses 66. Better late than never. The state

restoring charity. The children of

Flaming poured in too plentifully upon the royal

country to the same most illustrious

A HINT TO A POOR DEMOCRAT.

SAY not unto a k—, ‘Thou fool!’—For why?
’Tis unpolite—though *possibly* no lie:

The speech too blights Preferment’s opening bud.
Make monarchs and Dame Wisdom near relations,
And all the Virtues too—such *kin-creations*
May work thy temporalities *much good*.

Laud to each word, however weak, be giv’n,
And let each *earthy* action scent of *Heav’n*.

To cry, ‘Thou fool!’ were foolish, let me say;
Because kings have so much to *give away*.

Steps to preferment are compos’d of *flatt’ries*:
So easily ye scale her lofty walls,
Just as ye mount the summit of St. Paul’s—

But *truths*!—aye, what are truths?—oh! fatal
batt’ries!

Or if we change the figure, *fatal ropes*,
That of Ambition hang the lofty hopes.
Truths should be only spoken of the Devil;
Though that’s *ungrateful* too, and *eke uncivil*.

‘But hast not *thou*,’ exclaims the man of spleen?
‘Taken strange liberties with k— and q—?’

Laugh’d at Idolatry who hugs a throne?
Well! grant my want of rev’rence for a crown;
Equal to *him* is Fortune’s smile and frown,
Whose modest teeth can deign to pick a *bone*.

My passions are the children (easy creatures)
Of Moderation! boast the mother’s features,
And mother’s chaste simplicity, the dove;

Can sleep upon the humble sod, and swill,
With great good glee, the valley's lucid rill,
And batten on the berries of the grove.

Look at yon group of sucking pigs—how blest!
What makes them so?—clean straw to form a nest!
So *slight* a thing their happiness composes!
What dialogue! how arch they squint *about*!
Now bury their sweet heads—now pull them *out*,
And toss the wisps so white upon their noses.

These pigs are just my passions, that can draw
Mirth and contentment from a simple straw.

Thy passions are of lofty wing *perchance*,
Pant for the *ortolan* and wines of France;

Unblest, if *ven'son* turn not on thy spit;
Unblest, if *turtle* smoke not on thy board,
Go then, and flatter Britain's mighty lord,
Kneel to Dundas, and prostrate fall to Pitt,

ODE TO THE ELEPHANT.

*Just arrived from Bengal, as a Present from the
Nabob of Arcot to her Majesty.*

POOOR fellow! thou art come, but come in vain;
And mayst as well, methinks, go back again!
Thy meat and passage give our court the spleen:
Dear, very dear, is now all sort of meat;
And all such luckless presents as can *eat*
Have found no favour yet with k— or q—.

Now hadst thou been a diamond (no bad size),
Or pearl, or ruby, how the royal eyes
Had idoliz'd thee! *gloried* to behold!
Rather *too bulky* for a *broche*, I fear,
Or *pin*, or *pretty pendant* for the ear—
But then thou wouldst have been cut up and *sold*.

Yes! thou hadst then been welcome—but, alas!
Since nought but *flesh* and *blood*! then munching
grass,

And what is most insufferable, *corn*;
Such sad expenses never can be borne.

Of Windsor, Richmond, Kew, the helpless poor,
Whose plaints have made the royal eyes run o'er,
Live on their gracious bounty ev'ry day:
For *them* their Graces ope their golden bags;
To good warm broad-cloth change their dirty rags,
And round their hovel cast a royal ray.

Seek then thy glooms again, and dusky loves—
The Great Mogul perhaps of eastern groves.

A crying sin, O elephant, is thine—
 Thy *stomach* form'd on such a monstrous scale!
 Ev'n Strelitz *people*, who in eating shine,
 Not quite like *thee* with heavy loads regale.

Yet not to Strelitz be deny'd applause:
 Wide are their mouths, and sack-like are their maws.

Yet if resolv'd to live with queens and kings;
 While meat and drink are such expensive things;
 Pull out thy stomach, cut away thy snout,
 And try, poor fellow, try to live *without*.

THE SORROWS OF SUNDAY;

AN ELEGY.

The intended Annihilation of Sunday's harmless Amusements, by three or four most outrageously-zealous Members of Parliament, gave Birth to the following Elegy. The Hint is borrowed from a small Composition, entitled 'The Tears of Old May Day.'

MILD was the breath of morn : the blushing sky
 Receiv'd the lusty youth with golden hair,
 Rejoicing in his race, to run, to fly;

As Scripture says, 'a bridegroom débonnaire;'

When, full of fears, the decent Sunday rose,

And wander'd sad on Kensington's fair green :

Down in a chair she sunk with all her woes,

And touch'd, with tenderest sympathy, the scene.

'O hard Sir Richard Hill! exclaim'd the dame;

'Sir William Dolben, cruel man,' quoth she;

'And Mister Wilberforce, for shame! for shame!

'To spoil my little weekly jubilee.

'Ah! pleas'd am I the humble folk to view,

'Enjoying harmless talk, and sport, and jest;

THE SORROWS OF SUNDAY. 79

Amid these walks their footsteps to pursue, 15
To see them smiling, and so trimly drest.

‘ Since the Lord rested on the *seventh day*,
Which sheweth that Omnipotence was *tir’d*;
As Moses, in old times, was pleas’d to say,
(And Moses was most certainly *inspir’d*); 20

‘ Why should not man too rest? ‘ No!’ cries Sir
Dick:

‘ At brother Rowland’s let him knock his knees,
Pray, sweat, and groan; of this damn’d world be
sick;

Of mangy morals crack the lice and fleas;

‘ Break Sin’s vile bones—pull Satan by the nose; 25
Scrub, with the soap and sand of grace, the soul;
Give Unbelief, the wretch, a rat’s-bane dose;
And stop, with malkins of rich faith, each hole:

‘ Spit in foul Drunkenness’s beastly mug;
Kill with sharp prayers, each offspring of the Devil;
Give to black Blasphemy, a Cornish hug; 31
And box, with bats of grace, the ears of Evil.’

Susan, the constant slave to mop and broom;
And Marian, to the spit’s and kettle’s art;
Ah! shall not *they* desert the house’s gloom, 35
Breathe the fresh air one moment, and look smart?

Meet, in some rural scene, a Colin’s smile;
With love’s soft stories, wing the happy hour;
Drop in his dear embraces from the stile,
And share his kisses in the shady bow’r? 40

‘ No!’ roars the Huntingtonian Priest—‘ No, no!
Lovers are liars—Love’s a damned trade:
Kissing is damnable—to Hell they go—
The Devil’s claws await the rogue and jade.

‘ *My chapel* is the purifying place: 45
There let them go to wash their sins away:

There, from my hand, to pick the crumbs of grace,
Smite their poor sinful craws, and howl, and pray.'

How hard, the lab'ring *hands* no rest should know,
But toil *six days* beneath the galling load, 50
Poor souls! and then, the *seventh* be forc'd to go
And box the Devil, in Blackfriar's Road!

Heav'n glorieth not in phizzes of dismay;
Heav'n takes no pleasure in perpetual sobbing;
Consenting freely, that my fav'rite day 55
May have her tea and rolls, and hob and nobbing.

In sooth, the Lord is pleas'd, when man is blest;
And wisheth not his blisses to blockade:
'Gainst tea and coffee ne'er did he protest,
Enjoy'd, in gardens, by the men of trade. 60

Sweet is White-Conduit House, and Bagnigge Wells;
Chalk-Farm, where Primrose Hill puts forth her
smile;

And Don Saltero's, where much wonder dwells,
Expelling work-day's matrimonial bile.

Life with the down of cygnets may be clad! 65

Ah! why not make her path a pleasant track?

'No!' cries the Pulpit Terrorist (how mad!)

'No! let the world be one huge hedgehog's back.'

Vice (did his rigid mummary succeed)

Too soon would smile amid the *sacred walls*; 70

Venus, in tabernacles, make her bed;

And Paphos find herself amid Saint Paul's.

Avaunt Hypocrisy, the solemn jade,

Who, wilful, into ditches leads the blind:

Makes, of her canting art, a thriving trade, 75

And fattens on the follies of mankind!

Verse 52. *Blackfriar's Road.*] The place of
Mr. Rowland Hill's chapel.

Look at archbishops, bishops, on a fast,
Denying hackney-coachmen ev'n their beer;
Yet, lo! their butchers knock, with *flesh repast*;
With *turbots*, lo! the fishmongers appear!

The pot-boys howl with porter for their bellies;
The bakers knock, with custards, tarts, and pies
Confectioners, with rare ice creams and jellies;
The fruiterer, lo, with richest pine supplies!

In *secret*, thus, they eat, and booze, and nod;
In *public* call indulgence a *d-mn'd evil*;
Order their simple flocks to *walk* with God,
And *ride themselves* an airing with the Devil.

THE
CONVENTION BILL;
AN ODE.

Odi profanum vulgus, et arceo—
Favete linguis. HOR.

I hate the mob—Avaunt the *vulgar throng*!
Be padlocks plac'd on ev'ry Briton's tongue.
PITT'S TRANSLATION.

THE
CONVENTION BILL;
AN ODE.



THE PROPHET'S SONG, & CANTIC—
HON.

I have the word—A voice the angels heard;
The psalms which on my lips are sung.
FITS TRADITION

TO THE READER.

GENTLE READER,

THE insufferable licentiousness of the present age, with regard to political opinion, demands an immediate redress. As a freedom of discussion may be the loss of a minister's *place*; *that* minister is in the right to make use of his *most virtuous* majority, to bring in a bill

For binding to the peace the tongue and pen,
So hostile to the *peace* of courtier men,

who, as Pope says of his friend Addison,

—‘damn for arts that caus’d *themselves* to rise.’

Messieurs Pitt and Dundas were *not* *pot valiant* when they *stumbled* on this Convention Act, whatever the world may think. The jolly god, it is said, was *for once* forced to give place to the goddess *yclept* Prudence, who has totally presided over this bill, which *wisely* orders that a *dozen* men, like a *dozen* bottles of wine, shall not pass from house to house without a permit. Convinced of the *necessity* and

wisdom of our premier's political manœuvre, I join his standard, and heartily vote to perpetual confinement the pen,

That, with its lever nib of brass,
Tries from his pow'r to heave Dundas;
And tongue that, with its crushing wit,
Treads like an elephant, on Pitt,
By Slander urg'd, whose breath of flame
Melts the fair column of a name.

P. P.

ODE TO MR. PITT.

A CCEPT a convert, ode-composing Peter!
‘The thunder-bearing bird of British metre!’
Says Fame, from truth not often known to wander:
To thee Job’s war-horse from Parnassus, Pitt,
A gentle beast, I kneeling take the bit,
Like tam’d Bucephalus to Alexander;
A horse to *other* riders so uncivil;
Who rear’d, and plung’d, and kick’d them to the
Devil.

Since Impudence, assuming Freedom’s form,
Near Mother Red-cap brews the dangerous storm,
Assembling such a formidable rout;
Loud threat’ning, too, O Pitt! in evil hour
To blow thee, like the gossamer, from pow’r;
’Tis time, full time, methinks, to *look about*.

Say the full plan thou meanest to pursue,
To curb of liberty this upstart crew:
Our eyes are, hawk-like, on the sharpen’d gaze.
Pronounce how many men shall meet together,
To canvass our political foul weather,
And shake their heads, in hopes of better days.

If not too pert—Thou great reforming man,
How many wilt thou suffer in a clan,
To groan their grievance, whisper woful tale,
Where the small tap-room pours its gin and ale?

Sedition lurks within a porter-mug—

Eke in a glass of gin the knave lies snug!

Who *drinks*, in rank rebellion dips his nose!

I like not *healths*! too oft they carry treason:

Then let us cut at once the rascal's weasand,

That dares to drink 'a rope to freedom's foes!'

And if to newspapers thou turn'st thine eyes,

Hot-beds of treason upon treason rise,

Save Rose's—guiltless of all wit-pollution!

But, if *sheer heaviness* can aid a cause,

George's two brats* shall pound the people's jaws,

As *logs* and *lead* do wondrous execution.

Rebellion taints a *whisper*, too, I think,

And wondrous danger hides within a *wink*;

Much in a *shrug*, and much in *lifted eyes*;

But, if a *groan* escape, a monarch *dies*.

Augustus acted very sagely—for as

He lov'd two poets, Virgil call'd, and Horace,

He issued proclamation, where, quoth he,

'Let no one poet, upon pain of death,'

(And, Lord! how dangerous that same loss of breath!)

'Dare, if he values life, to mention me.'

It had a very fine effect, says Fame;

Ev'n cats and puppies reverenc'd Cæsar's name!

* Mr. George Rose, of the Treasury, is the proprietor of two newspapers, *misnomered* the True Briton and Sun: the first, pleasantly *fabulous*; and the last, never emitting a *single ray*. They are intended, however, as two *brazen* pillars of our *happy* constitution, acquainting the world with *every motion* of majesty. George is really a *character*, and should be brought a *little more forward* on the political canvass. To continue the metaphor, this *treasury gentleman* has been kept too far in the *back ground*. A history of his life, parentage, and education, would prove a *bonne bouche* for the public.

Thus let *our* Cæsar mounted be on high,
And no one *take his name in vain*, but Pye.

Behold the pale Chinese! tame slaves of pow'r,
Who, at a Mandarin, in corners cow'r,

Dropping to earth the eye with awe-clad head;
While others yield themselves to panting flight,
Not vent'ring to turn back the fearful sight,

Lest a huge blunderbuss should strike them dead!

Such souls in Britons may we hope to see?

Haste, haste, the *times* to tremble thus at thee!

Oh! as in Norman William's humbling day,

At eve, shall solemn curfews sound the knell;

And men, like babes, be forc'd to bed away,

Soon as they hear the monitory bell?

When Majesty to Parliament shall ride,

Ah! may the monarch by the mob be *ey'd*?

And, if allow'd the *blessing* of a view,

Whether with *half* an eye, *one* eye, or *two*?

And will it not be deem'd a *daring* thing

To ogle through a *spying-glass* the king?

And will not Reeve's scouts to Justice run,

And swear the spying-glass a *monstrous* gun?

By thy sage counsel, possibly *alone*,

Like Dame Godiva, George may travel on,

When, lo, of curiosity a head,

A peeping Tom, may from a window poke;

Then let the bullet or the sabre's stroke

Dismiss the saucy peeper to the dead.

And, since his majesty is fond of hunting,

Ah, let his company no more be *bunting*!

A sweep may bear a very dangerous brush;

Butchers may pull a cleaver from the frock;

Barbers may launch at majesty a block,

Or bason dart, or pike-like pole may push;

Jack Ketch within his pocket hides his string,

And cobblers launch their lap-stones at their king

Since *such* too often, by ambition borne,
Join majesty, and whoop, and hound, and horn!

And, when our king to *Weymouth* shall repair,
Forget not thou an order to the may'r,
When in the tub the royal life embarks,
To read the riot-act to *shrimps* and *sharks*!

And now may God your hearts, ye Britons, turn!
Your sins in sackcloth and in ashes mourn:

Without a sigh, to ministers *submit*—

Ye are but *children* yet, so mend your ways;
Sing to the lord (th' Exchequer's lord!) with praise;
And go to school, good boys, to Goody Pitt.

But hark! a voice!—'Ab, Pitt! thine arts are vain;
Britons *dare* speak, and, when oppress'd, *complain*;

To man the little privilege is giv'n:

And, should a miscreant *curb* it (dead to shame),
May Albion's genius tear the villain's frame,
And fling it piece-meal to the fowls of Heav'n!

Whence is that solemn sound, alas! declare:
The ghost of Alfred bids a rogue *beware*.

ONE THOUSAND
SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX;
A SATIRE;
IN TWO DIALOGUES.

*Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum,
Tendunt extorquere pœmata—quid faciam vis?*

HORACE, ARS POET.

Pitt claps his paws on *something* ev'ry day;
A *hiss* at royalty—a poor old play;
Meetings near Mother Redcap's (harmless things!),
Jokes on *court-mummery*, smiles at queens and
kings;
Ere long, he leaps on Peter's *dove-like strains*;
And should the Muse be *ravish'd*, what remains?

SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX;

A 847106;

IN TWO DIAPYCNES.

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T. admodum antiquum et rarissimum—quod in faciem eius

NOTICE: ALL POSTS

Time elapsing the power on something every day.

For long, he kept on Peter's horse-like strains:

**ONE THOUSAND
SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX;
A SATIRE.**

DIALOGUE I.

PETER.

AH, Tom! from *Alma Mater*?

TOM.

Just imported,
Fortune a jade, and ev'ry guinea sported.

PETER.

What! no rich father then has slipp'd his wind,
And left a hogshead of bank notes behind?
No good Aunt Grizzle, kind enough to die, 5
Left a long purse to sooth the mournful sigh,
And purchase Pleasure's pretty recreations?

TOM,

I meet with no such kindness from *relations*!
P-x on't, it now appears their cruel plan
To live as long and happy as they can; 10
To make their sons in slavery *watch* and *pray*,
Till time and disappointment turn them gray!

94 ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED

PETER.

True, Tom—when lively lads arrive at age
 Dull fathers should be hustled off the stage,
 And mothers (hiss'd to Heav'n to find employ) 15
 Yield up their jointures to oblige their boy.
 Sons with *less ceremony* us'd to treat 'em—
 Tied them to trees, for wolves to come and eat 'em :
 Are parents *old*, with any thing to give ?
 'Tis really *sin* and *impudence* to live : 20
 Gold should change hands—not sleep amid the chest :
 Ye gods, for guineas what inglorious rest !
 Gold on Newmarket's panting steed should fly,
 And briskly circle with the rattling die.

TOM.

Friendship : where art ? in *books* and on the *tongue* !
 Who mak'st, like love, a *very pretty song* :
 Too much a stranger to the *heart*, I ween !
 Like angels, *prais'd*, *admir'd*,—but seldom *seen* !
 Besides *myself*, no comforter have I !
 No hopes from parents, and no friend to die. 30
 Sweet friendship ev'n for animals I love—
 A dog, a cat, a monkey, parrot, dove ;
 With Alexander's spirit charm'd, of course,
 Who built a town in honour of his *horse*.

PETER.

Now for the meaning of thy wild-geese chase :
 What project, Tom ! a pension, or a place ?

TOM.

Full of my mighty *self*, from college down
 I rush, to blaze a comet on the town !
 To tear from Slavery's neck the galling chain,
 And raise a nabob-fortune by my *brain* ; 40

Verse 34. *Who built a town.*] The city of Bu-
 cephalus.

On skins of hungry wolves, the courtiers, thrive,
 A Nimrod! leaving not a beast alive!
 Tremble thou Richmond, Hawk'sb'ry, and thou Pitt
 Too tremble, at the falchion of my wit.
 Tremble thou Portland, Malmsb'ry, Rose, Dundas!
 Stripp'd be the lion's hide, that holds an *ass*. 46
 Roll my deep thunder round that Reeves's head,
 Dark form! that stalking strikes a world with dread:
 All eye, all ear, at midnight's guardless hour,
 To seize a subject for the jail or Tow'r. 50
 Arm'd with the lightning's pointed fire, my pen,
 Brand thou the daring fronts of shameless men;
 Drag thou, my arm, black Guilt to open day!—
 Such are my projects!—how d'ye like them, pray?

PETER.

Nobly resolv'd! a pious resolution,
 Would Fortune kindly crown the *execution*.
 But Pitt despis'd the execrating noise
 Of men and women—hooting girls and boys!
 Smil'd at the rude salutes of stones and mire
 That *discompos'd* his curls and gay attire; 60
 And fated, had he fall'n, his gang to cross,
 Pitt knew a simple life no public loss;
 Knew that a *name* but mock'd a vengeful stone,
 Whose ghost-like popularity was *gone*;
 And knew, *his* flow'rs of speech and breadth of soul
 The state might find in many a dirty hole.
 Safe 'mid the windings of his brazen tow'r,
 Too well a minister discerns his pow'r;
 With high contempt he bids their fury flow,
 And mocks the pop-guns of the world below: 70
 So deep in fat Corruption's soil his roots,
 The public blast but lops some wanton shoots;
 The bullying *trunk*, whose *members* brave the skies,
 Firm in its hell-clad strength, the storm defies.

TOM.

I'll pour a broadside into courts.—

PETER.

Forbear.

75

Court-folly charms, of all, the eye and ear:
Sink it, and Satire mourns his useless dart;
While Ridicule, a bankrupt, breaks his heart.

TOM.

I'll spread my sentiments of kings and queens;
Truth guides my pen, and *Truth* the poet screens.

PETER.

Oh! what an inexperience'd thing is youth!
How very little knowest thou of Truth!
Truth for a very dangerous dame believe!
Too often, Tom, the fairest forms deceive:
'Mid Winter's shiv'ring scene the simple hare 85
Finds in the purest snow a fatal snare:
Forth as she scuds, to feed at early day,
The treach'rous *softness* tells her winding way:
Where'er it feels her feet, the fair betrayer,
Informs the treach'rous poacher where to slay her.
The muse that tells plain truth, with edge-tools sports:
Go, deal in fiction, man, and flatter courts.

TOM.

Nor shall the pompous lawn my lash escape,
That swelling lords it over simple crape:
Whales of the church, before my vengeance fly—
Devouring, mangling the poor helpless fry:
Priests! how unlike your healing, humble master!
He, Gilead's *balm*; but *you*—a *blister-plaster*!
Out with state-cancers! caustic, come, and knife—
I'll gain Fame's *plaudit*, though I lose my life. 100

PETER.

Sweet is her song—divine, like Banti's breath;
Yet dear's the ballad, Tom, whose note is *death*!

TOM.

Perchance I venture on the *hope-forlorn*!
Yet, he who Honour courts, must Danger scorn!

PETER.

Thus, when a breach is made in some fair town,
The volunteers, agog to gain renown,
Beg hard to enter first, to fall with glory,
And give Posterity a *beauteous* story;
While *wiser* some, averse to *making* mould,
Would rather *tell* the tale, than have it *told*. 110

TOM.

I'll pierce of Wimbledon the midnight scene,
Where taxes spring, and Riot's orgies reign;
Expose the two Dictators to the isle—

PETER.

The world has mark'd them, and the couple *smile*.

TOM.

What! is there not a blush?—a little glow, 115
To stain their marble countenances?

PETER.

No!

The minister who bears a blushing face,
Poor Molly! is not fitted for his place.
With dog-like impudence, and dog-like stare,
To wonder, all the while he lays the *snare*, 120
'*That gentlemen suspect a harmless plan*;
Such is the *minister*, and such the *man*,
To dupe the state, and carry all before him!—

TOM.

So, then, my bull of satire cannot gore him?

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PETER.

At ev'ry push the man would only *laugh*, 125
 And prove thy *bellowing bull*, a *whining calf*.
 Rose, spite of ridicule, enjoys his place,
 And grins at such as damn the want of grace;
 While Wyndham, unabash'd, his heart unlocks,
 And calmly meets the front of injur'd Fox. 130
 One monosyllable, whose name is Aye,
 Weighs more than all a hundred *bards* can say:
 One daring member of a rotten borough
 Is found of late, to poor Old England's sorrow,
 Full strong to give fair Freedom her death-wound,
 And hurl her heav'n-clad column to the ground.
 Merit may walk to grass, or munch the thistle:
 For Pitt, the Virtues all may ev'n go whistle.
 Worth, like the worm beneath the cold hard stone,
 Crawls forth, and courts the sunshine of a throne:
 But, lo, its rays on diff'rent *reptiles* fall,
 That wriggling, clinging, lick the foot of Baal.

TOM.

Portland shall feel my scourge—

PETER.

Why so, poor man?
 His grace is much the best of all the clan.
 Though *dup'd* to join with knaves his luckless doom,
 'Mid *rooks*, a pigeon with unsullied plume:
 His colleagues, when compar'd to *him*!—a day
 Of wolf-like Winter, and the lamb-like May;
 The lane's coarse pebble, and Golconda's stone;
 The Medicean Venus, and a Joan. 150
 His and their hearts are *opposition things*;
 Diff'rent as dove-like saints, and vulture kings;
 Cynthia, the world's delight, and Lady Mary;
 Fam'd Belisarius, and old Bamfylde Cary.

TOM.

Die then the *embassy* that shames the land. 155

PETER.

Lord! Tom, the French have kill'd it to thy hand;
Then rein thy fury—spare thy idle breath—

TOM.

I'll fabricate the poetry of Death.
O'er many a neck my scimitar shall flame,
And Havoc's corses form my road to fame; 160
On Satire's burning coals *this* villain fries,
And roasted *that* with skewers in his eyes:
I'll *match* the knaves with tortures of all sorts,
(And make a charming little *hell* for courts.

PETER.

Heav'ns! Tom, be cooler; take advice—

TOM.

I won't— 165
' Wilful will do't'—my soul is fix'd upon't,
Ah, Peter, you're a *courtier*.

PETER.

No such thing:
I never drank at Adulation's spring.

TOM.

No! Peter never dealt in praise!

PETER.

I have.
There is a time ere any man's a knave— 170
Some start in youth, some sin at bald fourscore;
But known—the voice of Fame is heard no more.
Virtue's pure robe with dirt I scorn to load,
Or offer incense to embalm a *toad*.

True, I *have flatter'd*—yes, my raptur'd *tongue*
 Has pleas'd a *mistress* oft—and oft a *song*:
 Yet for no *baseness* I invok'd the Nine—
 A lovely subject, and a harmless line.
 Let talents, virtues, meet my happy eyes;
 I ask not, truly, from *what soil* they rise. 180
 If 'mid the lorn cold vale of Want they spring,
 The muse shall hen-like spread her fost'ring wing;
 Or Grandeur's sun-clad mountain, to their glory,
 My verse (though scarce believ'd) shall tell the story:
 Give me the riches, and I'll find the soul 185
 To lead poor pining Merit from her hole.
 Friend to the arts, were George's millions mine,
 What heav'nly maid in poverty should pine?
 For lab'ring Genius, palaces should rise;
 Not for court-sycophants, the carrion-flies: 190
 These would I flap—and change at once the scene;
 To Taste, the Attic nymph, restore her reign;
 With Raphaels, Titians, the glad world renew,
 And lead a second Angelo to view;
 Bid, for our Board of Works, Palladios spring, 195
 And cast a ray of glory round a king.
 And, were I *king*! I solemnly protest,
 That *hardware-man*, that *brazier*, Mister West,
 No more should copper poor old Windsor's walls;
 Nor Bacon's lifeless lumber load Saint Paul's. 200
 Then should yon nick-nam'd dome (alas! how poor
 In real merit!) shut its sacred door

Verse 200. *Bacon's lifeless lumber.*] Two statues
intended to adorn St. Paul's cathedral, and chal-
 lenge the universe for sculpture. They are said to
 be *meant* for Howard and Johnson. Much money
 has been given for digging the two miserable objects
 out of the stone, and they have been *put up*: when
 will the poor exposed figures, for the honour of our
 national taste, and their own credit, be *taken down*?
 —*Risum teneatis, amici?*

Verse 201. *Nick-nam'd dome.*] How the Academy

On *smugglers* in the trade, whom art reviles;
Whose sole pretensions are—what? Folly's smiles.
Yet, is there one, whose bags with wealth run o'er,
Who loves the arts, and *loves* to see them *poor*;
Proud of a lying, cringing dedication,
That dubs him the Mæcenas of the nation?
Lo, there are authors to proclaim his spirit,
And swear it ever in pursuit of merit. 210

TOM.

Curs'd be the period, whether verse or prose,
That round a worthless head a glory throws—
Yields Merit's meed to tinsel stars and strings,
And *soul* to Mis'ry, though it dwelt with *kings*.
Makes Av'rice generous—the poor idiot *wise*— 215
And lifts the fool of fortune to the skies.

PETER.

Yet are there knaves in these unblushing days,
To fabricate the lying song of praise!
What's strange—the flatter'd fools, so dead to shame,
Strut in stol'n plumes, and boast th' imputed fame.
Tell Knight he beats, in rural scenes, the *world*;
Nought for the falsehood at your head is hurl'd!

came to be baptized *royal*, I cannot conceive; as
not a *spangle* of royal munificence ever threw a ray
around its walls. Had it not been for the annual
shillings of the charitable public, it must have died
of *famine* long ago.

Verse 221. *Tell Knight.*] A gentleman who
scrambled to Parnassus as he crept into the borough
of Ludlow; and who, obtaining the *alms* of charity
from a reviewer, informs the world that it is the
free and unsolicited donation of Fame. A gentle-
man who fancies his poor cracked post-horn to be
the *trump* of heroic poetry; and, ashamed of being
a contemptible *mute* amidst his brethren of St. Ste-

102 ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED

Say that he feels a poet's genuine fire,
 His palsied hand like Milton's sweeps the lyre:
 Not Flatt'ry's *self* can too much fame allow; 225
 For, lo, to Phœbus' *self* he scorns to bow.
 Swear Taste a poor *lost sheep* before *he* came;
 At once he hears Messiah in his name:
 He sees the poor *fall'n creature* 'Taste restor'd;
 And, proud of vict'ry, feels himself the Lord! 230
 Say Wisdom languish'd in barbaric gloom;
 He sees *his* Genius the wild waste illume.

PETER.

Thus, when a night of shade involves the pole,
 And clouds on clouds in murky masses roll;
 Sol through the darkness bids his radiance flow, 235
 And robes with golden light the world below!

TOM.

Call Mason, Shakespeare; Mister Hayley, Pope
 Their jaws with sudden inspiration ope;
 With fancied immortality they shine,
 And all Parnassus thunders through their line: 240
 No more the Muses their lost fav'rites mourn;
 In Mason's, Hayley's page again they burn!
 Tell Banks he fills with honour Newton's chair,
 The weed-and-bird's-nest-hunter will not *stare*!
 Aloud with Newton's fancied pow'rs he brays, 245
 And struts with Newton down to distant days!

phen's, turns a roaring bully amongst the *Muses*.
 Possessed of a school-boy power of mouthing a few
 Greek polysyllables, who most ridiculously deems
 himself an *Aristarchus*; and who, childishy arro-
 gating to himself the character of a legislator of taste
 in landscape-scenery, has received a severe and me-
 rited castigation, from men of real abilities, for his
 presumption.

Call West, Corregio; on his cloth display'd,
 Raptur'd he marks a breadth of *light* and *shade*;
 His *copper* turns to *flesh* of loveliest hue,
 And ev'ry cherub-sweetness charms his view. 250
 Or grant him Raphael's line and Raphael's grace,
 He will not fling his brushes in your face:
 Pronounce like matchless Claude's his landscape
clear,

He sees the *brightest* clouds, the *purest* sphere;
 Surveys Dame Nature's forms with thrilling blood,
 And counts a *thousand leagues* along the *mud*.

Inform that witch—of ugliness the queen,
 Old Sycorax, she beats in mind and mien
 Fair Oxford; how the wrinkled hag will smile,
 And stretch her approbation-mouth a mile! 260

Call Porteus gen'rous, Porteus will not cry,
 With hands uplifted, '*Jesu, what a lie!*'

No! on his lip a smile approving springs,
 Sweet as the simper when he bows to kings.

Praise Strelitz, Schwellenberg will scream, '*Mine*
Gote,' 265

England haf noting clevers as dat spote;
 Dere be de palace!—peepels of high bert,
 An bestest princes dat's in all de ert.'

Praise Bru——ll's brain—what farce! the man re-
 ceives it!

Swear that his *head* is *human*—he believes it: 270

Swear B-ll-r honours the huge wig and gown,
 By heav'ns, the fellow will not knock you down;

Verse 260. *Call Porteus gen'rous.*] Her majesty's own bishop, the æconomical Bishop of London; who, on his exaltation, sent circular letters to the clergy of his diocese, commanding them to inform him of the state of morality, religion, and the churches; at the same time, however, requesting, that the answers might not weigh more than *one ounce*. Poor morality, poor religion, poor churches! What! not worth the *postage of a letter*?

104 ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED

Nor turncoat W——m, to no party true,
 Deny *sincerity* to be his due.
 Praise Hawkesb'ry for his sweet ingenuous heart,
 The man has not the decency to *start*:
 Call Grenville *humble*—will you *shock* the peer?
 No, no! he listens with *unwounded* ear:
 Chatham, in naval matters, brisk and deep;
 He drops the tortoise, and forgets his sleep. 280
 Tell Pitt, the people *love* him—Pitt will smile,
 And deem himself the *fav'rite* of the isle:
 Swear modesty no stranger to Dundas,
 Hal feels the virtue on his *front of brass*.

PETER.

Thus, should Sir Isaac (meanness to promote) 285
 Form for some upstart wretch a handsome coat;
 Lo, from the *Conquest*, lists of sires appear,
 And all the puddle of his blood runs *clear*.

Verse 285. *Thus should Sir Isaac.*] Sir Isaac
 Heard, garter king at arms.

DIALOGUE II.

TOM.

O! for the soul of Leo, to inspire
 Our future kings with Glory's genuine fire!
 Then would the happy painter, and the bard,
 Of simple merit reap the rare reward!
 Then would the varied field of letters bloom, 5
 Smile on the eye, and yield the heav'ns perfume.

PETER.

Poor field! at *present* much like Hounslow Heath,
 Whose chief production is the wood of Death.

TOM.

How is fair Art, and Science, in disgrace!
 What patron meets them with a smiling face? 10
 See, like a shadow, Genius, limping, poor,
 In supplication at a great man's door!—
 And see with insolence his *lacquey* treat him;
 And were he *fat enough*, the *dog* would eat him.

Verse 7. *Hounslow Heath.*] The comparison of the present barren field of literature to the field of gibbets is new, apposite, and ingenious. Literature now is as dangerous as murder. Let Reeves be the interpreter, and every line of every pamphlet, verse or prose, shall, by this *gentleman's* sagacious commentary, smell of *treason* as strongly as the *whisper* of an anti-Pittite proclaims *rebellion*.—The editor.

PETER.

O Taste, O Reason, to our isle return! 15

Behold our great for *littlenesses* burn!

Charm'd with his wit, and tricks, and nose, and
hunch,

Not long ago, Lord Plymouth purchas'd Punch:

And very soon, I ween, some *titled* ninny,

Some moon-ey'd fool, will buy the Fantoccini. 20

Th' alarming voice of war must not be heard—

There are no French to pull us by the beard—

Invasions! nonsense—What the pow'r of France;

What *discord*, *murder*, so the *puppets* dance?

TOM.

This reddens my rough vengeance—fans my flame,

And goads my Satire's hawk to seek its game,

Yes! yes! I stand resolv'd upon the matter—

Fry is the word, and brimstone be my batter!

PETER.

Gods! what a furious Saracen art thou!

But what says Pitt? will Pitt thy rage allow? 30

Believe me, Tom, the blunderbuss of law

Makes a long shot—an engine form'd to *awe*—

By this has many a bird of Satire bled—

Be prudent, therefore, and revere the *lead*.

Think of thy banish'd *namesake*!

TOM.

What! Tom Paine?

I *like* the man—should boast to *hold his train*: 36

Tom Paine speaks boldly out; and so I dare

Strike at court slaves, nor sex nor order spare;

Spread o'er my quarry Vice, my eagle wings,

Nor dread the conflict, though oppos'd by *kings*!

PETER.

Lo, that rich hour of Liberty gone by!

Grenville's and Pitt's bold acts thy rage defy:

Pitt claps his paws on *something* ev'ry day;
A *hiss* at royalty, a poor old play.
Meetings near Mother Redcap's (harmless things!),
Jokes on court-mummery, smiles at queens and
kings:

Ere long he leaps on Peter's dove-like strains;
And should the muse be ravish'd, what remains?
Behold the court, of *hist'ry* grown so sore,
I scarce dare mention—*apple-dumpling* more, 50
Or Madam Schwellenberg and ambling jack,
For fear the palace might be on my back;
And that's a *heavy-load*, the world will own,
Enough to make the mighty Atlas groan:
Nor Whitbread's brewhouse, nor poor Mother Jones,
Nor hunting parsons, if I prize my bones;
Louse, Brick-kiln, Gard'ners, Mutton, Mouse-trap-
Tour;

Such mention will not ministers endure:
Though ministers, as *blushing* hist'ry shows,
Dar'd pull a goodly monarch by the nose; 60
Spat in his face, and threaten'd to dethrone him;
Roar'd out 'Reform,' and forc'd themselves upon
him:

Drunk with successes, seiz'd the old state thunder,
When uproar wild began, and nation-plunder.
The 'state's in danger,' louder howl'd the storm,
Gagg'd ev'ry raven-mouth that croak'd '*reform*.'
Thus then it happens (save good Master Reeves),
The purest patriots may be pick'd from *thieves*.

Verse 44. *A poor old play.*] Venice Preserved;
condemned by authority to oblivion, on account of
the numerous and violent *plaudits* bestowed on
passages that seemed direct sarcasms on our pre-
sent rulers.

Verse 51. *Ambling Jack.*] The ass on which the
great mistress of the robes was wont to take her air-
ings, for health, through the royal gardens, which
furnished much *misfortune* and *amusement*.

PETER.

For ever sacred be the acts of kings,
The founts of worship, honour, stars and strings! 70
Ev'n such as *Virtue damns*, the gentle muse
(So chang'd her nature?) shall not once abuse:
Peace to the ghost of Nero, great good man,
Beneath whose blade no blood in rivers ran!
Whose heart in Mercy's tender mould was made!
Peace to Domitian's—peace to Richard's shade!

TOM.

Who is this lord high-paramount, this Pitt?
What are his mighty acts, his wisdom, wit?
What his huge feats, with all his wondrous brags?
The nation stripp'd, fair Liberty in rags, 80
With scarce a shift, gown, stocking, garter, sandal;
Put up at *Garraway's* by inch of candle.
A booby who for vict'ries madly gapes,
And idly lab'ring brings us into scrapes;
Then bids us get ourselves, with phiz devout, 85
And fear and trembling, pray'r, and starving, *out!*
Thus, with an insolence, a name that lacks,
He flings his own d-mn'd sins upon *our* backs.
Poor England! to destruction he has brought it;
Then cries with idiot wonder, 'Who'd have thought
it!' 90

Away with fasts that *gormandise* and *quaff*,
And give ev'n sly Hypocrisy a laugh!
Who will with lying impudence declare,
Nought fills his mouth upon that day, but air?
What *saints* the stomach's pinches will endure? 95
None!—save their pious majesties, I'm sure.
But grant we *fast*—are *fasts* of aught avail?
Behold the poor with fasting lean and pale;
And still the French, in lucky war employ'd,
Unlike Sennach'rib's host, are not destroy'd. 100

PETER.

But, Tom, 'tis *gentry* that must Heav'n implore;
G-d never listens to the ragged poor.

When ministers their blundering tricks betray,
 'Tis *gentry* only that must starve and pray.
 Yet at their dread petition Heav'n will start, 105
 Nor, cruel, run a Frenchman through the heart,
 T' oblige a foolish Briton who shall cry,
 I'm fasting, Lord; so let thy vengeance fly:
 So far am I a *quaker*, I must own,
 And dare not thus address th' eternal throne. 110
 Heav'n is most merciful—inclin'd to *spare*,
 And scorns to kill a neighbour for a *pray'r*.
 Indeed, whate'er the bishops may pretend,
 In fast and pray'r we seldom find a friend:
 Fasts will not wet French powder; nor will words
 Of pious imprecation blunt French swords:
 Nor sighs of *saints* avert the flying ball:
 The pope must run from Rome, and Mantua fall.

TOM.

How at each solemn phiz the Dev'l must grin!
 All sanctity without, and fraud *within*! 120
 But pray'rs before a bishop, and a *haunch*;
 Alas! he quits not, for the *soul*, the *paunch*:
 Meat must be watch'd, and roasted in its prime;
 Pray'rs for the Lord keep cold for any time.

PETER.

Thus, on a Sunday, pious Parson Moss, 125
 Afraid a tiger-appetite to cross,
 Left out good pray'rs, and stopp'd the organ's
 tongue,
 That groaning meditated heav'nly song:
 For, lo, too soon (to disappoint the Lord)
 The judges' ven'son smoak'd upon the board! 130
 Who can *resist*, when appetite feels bold?
 And what divine would eat his ven'son *cold*?

Verse 125. *Pious Parson Moss.*] At a late assizes at Wells, at the Cathedral, this ludicrous affair happened.

TOM.

Well, since we must have this same idle day,
Shut up the shops, look dismal, starve, and pray;
O give the Litany this supplication, 135
'Lord, kick two scoundrels from administration!'

PETER.

Fie, fie, Tom—really you are too severe.

TOM.

Who with a velvet lash would flog a bear?

PETER.

Come, come—some merit must to Pitt belong—

TOM.

I grant him *perseverance*—grant him *tongue*. 140
With *words* I own the fellow well supplied,
Bombast, and phrases ready cut and dried;
A formal, scowling, wisdom-aping face;
An awkward gesture, an affected grace:
Cavil and flimsy logic, to surprise, 145
And raise the whites of country members' eyes.
When dead, what leaves this Pitt to light mankind?
Not the dim lustre of a *snail*, behind!
Grant from his dust the world *one ray* may pick;
What is't?—the glimmer of a rotten stick! 150
What has Pitt done for subject or for prince?

PETER.

Good heav'ns, I've said it, scarce a minute since!
Of screech-owl Satire, Pitt has shorn the wings,
That hooting hover'd round the thrones of kings;
Where, from the rising to the setting ray, 155
Now soothing Flatt'ry pours the lark-like ray;
Where simp'ring courtiers buz with praiseful tongue,
Like gnats that hum to parting suns the song.

Friend to the state, with soldier, and with tary,
Pitt fights our *just* and *necessary* war; 160
Improves our taxes, what would he have more?
And sets an *honest spy* at ev'ry door.

TOM.

For shame!—by *ridicule* you ward each stroke,
And make the ruin of the state a *joke*;
Who from Dame Justice snatch'd the bloodhound—?
'Tis Pitt compassionates, 'tis Pitt reprieves: 166
Caught in the trap, the dark informer roar'd,
Till Pitt the wretch to liberty restor'd.

PETER.

Thus, if we may compare great things with small,
When Doctor Johnson lodg'd at Kettle Hall, 170
His philosophic consequence to shock,
Fate bade him put on Mistress Thompson's smock;
Wedg'd in the smock (a lion in the toil),
He roar'd, and kick'd, and sweated—huge turmoil!

Verse 170. *When Doctor Johnson.*] When Johnson lodged at Kettle Hall, in the University of Oxford, at a Mr. Thompson's, a cabinet-maker; the maid, by an unfortunate mistake, brought him one day a *chemise* of Mrs. Thompson's to put on, instead of his own *shirt*. Contemplating on nothing but Ramblers and Idlers, and colossal Dictionaries, he shoved his arms and head and shoulders into the lady's linen before he discovered his error. 'Who has cut off the sleeves of my shirt? *who* has cut off the sleeves of my shirt?' exclaimed the enraged and hampered moralist, with Stentorian vociferation, dancing and tugging and foaming for freedom.—This roar brought up poor trembling Mrs. Thompson, who, with the most consummate delicacy, shutting her two chaste eyes, slipped her hand into the room, and delivered her giant guest from his enchanted castle.

Stamp'd, bounc'd, and ran a buffalo about, 175
Till Mistress Thompson let the savage out.

TOM.

Misplac'd indeed is all your ridicule,
That means to thwart my plans by calling *fool*.

PETER.

Thus, when the president of frogs and flies,
And weeds and birds'-nests, wish'd in pomp to rise,
And fill (*himself*) a throne sublime and fair,
And give his hammer'd arm a Jove-like air;
Th' *uncourtly* Doctor, hostile to the scheme,
Gave a loud horse-laugh, and dissolv'd the *dream*!

TOM.

Still with more irony?—But I'll go on— 185
Who with calm spirit sees the realm undone?
Who from the noble haunches of the state
Cuts fine fat slices for *his* dainty plate,
And bids the people on the *offals* feed?
This fellow Pitt!

PETER.

—A crying sin indeed! 190

Thus saw I once a cuckoo in a cage,
And thrush, a very *purser* of the age!
Boil'd beef, and cabbage, had the pair for dinner;
When, lo, the thrush (a knowing *purser-sinner*),

Verse 181. *And fill (himself) a throne.*] It is an incontrovertible fact that Sir Joseph Banks proposed the plan of a throne for himself, and benches for foreign princes and ambassadors beneath him, whose heads might be on the same plane with the most noble president's *ten toes*. Dr. Horsley, the present bishop of Rochester, by a well-timed ridicule, put an end to the vision of vanity.

Soon as he met a bit of beef, the elf 195
Sans cérémonie gobbled it *himself*:
But when a *stump of cabbage*!—chang'd his note,
He ramm'd it down the gaping *cuckoo's* throat.

TOM.

Behold the barracks, and our lot deplore;
Ere long a *damn'd dragoon* at ev'ry door! 200
Then, lo, fair Freedom dead, who holds his hate,
Forc'd by a *fascination* to her fate!

PETER.

Thus when the wily snake, beneath a tree,
Darts his red eyes upon his feather'd prey;
Poor bird! no more he swells the song of love, 205
Waves the wild wing, and glides from grove to grove:
With panting heart he tries to shun the foe;
But, looking on the steady fiend below,
In chains of fatal fascination bound,
Captive he hops around him and around; 210
Till nearer, nearer drawn, with hopeless cries,
He drops upon the poison'd fang, and dies.

TOM.

So, then, you laugh at hopes of *reformation*.

PETER.

Pitt finds a tame old *hack* in our *good* nation;
Safe through the dirt, and ev'ry dangerous road?
The beast *consents* to bear his galling load;
And, spite of all that we can *sing* or *say*,
Fools will be fools, and ministers—*betray*.

LIBERTY'S LAST SQUEAK ;

CONTAINING

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD,

**AN ODE TO AN INFORMER—AN ODE TO
JURYMEN—AND CRUMBS OF COMFORT
FOR THE GRAND INFORMER.**



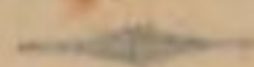
**Now farewell to fair Buckingham-House ;
To Windsor, to Richmond, and Kew ;
Farewel to the tale of the Louse
Mother Red-cap, and Monarchs, adieu !**

LIBERTY'S LAST SQUEAK ;

CONTAINING

AN ELEGANT BALLAD,

AN ODE TO AN INFORMER—AN ODE TO
JURY MEN—AND CHURCHES OF COMFORT
FOR THE GRAND INQUISITOR.



Now taken to the Birmingham Road ;
To Windsor, to Richmond, and New ;
Taken to the late of the House
Better Red-coat, and Mousie's, when ?

LIBERTY'S LAST SQUEAK ;

AN

ELEGIAC BALLAD.

FAREWEL, O my pen and my tongue!

To part with such friends I am loath ;

But Pitt, in majorities strong,

Voweth horrible vengeance on both.

No more on a king or a queen,

Apple-dumpling, and smuggling so sweet ;

Like their stomachs your wit shall be keen,

Hogs, hay, and fat bullocks, and wheat.

No more upon smugglers at court,

Mother Schwellenberg, bulses, and shawls ;

Nor at levees and drawing-rooms sport,

Where man the poor sycophant *crawls*.

The meanness no more of *high folk*

In the rope of your satire shall swing :

For, behold, there is death in the joke

That squinteth at queen or at king.

Thus untax'd by your satire, my friends,

Courts smile at th' intended decree ;

Thus the reign of poor ridicule ends,

And follies, like shawls, will go *free*.

Yes Folly will prattle and grin
With her scourges Oppression will rise,
Since satire's a damnable sin,
And a sin to be virtuous and wise.

But wherefore not laugh at a — ?
And wherefore not laugh at a — ?
A laugh is a laudable thing,
When people are silly and mean.

When we paid civil list without strife,
When we paid the old quack for his cure,
When we pray'd at Peg Nicholson's knife,
The k— laughed at us, to be sure.

Ev'n the minions of courts will escape ;
Dundas, Pitt, and Jenky, and Rose,
Yes, Satire gets into a scrape,
If she takes the four R—s by the nose.

No more must ye laugh at an ass ;
No more run on toppers a rig,
Since Pitt gets as drunk as Dundas,
And Dundas gets as drunk as a pig.

A laugh at a delegate hurts ;
Yes, 'twere dangerous to hazard your sneers ;
And mock the sweet *mercy* of courts,
That return'd him his forfeited ears.

Now farewell to fair Buckingham-house,
To Windsor, and Richmond, and Kew ;
Farewel to the tale of the Louse !
Mother Red-cap, and Monarchs adieu !

Like ferrets, since all must be muzzled,
(And *muzzled* indeed we shall be !
Say Pitt (for I'm grievously puzzled),
May we venture a *horse-laugh* at thee ?

ODE TO AN INFORMER.

NOW is the time, my friend—'tis now or never—
Help, help of government the *bold* endeavour;
So lately through a deep consumption rubbing,
Prerogative's upon his legs again!

He wields his knotty club with might and main,
For long the land has needed a sound drubbing!

Prerogative, ye Gods! will soon look fierce,
Hunt with his hounds the shops for prints and verse

And find the likenesses of *men on high*—

Make of the booksellers and bards a hash—

Smell *rank rebellion* in a *star* or *dash*,

And bid the sneering culprit hang or fly.

Whoever mentions *pig*, or *goose*, or *pens*,
Skim-milk, or *corn*, or *man-traps*, *cocks*, and *hens*,
Or *Frogmore Fête*, or *charities* or *bulse*,
The turnkey soon shall feel the culprit's pulse.

Whoever says that majesty is *rich*,
Or calls Dame Schwellenberg a *smuggling b—*,
Or swears hypocrisy has dwelt in *courts*,
Blasphemes, speaks treason, and with edge tools
sports.

Who says of Wimbledon a slighting word,
Where Pitt, the Punch of Showman Harry, steals
To learn state-tricks, behold the vengeful sword
O'ertaking soon the swiftest pair of heels!

Who mentions Richmond's *courage*, or his *coals*,
Must think upon the stock's ignoble holes.

Whoever christens but his *dog*, Tom Paine
(And many an itching tongue can scarce refrain),

The cur and master shall be brought to shame—
 Nay, *Tom*, a common Christian name for *cats*,
 Must die; and lo, the Hanoverian rats
 Already lose the *Hanoverian name*.

The name Tom Paine, should ev'n a *parrot* cry,
 Make out his *mittimus*, and let him die:
 Strike me that bulfinch on the jaw,
 That dares to warble *ça ira*.

God save the king, the world must *sing* or *say*;
God save the king, the *ballad* of the day!

Our dogs shall learn of royalty to bawl,
 Our cats, from roof to roof, of Cæsar squall;

The beetles buz with loyalty along—
 The very owl '*God save the king!*' shall learn;
 And barn, at midnight, hoot to brother barn;
 And bat shall shriek to bat th' inspiring song.

What journeyman will dare to mention *wages*?

Who talk about the hardships of the poor?

Off with the villains to their iron cages,

Where whip-arm'd Justice guards the gloomy door.

Ev'n on a *royal* horse, or sheep, or cur,

Let subjects, if they dare it, cast a slur?

All that a palace holdeth *smells* of *God*:

A page's call is glory to our ears:

A cook's salute a load of honour bears;

Nay, honour dwelleth in a scullion's nod.

Shoot all those grumbling rascals, the dissenters,
 And hang their hearts, like butchers meat, on *tenters*;

Fellows that fain would be *court gospel-makers*:

Impale the goat-fac'd, unbelieving Jews;

And then the knife of Justice to amuse,

Cut out the tongues of all the groaning quakers!

Return, return, ye glorious days agen,

When pow'r, the giant, muzzled tongue and pen;

Saw what the soul was thinking, through the eye,

And crush'd it for a treasonable sigh!

The voice of Liberty has roar'd too long!
 Pull out the wide-mouth'd strumpet's lawless tongue!
 Off with the wonted crown that decks her head,
 And place the *proper* fool's-cap in its stead.

SECOND ODE TO AN INFORMER.

*The great Poet inviteth a great Informer to
 great Wickedness!*

R—, let thy soul enjoy the hour!
 See Night her grisly spectres pour!
 The clock proclaims her at her highest noon;
 Lone silence shall our work befriend,
 Her shoes of cygnet down shall lend;
 The cloud's black mantle muffle the pale moon.

Newgate to brother Tower shall roar aloud:
 'So thick the pris'ners my dark dwelling crowd,
 I cannot put a pin between the knaves;
 'And glutt'd too, am I, and I, and I,'
 The Tow'r and echoing jails around reply—
 'And I, and I,' each loaded compter raves.

The sated pillory shall roar:
 'I'm tir'd, I'm tir'd—can squeeze no more.'
 The gibbet, surfeited with death, shall groan!
 And, shuddering, lo, at human woes,
 The tomb its pond'rous jaws shall close,
 While Pity's fruitless tear embalms the stone.

122 LIBERTY'S LAST SQUEAK.

Oh! would kind Night extend th' *eternal* shade,
And help in Murder's cause our panting breath!
For, lo! to Murder with his reeking blade,
The beam of morning seems the gloom of death.

Lo, where the innocents repose,
Our longing hands shall scatter woes,
And Fear shall whiten ev'ry haggard face.
Sly to the pillow will we creep,
Dash with rude arm the bonds of sleep,
And drag a *husband* from a *wife's* embrace.

In vain shall Terror lift the suppliant cry;
Our hearts, two rugged rocks, the sound defy.

Behold, behold a youth with muddled brain,
Reeling, the Lord knows where, a little drunk,
Perhaps to slumber with a fav'rite punk:
The rascal mutters Freedom and Tom Paine.

Soon, like a pair of eagles on a pig,
On this poor midnight stroller let us fall:
Drag him before the justice and his wig,
And swear to treason that he did not bawl.

This will be pleasant to our lords on high,
Who call the *under-world* of man,
An assish, mulish, packhorse clan,
Shreds of mortality, with scornful eye.

Look to the histories of ancient times,
Their pleasant prose, and tale-recording rhimes:
Kings were God's images—rever'd the throne:
Submission then, indeed, with eye-balls low'ring,
And suppliant hands and pray'r, and forehead
cow'ring,
Spoke treason, if she call'd her soul her own.

Knock down the man who out of reason rules;
Believes that monarchs can be rogues and fools,
Virtues are transferable, just like stock,
With title-pass, that dignifies a block.

Title on ugliness confers a bloom—
Bids carrion drop its stench, and breathe perfume—
To *palaces* converts the meanest house,
And with an *eagle's* pinion, mounts the *mouse*.

Saddle black Despot for the field, so strong,
With such a spirit as no curb can tame:
His chest, like Job's wild horse, with thunder hung,
With mouth of bleeding foam, and eye of flame.

On Despot mounted, let us boldly ride,
And cover mountains with the crimson tide.

B—— and K——, men of busy merit,
Shall rouse to crush the democratic spirit,
And at the pris'ners shake their lion-manes;
And Curtis, now Lord-May'r, *now not so small*,
Shall fill with culprits soon th' Egyptian hall,
From hedges, ditches, alleys, courts, and lanes.

Justice shall find brisk work upon her hand:
Pronounce *quick fate*, and thin a miscreant land;
Thus lucky thriving, make, in blood campaigns,
A nabob's fortune, by her *ropes* and *chains*!

ODE TO JURYMEN.

SIRS, it may happen, by the grace of God,
 That I, great Peter, one day come before ye,
 To answer to the man of wig, for ode,
 Full of sublimity, and pleasant story.

Yes, it may so fall out that lofty men,
 Dundas, and Richmond, Hawk'sb'ry, Portland,
 Pitt,

May wish to cut the nib of Peter's pen,
 And, cruel, draw the holders of his wit.

Nay, Dame Injustice in their cause engage,
 To clap the gentle poet in a cage!
 And should a grimly judge for *death* harangue,
 Don't let the poet of the people *hang*.

What are my crimes? A poor *tame* cur am I,
 Though *some* will swear I've snapp'd them by the
 heels;

A puppy's *pinch*, that's all, I don't deny;
 But Lord! how sensibly a great man feels!

A harmless joke, at times, on kings and queens;
 A little joke on lofty earls and lords;
 Smiles at the splendid homage of court scenes,
 The modes, the manners, sentiments, and words:

A joke on Marg'ret Nicholson's mad knights;
 A joke upon the shave of cooks at court,
 Charms the fair muse, and *eke* the world delights;
 A pretty piece of inoffensive sport.

Lo, in a little inoffensive smile,
 There lurks no lever to o'erturn the state,

And king and parliament! intention vile!
And hurl the queen of nations to her fate.

No gunpowder my modest garrets hold,
Dark lanterns, blunderbusses, masks, and matches;
Few words my simple furniture unfold;
A bed, a stool, a rusty coat in patches.

Carpets, nor chandeliers so bright, are mine:
Nor mirrors, ogling Vanity to please;
Spaniels, nor lap-dogs, with their furs so fine:
Alas! my little livestock are—my *deas*!

No, sirs! I wish not to blow up the realm!
But thus I've pray'd—'Her life may Albion keep!
Curs'd be the treach'rous fiends, who, at the helm,
Would sink the vessel in the gaping deep!

'May Liberty sit *firm* upon her throne;
And he who dares to shake her, vengeance meet,
No matter what his grandeur—let him groan,
And Hell's best brimstone the black miscreant
sweat!

'No longer, like his dough, may our Lord May'r
Turn pliable, and join the busy Reeves—
State jackall hunting through the midnight air,
Like Bow-street blood-hounds in pursuit of thieves!

'And should a judge (a Jefferies) rush to *kill*;
Fierce, like the Libyan savage from his den;
Their glorious pow'rs, at once, may juries feel,
And still sublimer, *feel* that they are men!

'May Richmond's duke, of valour find increase,
And, by *example*, fire the soldier souls;
To invalids afford more frequent fleece,
And bless the veterans with meat and coals!

'And may his Grace's fate-improving brains,
With guns of *leather* much old Death surprise;
Delight the tyrant with his dread campaigns,
And send his pale dominions *vast supplies*.

' May Brudenell's head in sense and grace improve!
 In mercy's balm may B——'s heart be rich—
 Feel for a sheep-stealer a little love;
 Whose fur-clad paws alike for *mutton* itch!

' May Health, sweet Health, attend on civil list,
 So very apt to sink in a decline:
 Whom Doctor Pitt with med'cines can assist—
 A *great* physician, whose prescriptions *shine*!

' May kings and queens, whom much the muse *re-*
veres,
 With *wonted* charity themselves *comport*;
 And Lady Truth approach the royal ears,
 And Lady Wisdom be receiv'd at court!

' No more in courts may weeds of Folly thrive,
 'Mid royal smile, their sunshine, waxing strong;
 Or roaring laughter must be kept alive,
 And Peter's Clio never want a song.

' May ev'ry king be lov'd by all the arts;
 And *eke* may all the arts be lov'd by *him*:
 And when his money from the purse departs,
 Not play at ducks and drakes on waves of *whim*.

' Then for a ——, so *lofty* and so *sweet*,
 Let not œconomy cry 'Fie upon her!'
 But may she give a pillow-case and sheet
 To each poor slavish shiv'ring maid of honour!

' Perdition seize the miser who denies
 A pittance to the helpless pining poor;
 Who, millions owning, still with watchful eyes,
 Hawks at *fresh* bags of gold, and screams for *more*.

' May yon Society ne'er want a *head*,
 Just like a paper kite that wants a *tail*;
 Now dipping, rising, wild at random led,
 Up, down, here, there, the sport of ev'ry gale.

' May curates *eat*, and *rear* their infant brood;
 Nay put a little *fat* about their bones;

Cast from their wounded jaws the curb of blood,
And dash their *lawn-sleev'd* riders on the stones!

'And may those lawn-men, born to happier fate,
Chase not the curate from their grand abode;
But gravely *think* of *heav'n* as well as *prate*,
And give a *leg of mutton* to their God!"

How base to preach of God's *exhaustless* store;
Of treasures that to mortals will be given;
Yet sooner trust (as though they thought it *poor*)
The bank of England than the bank of *heav'n*!

How vile to preach of *Heav'n's large int'rest*, too,
Seeming to place dependence on its word;
Yet on *sky-credit* look so very blue,
As though 'twere *dang'rous lending* to the Lord!

Such is my song and fervent pray'r, and now
To Pitt, Dundas, and Jenkinson, I bow,

That spotless Trinity of courtly pow'r!
A *democratic raven*, turn'd *court throstle*!
A *persecuting Paul*, a *meek apostle*!
The *foulest weed*, the valley's *fairest flow'r*!

CRUMBS OF COMFORT

FOR THE GRAND INFORMER.

LORD! R——! why, what a most *unlucky* chap!
 What! *thou* a *pris'ner* in our hard state trap,
 The *roaring lion* of administration!

Then Sheridan has *nabb'd* the *beast* at last;
 Lock'd, in the iron gin of Justice, fast:

Fun for men, women, children of the nation!

R——, verily 'twas too barefac'd to say,
 Saint Stephen's *members* might be *shorn* away,
 And injure not the *body*—what a dream!

Nay, that our *lords* may feel alike the *blade*—
 Those *precious limbs*, so shelt'ring with cool shade,
 From Despotism's *intolerable* beam;

Lopp'd off, without an injury to trunk!

Say, great Informer, wert thou *mad* or *drunk*?

I ne'er said *such rude things* in all my life!

A joke upon a great man and his wife

Forms all my *sin*, though *courtiers* foam around:

I, with my pretty *brazen* pin and *small*,

Just *scratch'd* the pretty flow'ry *capital*;

But *thou* wouldst drag the column to the ground!

Pitt wishes to put forth his hand to *save*;

And *giant* Wyndham, too, his *humble* slave,

Sees thee with grief the *tenant* of the gin:

But London views thee with a scornful smile—

Hears with much glee thy howl, and marks thy toil,

And looks with *triumph* on thy suffering skin.

‘ Is this the bat,’ cries London, ‘ to devour
The simple flies, at midnight’s silent hour,
Wheeling, with hunger keen, from street to street ?
Is this the mousing owl, that darkling stole
In quest of harmless victims from his hole ;
The *bird obscene*, whom now our mock’ries meet ?

‘ The *imp*, whose heart delights in Nature’s *sighs*,
The *eves dropper*, with damned prying eyes,
Who hunts th’ unwary for the fangs of state !
Is this the justice, of *most foul report*,
Who, proud to please the minions of a c——,
Unsated (a staunch blood-hound), pants for *fate* ?

‘ Is this the *demon*, the sworn foe of light,
Curs’d by the beauteous wanderers of the night,
Whose *soul* in Mis’ry’s *moan* a *music* hears,
And toad-like, feeds its poison on her tears ?

‘ Is this th’ Informer, that, with bellowing breath,
To whips and jails, each son of Freedom dooms ;
Whose life (misnomer’d *life*) is *death*, *rank death* ;
Putridity—the noisome *stench* of *tombs* ?’

Such is the cry of London, luckless R——,
In language coarse!—not good enough for *thieves* !
Yet, man, despair not—Courts can set thee *free*—
And courts are known to *pity* r—— like *thee*.

AN ODE
TO
THE LIVERY OF LONDON,
ON THEIR
Petition to his Majesty, for kicking out his worthy
Ministers.

— Quo ruitis, scelesti? HOR.

ALSO
AN ODE TO SIR JOSEPH BANKS,
ON THE
Report of his Elevation to the important Dignity
of a Privy Counsellor.

— Optat ephippia bos :
He becomes honours as a sow does a saddle.
PROVERBS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED
A JEREMI-AD TO GEORGE ROSE, ESQ.

AN ODE

TO

THE LIVERY OF LONDON,

ON THEIR

petition to his Majesty, for lighting out his worthy
blunders.

— Two years ago, &c. &c. &c. —



Also

AN ODE TO SIR JOSEPH BANKS

ON THE

Report of his Majesty to the Imperial Diet
of a Press-Censorship.

— (The last copy is for sale)

He becomes, however, as a note does a fiddle.

PROVERBS.



TO WHICH IS ADDED

A JEREMIAD TO GEORGE ROSE, ESQ.

ODE

TO

THE LIVERY OF LONDON.

WHY, where the devil are ye rushing?
Thus to St. James's rudely pushing,
To force the king to turn out Pitt, poor youth!
The *open* Jenkinson, the *blushful* Rose;
Dundas too, on whom Heav'n bestows
Cart-loads of modesty and truth!

If aught I know of queens and kings,
Their graces will do no such things.
And who are *you*, in impudence so strong?
Know ye the rev'rence due to thrones?
Down knaves, upon your marrow-bones,
As princes never yet were in the *wrong*.

Ye think ye make a king and queen
As Crispin makes a shoe I ween;
And think, like humble shoes, too, ye may wear 'em:
Ye feel, by this time, I suppose,
That those same shoes can gall your toes,
And find your corns not much inclin'd to bear 'em:

Old Solomon, of wisdom the great king,
Declareth, there's a time for *ev'ry thing*—
Methinks he might have left out *impudence*:

For who should have the impudence to say,
That liverymen, compos'd of *common clay*,
Should boast to *sovereigns* their superior sense;
Inform them that the ministers tell lies,
Are raggamuffins, wicked, and unwise?

Impertinence gets ground, I greatly fear;
Such things are said as I can scarcely bear:
With insolence the people tax poor Pitt;
Now this is cruel!—'tis the poor man's *nature*,
As natural as for fish to cleave the water,
Monkeys to grin, dogs howl, and cats to spit.

Whoever knew a Pitt that had humility?
Fling on the *blood*, then, all the *culpability*;
Since 'tis well known to all, that Pitt and pride
Are dove-tail'd—joins as close as bones and hide!

The world abuseth Rose in language rude,
For ignorance and base ingratitude,
And meanness; but 'tis cruel thus to slash—
The man had never any education—
The poorest tag-rag of the Scottish Nation;
Born in a sty, and hog-like, fed on *wash*.

For gratitude's a sentiment that springs
'Midst *gentlefolks* and *nobles*, *queens* and *kings*!
Like pine-apples, whom soil the richest suits;
For pine-apples ne'er grow on cold, raw clay,
But fat manure, amid the solar ray,
That darts its golden influence to their roots.

What impudence, alas! to say,
'Sire, we resolve to have our way;
And be it known,
We'll have no levee-tricks, indeed,
And our petition we will read;
And you shall hear it on the throne!

'This is our right by law accounted:
So pray your majesty get mounted.'

Such is the saucy language ye have utter'd;
Which proves ye know not how your bread is butter'd.

At such rude treatment, grandeur winces!

So far I'll take the part of princes—

Monstrous! they have been scandalously treated;

Basted by saucy verse and prose—

God knows,

Dear souls! like bears by ruffian bull-dogs baited!

Poor Louis forc'd to run away,

Poor Artois, not inclin'd to stay,

From France, like some hard-hunted badger, hast'n-
eth;

Now billeted upon the Scots;

Sad fates! yea, most unpleasant lots!

But whom the Lord doth love, behold he *chast'neth*!

Thus is the Bible in their favour;

Yet mis'ry breeds an ugly savour;

She smells of musty rags, and dirt, and nits—

I won't say bugs, and itch, and lice,

Wishing for ever to be nice,

As nicety a well-bred muse befits:

And yet it is a truth most melancholly,

That mis'ry's often the weak child of folly.

Princes are blest with such a *dove-like* nature;

Their hearts compos'd of such nice ductile matter,

Turning like potter's clay to *any* forms!

But for their *subjects*!—heav'ns! *their* hearts
are rock;

Their manners, borrow'd from the pig-stye, shock;

Their shapes, rank Calibans; their voices, storms!

Mild are the souls of princes, like new cheese!

And, like the cheese, of milk the simple child,

Too often suffer a *confounded* squeeze

From subjects by *equality* defil'd;

Who look with rapture on their grinning graces,

Enjoying their sad torments and wry faces.

But why and wherefore, I can't tell the grounds;
 No, verily, my wisdom can't determine,
 Why subjects should become a pack of hounds,
 And hunt their sovereign lords like *stinking* vermin;
 For no one needs (I'm very sure) be told,
 Their souls are cast in Nature's sweetest mould.

No, no: they are not polecats, pretty creatures!
 Choke not the nation's chick, nor suck its eggs!
Pleas'd with whate'er is *giv'n* (such gentle na-
 tures),

Each prince with to much sweetness *bows* and *begs*!
 No, never *kite-like* on a subject souses,
 And, sweeping, carries off his lands and houses!

'*There's odds in gossips*,' says an old adage,
 Forgotten, ah! in this degenerate age:
 Subjects from fair decorum widely wander!

Now ev'ry tradesman lifts his dirty nose;
 His teeth each working, poor mechanic shows,
 And cries, 'What's sauce for *goose* is sauce for
gander!'

Thus, by the impudence of rogues and fools,
 Are lofty thrones converted to joint-stools!
 C— christen'd fool's-caps—sceptres turn'd to sticks;
 A ——— smile proclaim'd an idiot grin;
 A ——— a jack-ass in a lion's skin;
 Courts, puppet-shows; and *rev'rence*, monkey-tricks!

Tricks of a mean, submissive clan,
 That shame the dignity of man.

There's not an Englishman, I do suppose,
 That would not from his office kick *poor* Rose,
 And on his *honest earnings* lay his pats;
Eke on Dundas's, Jenkinson's, *poor* souls!
 And *eke* from *humble* Richmond tear his coals,
 A king's black present to his blacker brats*.

* Charles the Second's tax upon coals, for the
 benefit of his bastards.

Nor is there one who would not break, alack !
Our lord mayor's wooden leg about his back !

Thus is Politeness turn'd a clown—
Wisdom in gothic gloom benighted—
The world turn'd fairly upside down,
I fear me, never to be righted.

When such things are 'mongst cobblers, tinkers,
tanners,
The Lord have mercy on the people's manners !
Then, sirs, no *more* your wanton venom spit
At kings and queens, and worthy Mister Pitt :
Should the ship founder in this blowing weather,
Like friends and neighbours, let us sink together.

PART II.

THINK of old times, when *royal folk*
 Made of their subjects a mere joke :
 Ev'n in the happy days of good Queen Bet,
Mum was in parliament the word—
 Her very frown, a flaming sword ;
 And every menace put it in a sweat !

Think of the horse-whipping she gave
 Th' ambassador—a saucy knave !
 In Latin, too, to make the fellow wonder—
 The man was frighten'd at her voice,
 And could not then have had his choice ;
 He rather would have fac'd a clap of thunder.

Of lords she often lugg'd the ear ;
 And often would her highness swear
 On bishops, *sacred* men ! enough to shock ye.
 ' Do this ! ' her majesty would say—
 ' Do that !—God's blood ! I'll have my way !
 Quick, quick ; or, d—n me, parsons, I'll unfrock ye !'

What to her parliament said she ?
 ' Good gentlemen, I must agree
 That ye are proper judges of the *weather*,
 And judges, too, of the *highways*,
Hares, *pheasants*, *partridges*, and *jays* ;
 And eke the art of *tanning leather*.
 But, as for *sovereigns*, and *dominion*,
 'Tis too *sublime* for *your* opinion.'

Suppose the liverymen had boldly said
 To this Semiramis of lofty rule,
 Your majesty must knock off Cecil's head,
 And hang up Essex for a beast and fool :

We relish not these men's administration;
So ma'am, dismiss them, and oblige the nation:—

What had the answer been
Of this great queen?

Why, to the apothecaries she had roar'd—
'Ye knaves, who do more mischief than the *sword*!
You vomits, glyster-pipes—the dev'l confound ye!
What to such madness, raggamuffins, urges?
Murderers! I'll make you swallow your own purges!
In your own mortars, rascals, will I pound ye!

' You, bakers, I shall heat your ovens, slaves,
And serve you like the three Jew boys, ye knaves,
Shadrach, and Meshech, and Abednego:
Browner than all your loaves, shall be your skins:
Then let us see, if for your saucy sins,
Your God will deign to take ye out or no.

' You poulterer, wag not thus your tongue so loose,
For fear I pluck ye, as ye pluck your goose.
And, Master Skinner, calm your upstart pride—
On Marsyas think your flaming rage to cool,
Who, restling with his betters, like a fool,
Lost, in his struggle for the prize, his *hide*!

' And Master Barber, mind the beard and wig;
And Master Pipemaker, don't be a prig,
And let that *clay* of yours be quite so *stiff*;
Nor in your prowess try to *smoke* a queen,
For fear her majesty's sharp wrath be seen,
And send you to the devil on a *whiff*.

' *Leviathans* be catechis'd by *sprats*!
Mind, if one more complaint ye bring,
By G—, ye dangle like a pack of rats,
All in a string!

Thus to those men the great Queen Bess had said,
Bridling and tossing in contempt her head;
And thus the queen, with equal fury blest,
Had smartly rapp'd the knuckles of the rest.

Then, turning to her marv'ling lords, her Grace,
 Wiping the sweat that gemm'd her precious face,
 Had said, ' God's-blood, my lords, a fine discourse!
 Those fellows talk to *me*—the small-beer-dregs!
 They teach, forsooth, their grannum to *suck eggs*!
 They'll find the old grey mare the better horse.'

Then why should *gentle* George of pow'r have less;
 Than that same furious Amazon, Queen Bess?

What said her *loyal* parliament again?

' We must not move her grace's *ire*—
 Lord, bless us! should we once complain,
 The *fat will all be in the fire*!

Low to her feet, like spaniels, we must crawl,
 Or, lo! she'll play the devil with us all!

Now, to return to Pitt, ye roar,
 ' Out with the rascal!—what a bore
 To keep a fellow that undoes the *realm*!

A great *land-lubber*! *he, he, steer*
 The foundering ship from danger clear!
 Pretending puppy! *he, he* guide the helm?"

Not long ago, in *paradise*,
 Ye stuff'd his mouth with *figs* and *spice*,
 To show your love for him and all his schemes;
 Drench'd him with treacle, till besmear'd
 Like Aaron's patriarchal beard,
 From whence the oil of gladness flow'd in streams.
 His head with ev'ry grocer-glory crowning;
 And now you are for kicking, hanging, drowning!
 So different now, indeed, your carriage,
 It puts me much in mind of marriage.

Now love, now hate; now smile, now tear;
 Now sun, now cloud; now mist, now clear;
 Now music, now a stunning clap of thunder;
 Now perfect ease, now spiteful strife,
 So much like matrimonial life!

Pray read the pretty little story under;

A tale well known:

'Tis John and Joan.

JOHN AND JOAN,

A TALE.

HAIL, wedded love! the bard thy beauty hails!
 Though mix'd, at times, with cock and hen-like *spar*-
 But *calms* are very pleasant after *gales*, [*rings* :
 And dove-like peace much sweeter after *warrings*:

I've written—I forget the page, indeed;
 But folks may find it, if they choose to read—
 ' That marriage is too *sweet* without *some sour*—
Variety oft recommends a *flow'r*.

' Wedlock should be like *punch*, some sweet, some
 Then life is nicely *turbulent* and *placid*. [acid;

' A picture that is all in *light*—
 Lord, what a thing! a very fright!
 No, let some darkness be displayed;
 And learn to *balance* well with *shade*.'

John married Joan—they frown'd, they smil'd;
 Now parted, and now made a child:
 Now tepid show'rs of love, now chilling *snows*;
 Much like the seasons of the year;
 Or like a brook now thick now clear;
 Now scarce a rill, and now a torrent flow .

One day they had a desperate quarrel
 About a little small-beer barrel,
 Without John's knowledge slily tapp'd by Joan;
 For Joan, t' *oblige* her *old friend* Hodge,
 Thought asking leave of John was fudge;
 And so she wisely left the leave alone.
 It happ'd that John and Joan had not *two* beds
 To rest their angry, frowning brace of heads;

Ergo, there was but *one*
To rest their gentle jaws upon.

‘ I’ll have a *board* between us,’ cried the *man*—
‘ With all *my* spirit, John,’ replied the *wife* :
A *board* was plac’d, according to their plan :
Thus ended this barrier at once the strife.

On the first night, the husband lay
Calm as a clock, nor once wink’d over—
Calm as a clock, too, let me say,
Joan never squinted on her lover.

Two, three, four nights, the sulky pair,
Like two still mice, devoid of care,
In philosophic silence sought repose ;
On the fifth morn, it chanc’d to please
John’s nose to sneeze—
‘ God bless you, dear !’ quoth Joan at John’s loud
nose.

At this John gave a sudden start,
And, popping o’er the hedge, his head—
‘ Joan, did you say it from your *heart* ?’
‘ Yes, John, I *did*, indeed, indeed !’
‘ You *did* ?’—‘ Yes, John, upon my word’—
‘ Zounds, Joan, then take away the *board* !’

Thus it will be with you and Pitt agen ;
Love will beam forth, that ev’ry love surpasses ;
The grocers be *themselves*, sweet-temper’d men,
And souse him in a hogshead of molasses.
Thus will Contention take away the *bone*,
And you and Pitt kiss friends, like John and Joan.

On a Report in the Newspapers, that Sir Joseph
Banks was made a Privy Counsellor.

AN ODE.

Optat ephippia bos.

YE gods! Sir Joseph of the counsel privy?
Inventive newspapers, I can't believe ye!
Impossible! ye certainly are fibbing!
Sir Joseph dubb'd a counsellor of state!
'Tis laughing at too high a rate;
Lord! what a joke! ye certainly are squibbing!

Because we have believ'd th' apostate Pitt,
And shown such wondrous want of wit,
Ye think that any fable will go down.
Now, pray be careful sirs, of what you print;
There's danger—yes, indeed, there's danger in't—
Woe to the wight that ridicules a crown!

Sir Joseph is for *blunt** *conductors*;
A monarch wanteth *sharp* instructors:

* Notwithstanding a thousand experiments in fa-
vour of *pointed* conductors, the knight and co. will
not allow the ingenious Franklin, the father of elec-
tricity, to be in the right with respect to the superi-
ority of *points* to *nobs*: too obstinate (and perhaps
too *ignorant*) to be *convinced*, and too haughty to
yield.

How can such monstrous discords then agree?
 Then pray speak truth, ye men of news,
 And do not thus the world amuse:
 It is not—cannot—must not be!

His m——y is surely wise;
 And wants no talk on butterflies,
 On eggs and bird-nests, newts and weeds:
 He wants a man to talk on wars,
 On dread invasions, wounds, and scars,
 On stumps, and carcasses, and heads.

After a butterfly to scamper,
 And with a net his captive hamper,
 Sir Joseph is expert, and must delight;
 But, as for politics!—O Heav'n!
 The board must very hard be driv'n,
 To choose a swearing tadpole knight!

To give a breakfast in Solio,
 Sir Joseph's very bitterest foe
 Must certainly allow him *peerless* merit;
 Where, on a wag-tail, and tom-tit,
 He *shines*, and sometimes on a *nit*,
 Displaying pow'rs few gentlemen inherit.

I grant he is no intellectual *lion*,
 Subduing ev'ry thing he darts his eye on;
 Rather, I ween, an intellectual *flea*,
 Hopping on Science's broad bony back,
 Poking its pert proboscis of attack,
 Drawing a *drop* of blood, and fancying it a *sea*!

But *should* reports be true, alas!
 (And marv'lous things oft come to pass),
 Should he be dubb'd a king's adviser;
 'Twill be so wonderful a change—
 So very, very, very strange!
 What's stranger still, the council won't be *wiser*!
 From Joseph Banks unto Sir Knight,
 Then privy counsellor in spite

Of Nature, brain, and education!
If, for the *last*, he hands *has* kiss'd;
There's not a reptile on his list
E'er knew a stranger transmutation.

How could Sir Joseph have the face
To take so dignified a place?

But probably the knight will say, the elf,
'Why should not I, as well as some of those
Who this same wondrous board compose?
There are not wiser fellows than *myself*.'

To give the Devil his due,
That's true.—

While Pitt harangues on France and Spain,
Sir Joseph on a beetle's brain,

A fly, a toad, a tadpole's tail:
While Pitt is on the emperor's loan,
For Britain's jaws so hard a bone,
Sir Joseph's on a weed and snail!

While Pitt is thinking of supplies,
And turns, poor man! his hopeless eyes
On what may lift us from the bog;
The knight his head for flea-traps rakes,
Or louse-traps, or deep-studying makes
A pair of breeches for a frog*.

While majesty and his wise nobles
Shall weep o'er England's groans and troubles,
Ordering great guns to make the Frenchmen caper;
Of reptiles will the knight be dreaming,
And instruments for insects scheming,
To stretch their little limbs on paper.

* See the works of Bonnet and Spalanzani, a pair
of *frog-tailors*, who employed a great deal of time
and ingenuity in cutting out taffety breeches for the
males of the little croaking nation, during their
amours, in order to establish some *beautiful* and
delicate facts relative to impregnation.

Gods ! if amidst some grand debate,
All for the good of our great state,

A *moth* should flutter, would the man sit quiet ?
Forgetting state affairs, the knight
Would seize his hat with wild delight,

And, chasing, make the most infernal riot :
O'erturning benches, statesmen, ev'ry thing,
To make a pris'ner of the mealy wing !

Were Brunswick here, I'd tell the king of glory.

A simple story ;

An *Æsop's* tale, by way of illustration,
Proving Sir Joseph's awkward elevation.

As how a cat did Jupiter implore
(For cats like Christians said their pray'rs of yore),

That he would make her a young lady fair ;
And how, of rattling thunder the great God
Consented to it with his usual nod,

And made her *pretty* too as she could stare.

And then *as how*, upon her wedding-night,
When in her deary's loving arms lock'd tight,

She heard behind the bed a rat ;

Sudden from his embrace she gave a spring,
Forgetting love, and kiss, and ev'ry thing,

To catch the vermin like a cat :

And how, to punish her, with huge disdain,
The angry god made miss a cat again.

Thus may the king, like his great brother Jove,
Forget his partiality and love ;

And as Jove justly serv'd the cat, to shame her ;
So, from a counsellor, the king of men

May make the knight a *grub-hunter* agen,

And bid him mind his butterflies and *hammer*.

Since the foregoing Ode was given to the printer, it is too true that the newspapers were in the right. The knight is *bonâ fide* dubbed a privy counsellor. Ridicule enjoys a *second* feast on the occasion. Her *first* treat was his elevation to the chair of the immortal Newton.

Sir Joseph must not complain at his being so frequently the subject of a poetical laugh; Folly is the natural and fair *game* of Satire. To wreak his revenge on the Muse, by condemning her to silence, let him *cease to play the fool*. *Amotâ causâ, tollitur effectus*—I beg the knight's pardon, for I recollect that he has forgotten all his Latin, and retains his native *vulgar* tongue only.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MY bookseller assuring me, with a most solemn countenance, that the public expect more for their half-crown than was provided: in imitation of our most *compliant* Administration, I have *yielded* to their hungry wishes, and cooked up a pretty dish of bubble and squeak.

The composition is elegiac, that is to say, full of complaint and tenderness; and I have moreover baptized it a *Jeremi-ad*, on account of a tender and sublime resemblance between *my* song and the songs of the prophet. The birth of my *Jeremi-ad* immediately succeeded Pitt's and Grenville's two celebrated Bills of Terror.

It pathetically lamenteth the fallen state of one of *our most admired* poets, *videlicet*, myself! and is addressed to Mr. George Rose, of the treasury, a pains-taking man, of low extraction, pitiful talents, and of no education; but who, finding, in his journey from Scotland to England, a couple of ladders, very much like those employed by Messieurs Pitt, Dundas, Jenkinson, and Co. called impudence and perseverance, ascended, like the aforesaid *bold* gentlemen, to nearly the same plane of elevation; showing thereby the little or no importance of merit and modesty towards the attainment of fortune and honours.

J E R E M I - A D,

ADDRESSED TO

GEORGE ROSE, ESQ. OF THE TREASURY.

WHERE is the power of Peter?—where the quills
 That from the *porcupine* at Folly flew?
 Where, where his *cannon* that in thunder kills?
 The *sword* of Satire that its thousands slew?
 The voice that, like the rams'-horns, levell'd walls,
 Has lost its fury—to a whisper dies!
 The look of Pitt the poet's tongue appals!
 'Curs'd be the bard!' the politician cries.
 What fine large shot was mine for high-crown'd heads!
 Those glorious pheasants! noble cocks and hens!
 But now of *smaller* size I cast my leads,
 Forc'd (what a paltry mark!) to fire at *wrens*!
 No more I smile at Buc——am's fair house,
 Nor sharpen, for a king and queen, my wit;
 No more indulge my humour with a louse,
 Content with humbler game, to crack a nit.
 Now Madam Schwellenberg her ass may straddle,
 And Jack may fly before a poking pin;
 The lady, frighten'd, tumble from her saddle,
 And show her lovely legs without a grin.
 The bard who bullied Quality with song,
 Must to the iron times his genius suit;
 The bard, in energy divinely strong—
 The bard, whose voice was thunder, must be *mute*.

In vain I gnash my teeth—my hour is o'er;
The statesman triumphs!—all my cunning foils!
He careth not five farthings for my roar,
But mocks the lion struggling in his toils!

A hopeful cedar near th' Aonian fount,
I push'd my daring top into the skies;
Grac'd with my large, luxuriant limbs the mount,
And drew the wonder of a million eyes!

Struck (not *illumin'd*) by their anger's flame,
Amid the work of terror, shook my form!
Low to the earth, my head with rev'rence came,
And own'd the passing genius of the storm!

Who, who could fancy such disgrace, alas!
Heav'ns! what a change!—a mighty change pre-
vails!

The *second* king of Babylon at grass!
Satire's archangel fall'n to feed on *snails*!

Since Pitt and Grenville, daring dreadful things,
Full of their *magnanimities*, agree
That Peter shall not laugh at queens and kings,
Permit me, *gentle* George, to laugh at *thee*.

A
COMMISERATING
EPISTLE TO JAMES LOWTHER,

EARL OF LONSDALE AND LOWTHER,

Lord Lieut. and Cust. Rot. of the Counties of
Cumberland and Westmorland.

—
*Quid sentire putas omnes, Calvine, recenti
De scelere, et fidei violatæ crimine? Sed nec
Tam tenuis census tibi contigit, ut mediocris
Jacturæ te mergat onus; nec rara videmus
Quæ pateris; casus multis hic cognitus, ac jam
Tritus, et è medio Fortunæ ductus acervo.*

JUVENAL.

What think'st thou, Lonsdale, that the world will say
Of this d-mn'd verdict at Carlisle to-day?
Faith, simply this—'A flea-bite, and that's all—
A loss that will not swallow Lowther-Hall:
A trick of Fortune that we often find:
A trick that plainly proves the goddess *blind*.'

1740 of the year—about the year 1740
I have written the following narrative
and the following year and the year
1740 of the year—about the year 1740

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EPISTLES TO JAMES LOWTHER

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JUVENAL

What think you, Ionsdale, that the world will say
Of this d-m'd verdict at Carlisle to-day?
Faint, simply this—'A far-bite, and that's all—'
A loss that will not swallow Lowther's fall!
A trick of Fortune that we often find;
A trick that plainly proves the goddess blind.

THE ARGUMENT.

The noble Earl, as naturally in Pursuit of his Coal as a Sportsman of his Hare or Fox, happening in a Coal-chase to undermine a parcel of Houses belonging to the Lord-knows-who, of Whitehaven (no Votes perhaps for a Borough or a County), but particularly of a Mr. Littledale—what does this insolent Littledale, but complain!—Nay, not contented with Complaint, he insists upon it that his Lordship has no Right to pull down his House about his Ears—nay, what is still worse, the Fellow brings an Action, absolutely brings an Action against his Lordship—nay, what is still more horrible, the Knave gets a Verdict in his favour—and, what is more atrocious still, the Villains of the Town and Neighbourhood illuminate their Houses, as if for the Birth-nights of our beloved King and Queen, and exhibit equal Symptoms of Joy.—Notwithstanding this saucy Opposition to their great Superior; notwithstanding the wicked Action; notwithstanding the vile and unnatural Verdict; notwithstanding the triumphant Illumination and brazen-faced De-

light on the occasion ; how sublimely his Lordship behaves ! Though he most spiritedly suspends his Coal-works for a Time, to show the Power of his Vengeance ; lo, he promiseth to open them again, on Condition he has full Liberty to undermine any Houses that may impudently stand in the way of his Coal for the future—What an Act of Humanity ! partly for the Benefit of himself, a poor Individual ; but principally for the Advantage of the Town and Neighbourhood of Whitehaven ! Who, besides his Lordship, would have done this ? It is too humane—it is too great—for as it has been observed by some celebrated Divines, that a Man may be over-righteous, so verily may a great Peer be over-forgiving.—Such is the Ground of my Epistle to Lord Lonsdale—and, for the Advantage as well as Amusement of Posterity, I have subjoined the Letters that passed between some of the People of Whitehaven and his Lordship ; they are Curiosities that ought to be preserved amidst the Archives of Submission, Generosity, and Literature.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE

EARL OF LONSDALE.

*The humble Representation of the Merchants
and Inhabitants of the Town of Whitehaven,*

SHEWETH,

THAT by the unfortunate accident which has lately happened in your lordship's coal-mines at or near this town, by the shrinking of the earth, the dwelling-house and offices of Mr. Henry Little-dale, together with divers other houses, having been injured; and Mr. Littledale having commenced an action at law, and obtained a verdict against your lordship, to recover damages in respect thereof—we are induced to offer, and we do hereby engage and promise, to answer and pay to your lordship, on behalf of ourselves and the town at large, such costs as your lordship has been put to on account of the said action, or may expend in getting the same verdict annulled and set aside; as also, all such damages and costs as may be occasioned to

your lordship thereby, or any future prosecution respecting any houses which have been injured ; or to have things put into such a state, as if no such accident had happened, nor any prosecution had been commenced on account thereof. And we humbly hope your lordship will be pleased to take into consideration the melancholy situation which we and the other inhabitants of Whitehaven at present are in, from the apprehension of the dreadful consequences which will attend the putting a stop to, or any suspension of, your lordship's works ; as the same must cause the entire ruin and destruction of the whole town. We therefore most earnestly solicit and implore, your lordship will in your great goodness, accept this our offer and engagement, and avert the dreadful calamities and distresses that must otherwise most inevitably befall us.

[This was signed by 135 persons.]

Lowther, Sept. 16, 1791.

SIR,

I HAVE received the representation signed by you ; and must say, that you merit the thanks of every person interested in the welfare of the town and harbour of Whitehaven, and of the well-wishers of the prosperity of the county at large. I am

sorry to say, it appears to me, that some of those persons who have not signed the paper, seem to be waiting an opportunity to take an unfair advantage, and, by the determination of some future jury, to ruin *you, myself*, and the town, and detriment the country.—In my present situation, it is most necessary for me to act, as the verdict of the jury of Carlisle has expressed it, *with caution*; and you can easily judge, in the present circumstances, how cautious I ought to act; and that it is absolutely requisite, for the safety of my own property and yours, and for the restoration of trade, hereafter to suspend the working of my collieries; except every person concerned will guarantee his own property. Accidents happening from wilful or malicious conduct, and not necessary for the working of the mines, I do not include in the exception.—I cannot think of involving you in the calamity that might be brought upon me either by the malice or artifice of my enemies.

I acknowledge your just idea of the verdict, in thinking that I ought not to have been liable to the damage; and permit me to say, that I am as much impressed with a due sense of your kindness in the offer of entering into engagements to pay all costs and damages which I have or may sustain by Littledale's action, or that I may expend or be put to by this or any future prosecution, as if I accepted of it; and though my sentiments and feelings will not allow me to receive it from your hands, this proffer you make will ever be retained in my me-

mory as long as my life shall last. I am happy in being able to acquaint you, that new actions will be brought, for the purpose of again trying this affair, which is of such great magnitude to the public; and I trust, and hope, that they will be so conducted as to have a fair and speedy determination; by which means, only a temporary stoppage will be put to the works, and a termination of the guarantee.

I am, sir,

LONSDALE.

To the Right Hon. Lord Lonsdale.

WE beg leave to offer to your lordship our most unfeigned thanks for your lordship's answer to the representation sent to your lordship, and for your expressions of regard to the welfare and prosperity of this town, and the county at large.—We desire to express our *deep* concern that your lordship had reason to suppose any of us, from not signing the representation, waited an opportunity to detriment the town; and to assure your lordship, on the contrary, that if any difference of opinion arose amongst us, it was only in the mode of conveying our sentiments to your lordship, which have ever been unanimous for the prosperity of this town in particular, as well as the county at large; both of which we are truly sensible how much it is your

lordship's wishes and endeavours to promote. We lament the difficulties arising to your lordship from the late verdict, in carrying on your great and extensive works; and when we reflect that only a temporary suspension of them would not only deprive many thousands of industrious poor of bread, but endanger the entire ruin of the town, we most humbly implore your lordship will continue the working of them under a guarantee, which we intreat your lordship to accept from each of us, of our own property (accidents happening from wilful or malicious conduct, and not necessary for the working of the mines, excepted) until this affair, which is of such great magnitude to the public, is fully determined: for which purpose we are happy to be informed new actions are to be brought; and we have the most firm reliance on your lordship's great goodness, that they will be so conducted as to bring this very important business to a speedy and happy issue.

That your lordship may long continue to enjoy health, prosperity, and every other earthly happiness, is the sincere and fervent prayer of

COMMISERATING EPISTLE TO LORD LONSDALE.

WHAT, Lonsdale! after all thy ranting, tearing,
High threat'ning, hec't'ring, bullying, kicking,
swearing—

What! thou, the brazen bully that bestrode
Triumphant navies and the roaring flood,
Yield to the anger of a tiny town,
Who oft hath frighten'd *counties* with a frown!
A set of smutty colliers mock thy pow'r!
A hogstye lord it o'er a lofty tow'r!
A few blind mice, in little league ally'd,
Ye gods! o'erturn a pyramid of pride!

Shades of the Lowthers, arm'd with vengeance,
rise,

And shake this Lonsdale, who his birth belies.
Shock'd at his weakness, History turns pale,
And madly tears the leaf that holds the tale.
Look through the desert of five hundred years!
Lo, not a Lowther virtue *once* appears.
Then why to Fame's fair volume madly rush,
And give thy poor old ancestors a blush?
Ah, do not so unfashionably dote,
And stitch *one* spangle on an old black coat.

Let not *one* act *ten thousand* acts upbraid!
A farthing candle midst a world of shade.
But grant a *solitary* deed—achieve it—
Pray, who the devil, Lonsdale, will believe it?
Thus will the nation with one voice exclaim—
'A Lowther do an act of virtuous fame!
When from a Lowther did a scyon shoot,
A Lowther trunk not rotten at the root?
Expect much sooner, nonpareils from crabs,
Honour from thieves, and decency from drabs.
Horace declares (a bard whom all approve)
The vulture never breeds the tender dove.'

Learn, Lonsdale, learn Ambition's spur to feel,
And snap, like mites, a million at a meal.

See yon proud oak, whose dark'ning branches spread
High o'er the rills that course the pebbled bed!
With what humility those rills salute,
And trembling wind around his rugged root;
Like busy slaves, their little stock afford,
And creeping, kissing, feed their frowning lord!
Mark, too, around that oak's majestic pride,
The pismires crawling up his channell'd side;
And mark his shelt'ring limbs, support of fowl,
The wren, the hawk, the cuckoo, and the owl.
Say, Lonsdale, canst thou not resemblance see,
Resemblance *strong* between that oak and thee?
Why be a willow, then, and meanly bend?
Why bid the Lowther blood in Lonsdale end?

How! has thine heart dismiss'd its lordly state,
And op'd to Pity's cry its iron gate?
Or is that heart, which soar'd o'er man, sublime,
Struck by the palsyng hand of envious Time?

Say, does Repentance wound thee?—'tis a driv'ler.
Despise that *thing* call'd Meekness—'tis a sniv'ler.
With pious sentiments, forsooth, who glows,
And kisses the vile hand that deals her blows.
Spurn at Forgiveness, that ev'n fears to *chide*,
And keep again the company of Pride.

Go herd with Brudenell, who with *Bardolph* face
 Scowls high contempt on all th' *untitled* race:
 Go herd with Leeds, in native pride so stable,
 Who scorns to let his mother* sit at table:
 Herd with the dame of Blenheim†, of hard lot,
 Whose pride lies poison'd by the lovely Scot;
 Mad that the Marlborough blood, where honour reigns,
 Should join the puddle of a Sawney's veins:
 Herd with the *lofty* 'squire of Strawb'ry Hill,
 Whom genealogies with rev'rence fill;
 Who on no threads of value puts
 That are not fairly spun from William's guts.
 How great in Horace thus to rev'rence *birth*;
 Himself a well-known clod of *common* earth?

What, Lonsdale, melted down thy ruthless rage?—
 With dæmons *once* thy spirit dar'd engage,
 Spat on the mob that Freedom's ensigns bore,
 Smil'd at his storm, and mock'd his thunder-roar;
 Fac'd keen Contempt, and Murder's sanguine eye,
 And horsewhipp'd whining Mercy to her sky.
 How art thou sunk! how wither'd!—Lost, I fear,
 Where is the Lowther spirit—tell me where?
 Speak, can the ghost of Conscience haunt thy mind?
 Hear'st thou the call of Death in ev'ry wind?—
 Lo, Resolution to thy terror turns,
 And o'er the skeleton of Manhood mourns!
 Go, Wonder, to Earth's utmost limits fly,
 And, say, if aught like this e'er stretch'd thine eye.

Rouse! and let 'Richard be himself again!—
 Forge, forge anew Oppression's galling chain;

* Poor Mistress Anguish has been refused, in form, the honour of a knife and fork near her most exalted daughter. '*Nimium ne crede colori:*' the duke is by no means so *soft* a man as he looks.

† Lady Susan Stuart, equal in good qualities, beauty, and accomplishments, to any of the *Spencers*, is presumed, by her union with her son, the Marquis of Blandford, absolutely to have defiled the family.

Strip o'er his ears bold Opposition's skin,
 And bid with gags the mouth of Freedom grin.
 Bid the dark Furies all thy bosom steel,
 And *Cumberland* afresh thine anger feel:
 Yes, yes, of *Cumberland* the comet, blaze,
 And, crab-like, roast her rascals with thy rays.
 Stretch o'er the shrinking towns thine arm of pow'r,
 And, hydra-like, their croaking frogs devour.
 Show that thy breath, like Envy's, baleful blows:
 A canker be, that kills the lovely rose.
 Prove how a rising country can be curst,
 And bid with spleen old Nero's spectre burst.

How pleasing to thine eyes should be the band
 That happy fatten'd on the fertile land;
 Fore'd Cain-like off, where Famine sucks her nails,
 To starve, or hunt the wall and hedge for snails.—

Thus triumph—' Shall Dominion's ensigns sink,
 And to a beggar's rag, a malkin sink?
 What! shall the *vulture*-wing, that scour'd the
 sky,

Sneak to a *bat's*, that shuns the public eye?
 Jove's bird (the thunder from his talons torn)
 Turn *owl*, to cry, 'Tee-whit' in some old barn?
 What! *I*, through Opposition's surly surge
 Who boldly dar'd so oft a passage urge,
 Cry out at last, 'Help, help'—to fear a slave,
 Pale, panting, puking; spent beneath the wave?
 Shall Resolution that defied a *world*,
 Oppos'd by *pigmies*, from his height be hurl'd?
 Those *pigmies* o'er the huge man mountain *straddle*,
 Or, laughing, rock the giant in a *cradle*?
 No, low-bred villains—nought my pow'r controls;
 I'll hunt you all like vermin through your holes;
 Out, root and branch—men, women, dogs and cats;
 Run children from the ruins just like rats:
 Writhe into earth, like worms, and fear my frown;
 For, d-mn me, all your houses shall come down.
 Wretches, your heads are in the lion's jaws;
 Off with them—*Lonsdale* dares defy the laws.

What though it thins my purse, it feeds my spleen;
So, scythe of Desolation, sweep the scene.'

Such is the glowing language thou shouldst hold,
And nobly emulate thy sires of old.

For speech like this (too weak the voice of Fame)
The mouths of cannon shall convey thy name—
Such threat'ned deeds of hostile, godlike ire,
Should travel only on the wings of fire.

Shall Pity be an inmate of thy breast:
No, be a grinding-stone its rugged guest.
Why should a virtue, man, thy mind bewitch;
Lo, Generosity was never rich.
What! woo the Virtues!—of the world the sport—
Nay, worse, who dare not show their nose at court!

What gives the general wish for pow'r to glow?
To look contemptuous on the world below;
To bid *that* world bow down, admire, adore,
And grind the sallow faces of the poor.

Ask, to the forest-laws what man gave birth?
A *Nimrod*, lo! a lofty lord of earth!—
Yet why should hares, and partridges, and grouse,
Alone be ravish'd from the farmer's house?—
Go, Lonsdale, get an act to raise thy fame,
And make the farmers' wives and daughters game.

Whence on a sudden, dost thou thus inherit
This soft, forbearing, lamb-like, dove-like spirit?
I saw sharp Vengeance tip-toe in thine eyes:—
How comes it that the threat'ning spirit dies?

Yet, yet I see the feudal times return,
When tyrants bid in chains the million mourn;
When slaves, to grandeur crouch amid the dust,
And Havoc roams, to please the ruling lust;
When Pride as calmly from the shoulder plucks
The heads of vassals as the heads of ducks.

Curse on the liberty of modern days!
Again let pow'r her rod of iron raise.

Hang the French dogs, a mangy, mongrel cry,
That, running riot, on their huntsman fly!
How are the sacred robes of Greatness rent!
Kings and nobility fall'n *cent. per cent!*

Sure, Lonsdale! thou art not too weak to know
From general riches what misfortunes flow.
Wealth for delicious slavery spoils a nation—
Adieu at once to gods and adoration.

Say, would you bid the under-world adore,
Crouch, flatter, tremble?—Keep the rascals poor.
Tyrannic, would you wish to cut and carve 'em?
Their backs are at your service—only starve 'em?
Give them but money, quick uprise the knaves,
Forgetting in a moment they are slaves.
Lost to the meanness of their former station,
The scornful upstarts damn their occupation.
Lo, the proud blacksmith, late a slave to coal,
To *honours* turns his elevated soul!
The cross-legg'd tailor, lo, forgets his peers;
Kicks his old goose, the knave, and breaks his shears!
The show-man scorns poor Punch, his late support,
And straw-stuff'd ladies of th' Arcadian court;
This quits his camel—that, his conj'ring hogs;
And kings no more can dance with dancing-dogs*.
Grant wealth—No more the humble cobbler cow'rs;
But boldly deems *his* blood as rich as ours,
And blasphemously thinks th' Almighty's plan
Ordain'd no diff'rence between man and man.
Such is the sad effect of wealth—rank pride—
Thus, mount a beggar, how the rogue will ride.

Parent of Insolence is wealth, I ween:
Then 'mid thy neighbours let her not be seen.

* It is an undeniable fact, that a certain great king
(it is said, for the diversion of his *children only*)
held out the skirts of his coat, and danced a minuet
on Windsor Terrace, some years since, with one of
the canine figurantes.

'Tis Poverty that forges curbs for men,
And tempts *divine* Oppression from her den.
What folly, then, to let thine host repose,
To suffer *Cumberland* to lift the nose!—
Down with their hosts, and horsewhip them like
dogs!

Styes be their beds, their food the food of hogs.
Keep famish'd, sons and daughters, fathers, mothers;
Nor let them beat in trade their grinning brothers;
Iberian monkeys, that to business bred,
Well pleas'd, for *maravedes** hunt the head.

To India's hist'ry turn thy happy eyes,
And bid a second scene of horrors rise.
By Britons led, did Famine's spectre train
Pour devastation on the fair domain.
What humble victims sunk beneath the strife?
What thousands, tott'ring, snatch'd at parting life!
Nought could, alas! their suppliant hands avail:
In vain each feature told a starving tale;
On those rich heaps that rose beneath their care,
Their eye-balls fast'ning in a deadly glare.
There hadst thou seen the sallow babe distress,
Hard clinging to a dying mother's breast;
Beating that breast with little, peevish cry,
Its plumpness wither'd, and its fountain dry:
Such was the scene, whilst ev'ry night, to sup,
The jackalls left their woods, to eat them up.

Humanity's a pigeon-hearted fool,
Soft, puling, as the girl at boarding-school,
That alms upon the begging wretch bestows,
And learns to sorrow at the tale of woes.

Where is ambition? Dead?—It never dies—
Brutes, insects boast it—elephants and flies. [him,
The horse would rather the blood-spur should gore
Than let a fellow-trav'ler pace before him:

* A very small Spanish coin, much inferior in
value to a farthing.

And lo the spaniel!—when the master cheers
A brother, with what jealousy he hears!
Unblest, attention how he tries to raise;
Paws for a gentle pat, and whines for praise!
Eye nature through, and mark the arm of pow'r—
The great unceasingly the small devour.

Blest on a dainty dish of flies to dine,
Lo, by the spider weav'd the silken line,
A giddy wand'rer strikes the waving net;
Hitch'd his poor pinions, hitch'd his harmless feet:
Quick from his cave, that hid his watchful head,
The nimble tyrant scours along the thread;
Whips from the store-room of his guts a string,
And binds his captive's vainly-buzzing wing;
Remorseless deals the bite of death; and then
The *Cacus* drags the victim to his den.

Lo, hov'ring in mid sky, the cait'ff kite
Sweeps the blue vault, and wheels with watchful flight;
A son of rapine, and untaught to spare,
The feather'd Nimrod roams the wild of air;
At length his searching eyes with joy explore
A hen and chicken near a farmer's door:
Sudden the tyrant quits th' aërial steep;
Down from his sphere he pours with lightning sweep,
Each iron talon fills with callow food,
And carries off in triumph half the brood.
In vain the parent flutters, capers, cries,
And kens her captive children up the skies;
And, lo! in vain the cursing farmer runs,
To send the leaden vengeance from his guns:
Safe seeks the rogue some solitary stone,
To tear the trembling flesh, and grind each bone.

Now on the stream's clear bosom, pr'ythee, peep;
See, sly below, the alligator creep:
Whate'er he seizes, yield's to Fate's dread laws,
Crush'd in his hard inexorable jaws.

These be thy great examples—careful mind 'em,
And do not in a tittle lag behind 'em.

Be *thou* the spider, that devours the flies;
 Be thou the tyrant kite, that scours the skies;
 Be thou the hard-mouth'd subtle alligator,
 Th' inexorable monarch of the water.

And lo, the lords of Ocean!—see the whale
 On all th' inferior hosts of sea regale!
 The shark, the grampus—how before their eye
 Th' affrighted under-world of fishes fly!

Then why not man, endu'd with giant pow'r,
 The region of inferior mortals scour?
 For thee, then, was all *Cumberland* design'd,
 The whale, the shark, the grampus of mankind!
 Lo, at thy foot, the people whine and pray—
 But kick them, Lonsdale—'tis the Lowther way:
 Tread on each neck, and deem it but a beast,
 And emulate the tyrants of the east.
 Perchance thou fearest to be d-mn'd, *or so?*
 On that, thou shouldst have ponder'd long ago.
 Look at thy *boroughs*—not *one* vote alone
 Can give a candidate the mob-rais'd throne.
 Thus to the shrine of virtue must be giv'n
 More than *one* deed, to seat the soul in heav'n.
 Deem otherwise—it were too mad by half—
 Lord! how would shoe-makers* and angels laugh!

With abject pray'r, behold! Whitehaven plies
 thee—
 Heed not her men—'tis plain they all *despise* thee.
 For ask thyself, 'Amid this smutty nation,
 What have I done to merit approbation?'

Look!—has Contrition swell'd a single eye?
 List!—from one bosom canst thou hear her sigh?
 Nought like a *tear*, and nought resembling *moan*!
 Knee and mouth penitence, indeed, alone.
 With voices louder than the common crier's,
 I hear their hearts abuse their tongues for liars!

* Shoe-makers are frequently the most respectable votes in country boroughs.

170 EPISTLE TO LORD LONSDALE.

For, Lord! how *should* they *like* thee? who can
tell?—

Their noses never caught thy kitchen's smell;
For meat is apt *opinion* to improve,
And stomachs form a turnpike-gate to love.

Kite of the north, again, and yet again,
I bid thee spread thy terrors o'er the plain.
Hang o'er those sparrows with o'ershadowing pride,
And bid them trembling in their thatches hide:
O wake thy plagues, and break the shameful truce:
Unmuzzle Vengeance—let the blood-hound loose,
To bid Humanity, pale fool, adieu,
And flesh his hunger on the coal-black crew.
Thus shall the Lowther name again be great,
Men tremble at the sound, and children sweat;
High o'er thy walls, to prove a *host*, one slave,
The lordly flag of Tyranny shall wave:
Thus at thy feet shall dumb Obedience fall,
And H-ll, in lustre, yield to Lowther Hall.

PINDARIANA;
OR,
PETER'S PORTFOLIO.

CONTAINING

TALE,	ODE,	SONG,
FABLE,	ELEGY,	PASTORAL,
TRANSLATION,	EPIGRAM,	LETTERS.

With Extracts from
TRAGEDY, COMEDY, OPERA, &c.



'Non satis est pulchra esse poëmata——'

HOR.

To me, a *tuneful* line is dear;

And yet it only wins the *ear* :

Verses should win the *heart* too—*dulcia sunt* :

Such verses sure success command :

The game is in the poet's hand—

Spadillio, and Mannillio, Basto, Punto.

THE HISTORY OF THE

POETRY OF THE

ANTIENT GREEKS

PINDARUS;

BY

JOHN

PETER'S POSTFOLIO.

CONTAINING

THE

TALE, OF THE

FAIR, OF THE

TRANSLATION, OF THE

TRAGEDY, OF THE

TRAGEDY, OF THE

THE

TO THE

AND

THE

THE

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THE

TO THE PUBLIC.

READER,

PLEASANT and numerous are the volumes in
ana; viz. *Scaligeriana*, *Thuana*, *Huetiana*,
enagiana, *Chævreana*, *Carpenteriana*, &c. to
which I have added, for thine amusement, *Pindari-*
ana. May the spirits of Chaucer, of Shakespeare,
of Cervantes, of Rabelais, of Sterne, of Fontaine,
of Tibullus, of Horace, of Martial, of Theocritus,
and my great old cousin of Thebes, have entered
my Portfolio, and animated my leaves

Ah! may no eye wax dim upon my page;
The lid, all heavy-laded, dully closing;
The drooping head, as though from palsied age,
Reclining lumpish on the breast, and dozing;
While from th' ungrasping hand, tremendous sound,
The poor forgotten volume greets the ground!

May no fastidious critic be able to say of my lucubrations what the blaspheming Dr. Johnson, with his oracular and growling pomposity, asserted of the sublime Ossian—'that as good a thing might be

written by many men, many women, and many children!"

Griev'd should I be, could my poetic spawn
Produce one melancholy, damning yawn.

O let me feel the muse's warmth divine!
Perdition seize a soporific line!

Ne'er may the leaden lumber load my brain!
Avant the sleepy verse! confound the song
That dragging, heavy, snail-like, crawls along!
Oblivion, bid thy mud o'erwhelm the strain!

I hate it, as old Snuffle I abhor;

The parson who, with one unvarying tone,
Sets all the jaded audience in a snore—
Such the strong opiate of his drowsy drone.

Nor, O ye pow'rs of poesy, be mine
The roaring, blust'ring, mad, and bullying line,
As though the muses all were lying-in
Of some wild *Calibanish*, mountain form;
An earthquake, or volcano, or a storm,
So huge the sound, so horrible the din.

Nor let me prove so pompously obscure—
A mode of writing, I detest, abjure;

With stiff inversions the poor sense to screen
From ev'ry aching brain, and poring eye,
And in a rage to make the reader cry,

'Why, what the devil can the booby mean?
Thus too with epithets to cannonade us,
As if the beast were vomiting a *gradus*!'

Let me not act the goose, screaming and waddling,
Poking his silly head, in mudpools paddling:

No!—with a lofty pinion let me rise;
Face with an eagle wing the solar beam,
Drink with undazzled gaze th' effulgent stream,
And with the rush of whirlwinds sweep the skies;
Thence, in an instant be the humble wren,
Twitt'ring his love-notes sweet to Mistress Hen.

O Versatility, I hold thee dear!

The Proteus power be mine, to take each shape;
Skip like a Will-o'-whisp—be here, be there—

Now the grave moralist, and now an ape.

Now roar the savage of the Libyan shade,

Where horror listens to the shrieking ghost;

Now Pompey in Belinda's bosom laid,

Or whining, pawing for a piece of toast.

Now roll the monarch of the stormy deep,

The floundering terror of the finny race;

Now the slim eel, of ponds so lucid, creep;

Now leap a salmon, and now glide a plaice.

Thrice happy change of soul-delighting song!

This were my talent, blest would Peter be!

But who, alas! is thus divinely strong?

Shakespeare, that envied pow'r I mark in thee.

Let me inform thee, reader, that no order will be observed with respect to the various pieces. Thou wilt receive them as they leap from the portfolio; so that there will subsist as little connexion between one and another, as between Lady Mary and the Graces, Lord Th——w and the Lord's Prayer, Signor Marchesi and creation, Sir Joseph Banks and philosophy, Sir William Hamilton and the secrets of Mount Vesuvius, Judge K. and a *whole* bottle of port, Judge B. and reprieve.

Various will be the subjects of the muse. Ode, Elegy, Fable, Tale, Ballad, Epigram, &c. a version, at times, of parts of the venerable classics, whose spirit has been but feebly transfused through our modern languages, will be given;

Whose *oaks* so lofty (what abomination!)
Are chang'd to paltry *broomsticks*, by translation:
Their pyramids, a little village spire;
Their skies, blue paper; their ear-rending thunder,
With lightnings darting danger, blazing wonder,
A poor coal coffin bouncing from the fire;
Their cities, emmets' nests—a spider's hole!
Their mountains, what?—the mansion of the mole.

Too oft the roses of th' Athenian vale
Resign their blushes for a deadly pale;
An Attic sun converted in a trice
To a dull torpid cake of shiv'ring ice!
A rill, their oceans that no longer roar;
Their storms, a wind's small whistle through a door;
The sun-clad eagle, a weak flick'ring bat;
And Afric's royal brute, a squeaking rat.

The tender passion will make a prominent figure
on the canvass; and why not, as it is one of the most
prominent features of Nature? Who is there that
has not sacrificed to the amorous goddess?

When dew-clad Evening's modest blushes fade,
And Nature sinks amid the deep'ning shade,
And Labour pauses on the fainting light:
When beetles hum, and bats in circles skim,
When hills and hamlets, trees and tow'rs, grow dim,
And Silence steals upon the gloom of night;
With joy I tread the secret grove,
To meet the idol of my love.

What a monster, who never felt the soft emotion!

Ah! whence art thou, of wealth the slave?
Go, seek the haunted gloom, the grave;
Whose eye, on money taught to roll,
Admits not beauty to the soul:

Fly thou the day, who scorn'st the fair,
For thou wert born an imp of care.

But who art thou, with anxious eye,
With panting hope, and melting sigh,
Who biddest tempting gold depart,
And only woo'st the virgin's heart?

Go thou where Beauty holds her throne;
For bliss was form'd for *thee alone*.

Next to the contemner of the charming sex, is the
savage who abuses it. Poor Marian! sweet is thy
song of sorrow!

MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.

SINCE truth has left the shepherd's tongue,
Adieu the cheerful pipe and song;
Adieu the dance at closing day,
And, ah! the happy morn of May.

How oft he told me I was fair,
And wove the garland for my hair!
How oft for Marian cull'd the bow'r,
And fill'd my lap with ev'ry flow'r!

No more his gifts of guile I'll wear,
But from my brow the chaplet tear;
The crook he gave, in pieces break,
And rend his ribbons from my neck.

How oft he vow'd a constant flame,
And carv'd on ev'ry oak my name!
Blush, Colin, that the *wounded tree*
Is all that will remember me.

Rich fragments of the Tragic and Comic Muse, not
forgetting the muse of ballad, *yclept* Opera, will oc-

casionally pour their coruscations through the work. —Moreover will I present thee with delicious scraps of Criticism: thou shalt likewise have Apophthegms —so that a part of my labours may with propriety be baptized the Wisdom of Peter. The Wisdom of Solomon is well known. Plato and Xenophon, the two famous disciples of Socrates, gathered the good things of their sublime master, fancying every sentence that dropped from his mouth, a gem of inestimable value. Pythagoras uttered sage maxims for the benefit of posterity. Nor did the good Marcus Aurelius think it beneath his dignity to turn collector. The eastern hemisphere glitters with apophthegmatic constellations; and now behold a bard resolved to add a star to that of the west.

Reader, thou shalt have *more* than all this. Thou shalt be presented with some of the *Travels* of the bard, who, like the hero of the Odyssey, *mores hominum multorum videt et urbes*. But expect no wonders, as I am neither a Mandeville, a Psalmanazar, nor an Abyssinian Bruce. Unfortunately I have met with no ‘*Anthropophagi*, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.’

How many numbers I shall offer thee, is a mystery even to *myself*.—Should we not be eaten up by the threatening and hungry *sans-culottes*; by the blessing of Apollo and the Nine Ladies, a handsome volume or two may be produced; and to give thee my sentiment on the *sans-culottes* subject, I really think we shall *not* be devoured.

Howl thyself hoarse, wild war—of this fair isle
The happy natives shall for ever smile,
While by thy rage the kingdoms bleed around ;
Safe as the chirping birds amid the oak,
That bids defiance to the tempest's stroke,
And keeps with stern sublimity his ground.

ADIEU.

And keep with thee a subject's strain,
That bids defiance to the tempest's strain;
Sings as the chirping birds amid the oak,
While by thy rage the kingdoms bleed around;
The happy natives shall for ever smile,
How! thyself, horror, wild war—of this fair isle.

PINDARIANA.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE CRITICS.

NOW Winter gathers all his glooms,
And faintly Sol the world illumines;
Weak wand'rer, skirting pale the southern sky,
Yet squinting on the old blue road,
In summer with such splendor trod,
Now far, alas! above his wat'ry eye.
Well! just as Winter comes, so drear,
Behold the man of rhimes appear!
Much like the woodcock—bird too often bit;
When out are dogs, and sportsmen dire,
To try to fit him for the fire;
Doom'd soon to turn, poor fellow, on the spit!
Lo, from his shelt'ring shade he vainly springs!
With bleeding breast, crush'd legs, and broken wings,
And scatter'd plumes a cloud, and hanging head,
Down falls the *emigrant*, a lump of lead;
Soon seiz'd by Tray, expecting much applause,
Who, wriggling, brings the pris'ner in his jaws.

Thus may it most unfortunately be,
 Most venerable greybeards, with poor me!
 Condemn'd, for want of poetry and wit,
 To turn *perchance* upon your piercing spit;
 Yet, sirs, I thank you for all favours *past*;
 Hoping, moreover, they won't be the *last*:
 And, sirs, whatever fate you may allot me,
 Thanks, thanks, that *hitherto* you have not shot me.

So much to the *liberal* critics;—what shall I say
 to the *illiberal*?

Rake, if you please, the kennel of your brains,
 And pour forth all the loaded head contains;
 I shall not suffer by it, I am sure!—
 Nay, my poetic plants will better thrive;
 Exalt their heads and smile—be all alive;
 As *mud* is very excellent manure.

Brother authors, attend unto the wisdom of Peter.
 Are the cries of the malevolent and envious against
 you? Be silent, and let your works fight their own
 battle. Are they good for nothing? Let them die.
 Possess they merit? They need not be afraid.—Bid
 your minds then sit calmly on their thrones, amidst
 the hurly burly of critical attacks.

Go take a lesson from the glorious sun,
 Who, when the elements together run
 In wild confusion—earth and wind and water,
 Looks on the tumult down without dismay,
 Nay, bright and smiling—seeming thus to say,
 ‘Lord! bustling gentlefolk, pray what’s the matter?’

HYMN TO THE GUILLOTINE.

DAUGHTER of Liberty, whose knife
So busy chops the threads of life,
And frees from cumb'rous clay the spirit;
Ah! why alone shall Gallia feel
The beauties of thy pond'rous steel?
Why must not Britain mark thy merit?

Hark! 'tis the dungeon's groan I hear;
And lo, a squalid band appear,
With sallow cheek and hollow eye!
Unwilling, lo, the neck they bend;
Yet, through thy pow'r, their terrors end,
And with their *heads* the sorrows fly!

O let us view thy lofty grace;—
To Britons show thy blushing face,
And bless rebellion's life-tir'd train!—
Joy to my soul! she's on her way,
Led by her *dearest* friends, Dismay,
Death, and the Devil, and Tom Paine!

Be deaf, O man, to the insinuations of pride. It
is the poisonous weed of the heart, that suffers not
a flower of beauty or fragrance to bloom near it.

Boast not of the antiquity of thy line: for, to thy
mortification, be it known, that the family of the
hogs was created before thee.

What can the *wisest* boast? alas, how little!
Then, Pride, be sparing of thy saucy spittle;

Nay, do not squirt it in the *humblest* face:
 The wheel of Fortune is for ever turning;
 Joy's birthday-suit may soon be chang'd to
mourning!

Nimrods become the *victims* of the chace.

Yes, Pride, I hate thee—canker of our nature!

Why look contemptuous on a fellow-creature,

Because it is a monkey or a pig?

They too have *qualities*, or I'm mistaken:

What man excels a hog in making bacon?

What mortals, like a monkey, dance a jig?

What man, from bough to bough, like Jacko springs,

Ingenious rogue! who twists his tail, and swings?

Dare we despise, because they cannot *preach*,

Forsooth, ungifted with the pow'rs of speech?

That were a joke indeed to make a *song*:

Ah me! what numbers of the human race

Most fortunately had escap'd disgrace,

Had Heav'n forgot to give their mouths a *tongue*!

In vain I preach—Pride laughs at all I say;

Resolv'd, the fool, to keep her *distant way*.

THE PROUD OLD MAID.

A WINKING, hobbling, crabbed, proud old maid,
 Whose charms had felt a heavy cannonade
 From Time's strong batt'ry—to whose lofty nose
 A rotten reputation was a rose,
 Liv'd in a country town—there spit her spite,
 And dwelt on scandal's stories with delight.

Proud of her name (though poor) indeed was she;
 In genealogies, an epicure;

Knew, to a hair, each person's pedigree,
From that of splendor, to the most obscure.

Madam Georgina Howard was her name;
An appellation always carrying fame,
As ev'ry Howard *kins* with Norfolk's duke;
Moreover, ev'ry Campbell of our Isle,
Cobbler, or chimney-sweeper, claims Argyle;
And *eke* to Queensb'ry doth a Douglas look;

Boasting a certain portion of that blood,
Not to be wash'd away by Noah's flood.

Cousin of Norfolk, would she often name,
When conversation ask'd for no such kin;
Cousin of Norfolk, then *untimely* came;
Nay, by the *head and shoulders* was lugg'd in.

This lady, on a certain darksome night,
From cards returning by a lantern's light;
The lantern by her servant Betty held,
Who walk'd before this dame, to show the way;
When thus it happen'd, *sadly* let me say,
Such is th' unhappiness of blinking *Eld*—

As her two eyes so dim could only *stare*,
And therefore wanted cleaning and repair;
Against *some* head, *her* poking head she popp'd—
Dash'd with confusion, suddenly she stopp'd,
Drew back, and bent for *once* her rusty knee—
'I beg your pardon, sir,' said she:

Then follow'd Mistress Betty.—'Bless us, Bet,
'Tell me, who was the gentleman I met;
'Whose face I bounc'd so hard against with mine?'
Bet could not for her soul the laugh resist—
A *gentleman*!—a *jack-ass*, ma'am, you kiss'd;
I hope you found Jack's kisses very fine.'

'An *ass*!' with anger swelling, screech'd the dame—
'An *ass*!—Lord! Betty, I shall die with *shame*!

Give me a knife—I'll spoil the rascal's note:
 Give me a knife—I'll run and cut his throat.
 Betty, don't say a word on't—that, alas!
 I curtsied, and ask'd pardon of an *ass*!

EARLY PROPENSITIES.

HOW early, genius shows itself at times!
 Thus Pope, the pride of poets, *lisp'd* in rhimes;
 And *thus* the great Sir Joseph * (strange to utter!
 To whom each insect-eater is a fool)
Did, when a very little boy at school,
 Munch *spiders* spread upon his bread and butter!

INVITATION TO CYNTHIA.

COME, Cynthia, to thy shepherd's vale,
 Though tyrant Winter shade the scene;
 The leafless grove has felt his gale,
 And ev'ry warbler mourns his reign.

Yet, what to *me* the howling wind?
 Thy voice the linnet's song supplies:
 Or what the cloud to *me*, who find
 Eternal sunshine in thy eyes?

* Sir Joseph Banks, the president of the Royal Society, and who has often declared this rare fact of himself, and who is so improved in power as to be able to devour an *alligator*.

KISSES.

Hawser. **D**EAR Susan, one kind kiss before we part.

Susan. Not the thousandth part of one, Mr. Lieutenant, I assure you. Keep your distance, pray, *kind* sir. Kisses indeed! I wonder what fool first invented the nonsense?

Hawser. Nonsense!—*sense*, Susan! rapture, Susan!

SONG.

When we dwell on the lips of the lass we adore,
Not a pleasure in nature is missing :
May his soul be in Heav'n, he deserv'd it, I'm sure,
Who was first the inventor of kissing.

Master Adam, I verily think, was the man,
Whose discovery will ne'er be surpast :
Well, since the sweet game with *creation* began,
To the *end of the world* may it last!

[*Catches Susan and kisses her.*]

I DO not love a cat—his disposition is mean and suspicious. A friendship of years is cancelled in a moment by an accidental tread on his tail or foot. He instantly spits, raises his rump, twirls his

tail of malignity, and shuns you; turning back, as he goes off, a staring vindictive face, full of horrid oaths and unforgiveness; seeming to say, 'Perdition catch you! I hate you for ever.' But the dog is my delight:—tread on *his* tail or foot, he expresses, for a moment, the uneasiness of his feelings; but in a moment the complaint is ended. He runs around you; jumps up against you; seems to declare his sorrow for complaining, as it was not intentionally done; nay, to make himself the aggressor; and begs, by whinings and lickings, that master will think of it no more. Many a time, when Ranger, wishing for a little sport, has run to the gun, smelt to it, then wriggling his tail, and, with eyes full of the most expressive fire, leaped up against me, whining and begging, have I, against my inclination, indulged him with a scamper through the woods or in the field: for many a time he has left a warm nest, among the snows of winter, to start pleasure for me. Thus is there a moral obligation between a man and a dog.

THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE old shepherd's dog, like his master, was grey,
 His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue:
 Yet where'er Corin went, he was follow'd by *Tray*;
 Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When, fatigu'd, on the grass the shepherd would lie,
 For a nap in the sun—'midst his slumbers so sweet,
 His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,
 Plac'd his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When Winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
And torrents descended, and cold was the wind,
If Corin went forth 'mid the tempests and rain,
Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the straw Tray made his last bed;
For vain, against Death, is the stoutest endeavour—
To lick Corin's hand he rear'd up his weak head,
Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and, ah! clos'd
them for ever.

Not long after Tray did the shepherd remain,
Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend;
And, when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor
swain,
' O bury me, neighbours, beside my old friend !'

NOTWITHSTANDING the general contempt of
poor Sternhold and Hopkins, of *psalm-inditing*
memory, I do not deem them beneath the dignity
of *some imitation*. I fear that too many a poet
of the present day is affected (if I may coin an ex-
pression) with a *phusi-phobia*, or a dread of na-
ture and simplicity; and, if I may judge from the
difficulty of comprehending their meaning, they
fancy Obscurity to be the genuine parent of the
Sublime. In the following ballad I have endea-
voured to steer between the *two*, assuming a little
liberty with historical truth respecting Jenny and
the celebrated auld Robin.

JENNY'S COMPLAINT.

THE night was still, and full of fear,
And all the world seem'd dead;
When, pond'ring on poor Robin Gray,
I went with sighs to bed.

There, while my heart did heave with grief,
The moon, that wand'rer pale,
In at my window peep'd and shin'd
So faint against the wall.

I clos'd my eye in vain to sleep,
And sigh'd 'Ah! well-a-day!'
For then I dwelt on my dear love,
My buried Robin Gray.

As on my arm I lean'd my head,
All dreary and forlorn,
My hair did drink the briny tears
That down my cheek did mourn.

Sudden a cloud, like ink so black,
The moon's pale face o'ercast;
The window shook, and horror howl'd,
Amid the hollow blast.

The oaks that proudly look'd on high,
Their lofty heads bent low,
And 'midst their mighty branches roar'd,
As if they scorn'd to bow.

But, like a giant in his course,
The storm went rushing on,
Scattering their limbs and leaves so thick,
As heedless what was done.

Now thunder from the black cloud broke,
And terrified the night,
And lightnings, with a dangerous blaze,
Made all the darkness bright.

But my poor bleeding heart forlorn
Did sink with no dismay,
Since often it had wish'd to *die*
For dear auld Robin Gray.

Now did a spectre form appear,
All aged, pale, and wan;
And, by his visage, I could spy
He was my lost auld man.

Now on my bed-side did he sit,
As harmless as a dove;
And though he had two hollow eyes,
They look'd with tend'rest love.

Forth from their sockets then did rush
Full many a drop of woe:
So from the cave or rugged rock
The pearly waters flow.

'Jesu!' I cry'd, and stretch'd my arms
To clasp him round the waist;
But nought of his poor spectre drear
My longing arms embrac'd.

'Oh! Jenny (then he said), in vain
Thy arms would clasp me in;
For spirits, such as thou behold'st,
Have neither bones nor skin.'

Full on his visage did I gaze,
All hurried with surprise;
And, eager to devour each look,
My soul rush'd through my eyes.

Now did I strive to catch his hand,
That press'd so often mine;
But twas in vain—'twas nought but air,
Which made my heart to pine.

And yet his hands so shrivell'd were,
As made of flesh and blood:
But God knows best what should be done,
And God is very good.

‘ And art thou happy then,’ I cry’d,
 ‘ In this thy present state ?’
 He smil’d like angels then, and said,
 ‘ God well hath chang’d my fate.

‘ Let innocence, O Jane, be thine,
 And peace shall dwell with thee;
 And when just Heaven shall call thee hence,
 With Robin thou shalt be.’

With that he look’d a sweet farewell,
 And rais’d each wetted eye;
 Then glided off, and, as he went,
 I heard the kindest sigh.

‘ Adieu !’ I cry’d, half chok’d with grief,
 ‘ Soul of my soul, adieu !’
 My bosom throbs to leave this world,
 And thy dear flight pursue.

‘ But Robin, Robin, stay awhile;
 Ah ! stay awhile,’ I said—
 ‘ As Jemmy is come home from sea,
 May I with Jemmy wed ?’

But Robin answer’d not a word,
 But off his ghost did go;
 Which made me wonder—but perhaps
 His ghost had answer’d, ‘ No.’

Auld Robin’s kindnesses to me,
 Whilst we in love did live,
 Deserve more *streams* from these sad eyes,
 Than they have *drops* to give.

The evening that he sought his grave,
 Did wear a dismal gloom;
 And all who did the burying see,
 With eyes so red went home.

The honest tribute of their tears,
 I thought was sweetest fame;
 And when I die, God grant my bier
 Be sprinkled with the same !

The harmless children, too, in bands,
Did pour their little sighs,
And on the coffin near the grave
They strain'd their wat'ry eyes.

And when into the earth below
His corpse at length was giv'n,
They look'd towards each other's eyes,
And sigh'd, 'He's gone to Heaven.'

Then on his grave they sat them down,
And lisp'd his name with praise,
Till all the little wights did wish
To be auld Robin Grays.

ODE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

LOVE is a pretty passion, to be sure ;
And long, say I indeed, may love endure !
Yet now and then to Prudence should it look—
Yes, take a little leaf from Wisdom's book.

Our boys, alas ! begin too soon to sigh,
Mourn the pierc'd heart, and lay them down to die ;
Just like expiring swans, with tuneful breath,
Sweet rhiming in the agonies of death.

Too soon the girls abuse of pens the nib,
And pour their little groaning souls on paper :
Love should not come till Time removes the bib ;
Misses should learn to *walk* before they *caper*.

Love, though it deals in *sweets*, has many *sours* ;
It does not always furnish happy hours,

Putting us oft in dismal situations :
 The novelty sets people's souls a longing—
 What thousands to their ruin thus are thronging !
 Indeed we see the evil in all nations.

I fear Love does at times a deal of harm :
 It keeps the world alive, it is confess'd ;
 So far indeed, I like the pleasing charm—
 Yet, yet, through Love, what thousands are distress'd !

' Give me,' exclaims the youth, ' but heav'nly kissing,
 And lo, I seek nought else—for nought is missing :
 Let me for ever dwell on Chloe's lip ;
 On Chloe's bosom let me only lie ;
 There pour in sweetest ecstasy the sigh,
 And, like the bee, the honey'd treasure sip.

' I heed not fragrant wines, nor flesh, nor fish ;
 Chloe is all I want, and all I wish !'

And thus again the raptur'd nymph exclaims,
 ' Sweet are of Love the sighs, and dear the flames !
 Love smiles away the dark'ning clouds of life :
 Love feels no rains, nor storms, nor pinching cold :
 Love wants not fire nor candle, meat, clothes, gold :
 All bliss is center'd in that one word—*wife*.'

THE OWL AND PARROT.

AN owl fell desp'rately in love, poor soul !
 Sighing and hooting in his lonely hole—
 A parrot the dear object of his wishes,
 Who in her cage enjoy'd the loaves and fishes,

In short had all she wanted—meat and drink,
Washing and lodging—full enough, I think.

'Squire Owl most musically tells his tale;
His oaths, his squeezes, kisses, sighs, prevail:
Poll cannot bear, poor heart, to hear him grieve;
So opes her cage, without a '*By your leave* ;'
Are married, go to bed with raptur'd faces,
Rich words, and so forth—usual in such cases.

A day or two pass'd amorously sweet;
Love, kissing, cooing, billing, all their meat:
At length they both felt hungry—'What's for
dinner ?

Pray what have we to eat, my dear?' quoth Poll.—
'Nothing! by all my wisdom,' answer'd Owl;
'I never thought of that, as I'm a sinner;

'But, Poll, on something I shall put my pats—
What say'st thou, deary, to a dish of rats?'

'Rats, Mister Owl! d'ye think that I'll eat *rats*?
Eat them yourself, or give them to the cats,'

Whines the poor bride, now bursting into tears.—
'Well, Polly, would you rather dine on *mouse*?
I'll catch a few, if any in the house;

Thou shalt not starve, love, so dispel thy fears.'

'I won't eat rats—I won't eat mice—I won't:
Don't tell me of such dirty vermin—don't:

O that within my cage I had but tarried!
'Polly,' quoth Owl, 'I'm sorry, I declare,
So delicate, you relish not our fare—

You should have thought of that before you *mar-
ried*.'

This fable aptly also will apply
To Frenchmen—*sans-culottes*-men. Ah! how? why?

The French are changeful fellows, all must grant;
Cameleons—but, ah! changing for the worse:
Poor ignorants, scarce knowing what they want;
Bart'ring too often blessings for a curse.

All good, in one word, Novelty, they see!
 So strong within them is of change the leaven:
 A Frenchman's flutt'ring soul would feel *ennui*
 Ev'n 'midst the blessed constancy of *Heaven*!

AN ANACREONTIC.

TO A KISS.

SOFT child of love—thou balmy bliss,
 Inform me, O delicious kiss,
 Why thou so suddenly art gone?
 Lost in the moment thou art won?
 Yet go—for wherefore should I sigh?
 On Delia's lip, with raptur'd eye,
 On Delia's blushing lip I see
 A thousand full as sweet as *thee*.

A PANEGYRIC ON TEA,

BY KIEN LONG.

Written in his Tent, during a hunting Excursion, near Moukden.

MEI-HOA ché pon yao
 Fo-cheou hiang tsiekié,
 Soung-che ouei fang ny;
 San pin tchou tsing kûé.
 Pong y tché kio tang,
 Ou tché tcheng koang hiuè,
 Houo heou pien yu hié,
 Ting yen y cheng mié.
 Yué Ngueou po sien jou,
 Tan lou ty tchan yué,
 Ou yun king tai pan
 Ko ou, pou ko choué.
 Fou fou teou lo ty
 Ho ho yun kiang tché
 Ou-tsuen y ko tsan
 Linfou chang ché pié.
 Lan ku Tchao-tcheou ngan
 Po siao Yu-tchouan kiu
 Han siao ting sing leou
 Kou yué kan hiuen tsué.
 Joan pao tchen ki yu
 Tsiao king sing ou kié,
 Kien-long ping-yn
 Siao tchun yu Ty.

A TRANSLATION

Of the preceding Imperial Panegyric on Tea.

THE flow'r *mehó* is not so bright,
And yet it gives the eye delight;
It likewise has a charming smell:
The pines, too, are a pretty fruit,
That much indeed my palate suit,
And much in flavour, too, excel.

Get an old kettle, if you please,
For such a thing is found with ease,
That has three legs—and therefore shows
Its ancient services;—then fill
With water, and, what's best, the rill,
The lucid rill from melted snows.

Heat in this kettle, to your wish,
The water fit to boil a fish,
Or turn the blackest lobster red;
Pour then the water on the tea,
Then drink it, and 'twill drive, d'ye see,
All the blue devils from your head.

Far from the toil of state affairs
I steal away, to drown my cares,
For which I take of tea a cup;
And then I snap the rich *fochu*,
Fine to the taste, and to the view;
And then again the tea I sup.

Now on the rare *mehó* I gaze;
Now of the ancients, with amaze,
I think—and also with delight;

And now upon the great Otsén,
The best and frugallest of men,
Who liv'd on pine from morn to night.

With envy on this mighty man I think!
And then I drink:

Then I crack nuts, and eat the kernels too;
Then think on that great gard'ner, great Linfou.

When, lo! I pass from great Linfou
To that great prince, yclept Tchao-tcheou;—
Then upon You-tchouan I ponder:
Thus do I sit, and eat, and drink, and wonder.

The *first*, my fancy plainly sees
Surrounded by all sorts of trees;
Now tasting *this* rich fruit, now *that* so fine:
I mark the *second* quaffing the rich water;
But, knowing very little of the matter,
Thank Heav'n *his* vulgar taste was never *mine*.

I hear, I hear the evening drum,
Sounding aloud, 'Go to bed, Tom!'
Good me! how pleasant is the starry night!
Lo, on each dish, and silver spoon,
And plate, and porringer, the moon
Peeps through my tent with friendly light.

Now, this is charming, I must own;
My stomach, too, so easy grown!
And now I'll take a nap—thus ends my song,
Compos'd by *me* (a humble bard) Kien Long.

ODE TO COFFEE.

In the Manner of Kien Long.

DELICIOUS berry, but, ah! best
When from the Eastern Ind, not West:
Nought richer is, I think, than *thee*:—

Into a roaster, with my hand,
I put thee, and then o'er thee stand,
And then I catch thy smell with glee.

And now I shake thee round about;
And, when turn'd brown, I take thee out,
And then I put thee in a mill;
And, when to powder thou art crush'd,
Into a tin pot thou art push'd,
To feel the boiling smoking rill.

And now from my tin pot's long nose
The fragrant fluid sweetly flows;
And now I put the lily cream,
And sugar too, the best of brown;
And, happy, now I gulp thee down
Keeping my nose upon the steam.

On Hastings now my senses work;
And now on virtuous Edmund Burke,
Who calmly let Sir Thomas 'scape:
And then unto myself I say,
'Is Honour dead? ah, well-a-day!'
And then my mouth begins to gape.

Now on Sir Joseph Banks I ponder,
And now at his rare merit wonder,
In flies and tadpoles deep;

And now to many a drowsy head
I hear the drowsy Blagdon* read,
And then I fall asleep.

ODE.

WHEN Flatt'ry sings, Age opes his eyes so clear,
And claps so brisk the trumpet to his ear,
So *wondrously* inspir'd he lists, and sees!
When Flatt'ry sings, pale Colic's pains are off;
Consumption pants not, but forgets his cough;
And Asthma's loaded lungs forbear to wheeze.
Stung is the soul with Hyp's rope-off'ring evils?
Flatt'ry's a talisman to drive the devils.
Sweet on the list'ning ear of stilly Night,
As warbling dieth Philomela's song;
So on the ear of man, with rich delight,
The lulling music flows from Flatt'ry's tongue.
Show me the man, and I will thank thee for it,
Who says, with truth, 'Poh! Flatt'ry! I abhor it.'
'Tis a *non-descript*—by Sir Joseph bred—
A *Soho monster*, born without a head.
Flatt'ry's a perfect mistress of her art;
With picklock keys to open ev'ry heart.

* Sir Joseph's right hand, and secretary to the Royal Society; who has very often read the very respectable meetings of the Royal Society to slumber.

What mortal can withstand the fire of Flatt'ry?
 No one! 'tis such a most successful batt'ry.
 No head, however thick, resists its shot;
 Yet each pretends to mock it!—what a sot!

SUSAN AND THE SPIDER.

'COME down, you toad,' cry'd Susan to a spider,
 High on the gilded cornice a proud rider,
 And, wanton, swinging by his silken rope;
 'I'll teach thee to spin cobwebs round the room;
 You're now upon some murder, I presume—
 I'll *bless* thee—if I don't, say I'm no pope.'

Then Susan brandish'd her long brush,
 Determin'd on a fatal push,
 To bring the rope-dancer to ground,
 And all his schemes of death confound.

The spider, blest with oratory grace,
 Slipp'd down, and, staring Susan in the face,
 'Fie, Susan! lurks there murder in *that* heart?
 O barb'rous, lovely Susan! I'm amaz'd!
 O can that form, on which so oft I've gaz'd,
 Possess of cruelty the slightest part?

'Ah! can that swelling bosom of delight,
 On which I've peep'd with wonder many a night,
 Nay, with these fingers *touch'd* too, let me say,
 Contain a heart of cruelty?—no, no!
 That bosom, which exceeds the new-fall'n snow,
 All softness, sweetness, one eternal May.'

'How!' Susan screech'd, as with disorder'd brain—
 'How, Impudence! repeat those words again:
 Come, come, confess with honesty—speak, speak,
 Say, did you *really* crawl upon my neck?'

‘ Susan, by all thy heav’nly charms, I did ;
I saw thee sleeping by the taper’s light ;
Thy cheek so blushful, and thy breast so white :
I could not stand it, and so down I slid.’

‘ You did, sweet Mister Spider ? so you *saw* !’

‘ Yes, Susan ! Nature’s is a pow’rful law.’

‘ Arn’t you a murd’rer ?’ gravely Susan cries ;

‘ Arn’t you for ever busy with that claw,
Killing poor unoffending little flies,
Merely to satisfy your nasty maw ?’

‘ But, Susan, don’t you feed on gentle *lamb* ?

Don’t you on pretty little *pigeons* cram ?

Don’t you on harmless *fishes* often dine ?’

‘ That’s very true,’ quoth Susan, ‘ true indeed ;
Lord ! with what eloquence these spiders plead !

This little rascal beats a grave divine.

‘ It was no snake, I verily believe,

But a sly *spider* that seduc’d poor Eve.

‘ But then you are so *ugly*.’—‘ Ah ! sweet Sue,

—I did not make myself, you know too well :

Could I have made *myself*, I had been *you*,

And kill’d with envy ev’ry beauteous belle.’

‘ Heav’ns ! to this spider !—what a ’witching tongue !

Well ! go about thy business—go along ;

All animals indeed their food must get ;

And hear me—shouldst thou look, with longing eyes,

At any time on young, fat, luscious flies,

I’ll drive the little rascals to thy net.

‘ Lord ! then how blind I’ve been to form and feature !

I think a spider, *now*, a comely creature !’

VERSES

TO A WHITE SATIN PETTICOAT,

Belonging to Miss Molly M——,

But spoiled by the Author's inadvertent Stupidity, in
throwing on it a Cup of Coffee.

O FAIR protectress of the fairest maid,
How shall the poet for his crime atone?
So lately blest as thou, I'm sore afraid
I have no recompence to offer!—*none!*

But Molly parts with thee with pitying eye!
Then from this moment do not *dare complain*:
Nay, more—the nymph surveys thee with a *sigh*—
Then *boast!*—the *envy* thou, of ev'ry swain.

THE TINKER,
AND MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE.

THE meanest creature *somewhat* may contain,
As Providence ne'er makes a thing *in vain*.

Upon a day, a poor and trav'ling tinker,
In Fortune's various tricks a constant thinker,
Pass'd in some village near a miller's door;

Where, lo! his eye did most astonish'd catch
The miller's daughter peeping o'er the hatch,
Deform'd, and monstrous ugly, to be sure.

Struck with th' uncommon form, the tinker *started*,
Just like a frighten'd horse, or murd'rer carted,

Up gazing at the gibbet and the rope:
Turning his brain about, in a brown study
(For, as I've said, his brain was not so muddy),

'Sbud! (quoth the tinker) I have now some hope;
' Fortune, the jade, is not far off, perchance'—
And then began to rub his hands, and dance.

Now all so full of love, o'erjoy'd he ran,
Embrac'd and squeez'd Miss Grist, and thus began:

' My dear, my soul, my angel, sweet Miss Grist,
Now may I never mend a kettle more,
If ever I saw one like *you* before !'

Then, ' nothing loth,' like Eve, the nymph he kiss'd.

Now, very sensibly indeed, Miss Grist
Thought opportunity should not be miss'd;
Knowing that prudery oft lets slip a joy:
Thus was Miss Grist too *prudent* to be *coy*.

For really 'tis with girls a dangerous farce,
To flout a swain, when offers are but scarce.

She did not *scream*, and cry, ' I'll not be woo'd;
Keep off, you smutty fellow—don't be rude;
I'm meat for your superiors, tinker.'—No,
Indeed she treated not the tinker *so*.

But lo, the damsel, with her usual squint,
Suffer'd her tinker lover to imprint

Sweet kisses on her lip, and squeeze her hand,
Hug her, and say the softest things unto her,
And in love's plain and pretty language woo her,
Without a frown, or ev'n a reprimand.

Soon won, the nymph agreed to join his bed,
And, when the tinker chose, to church be led.

Now to the father the brisk lover hied,
Who at his noisy mill so busy plied,
Grinding, and taking *handsome* toll of corn,
Sometimes indeed *too handsome* to be borne.

‘Ho! Master Miller!’ did the tinker say—
Forth from his cloud of flour the miller came:
‘Nice weather, Master Miller—charming day—
God’s very kind’—the miller said the *same*.

‘Now, miller, possibly you may not guess
At this same business I am come about:
’Tis this then—know, I love your daughter Bess:—
There, Master Miller!—now the riddle’s out.

‘I’m not for mincing matters, Lord! d’ye see—
I *likes* your daughter Bess, and she likes *me*.’

‘Poh!’ quoth the miller, grinning at the tinker,
‘Thou dost not mean to marriage to persuade her;
Ugly as is the dev’l I needs must think her,
Though, to be sure,’tis said,’twas *me* that *made* her.

‘No, no, though she’s my daughter, I’m not *blind*:
But, tinker, what hath now possess’d thy mind?
Thou’rt the first offer she has met, by *Gad*—
But tell me, tinker, art thou drunk, or mad?’

‘No—I’m not drunk, nor mad,’ the tinker cry’d,
‘But Bet’s the maid I wish to make my bride;
No girl in these two eyes doth Bet excel.’

‘Why, fool,’ the miller said, ‘Bet hath a *hump*!
And then her *nose*!—the nose of my old pump.’

‘I know it,’ quoth the tinker, ‘know it well.’

‘Her *face*,’ quoth Grist, ‘is freckled, wrinkled, flat;
Her mouth as wide as that of my Tom cat;

And then she squints a thousand ways at once—
Her waist, a corkscrew; and her hair how red!
A downright bunch of carrots on her head—
Why what the dev’l is got into thy sconce?’

'No dev'l is in *my* sconce,' rejoin'd the tinker;
 'But, Lord! what's that to *you*, if *fine*, I think her?'
 'Why, man,' quoth Grist, 'she's fit to make a show,
 And therefore sure I am that thou must banter!'
 'Miller!' reply'd the tinker, 'right! for know,
 'Tis for that *very thing*, a show, I want her.'

MELANCHOLY.

HERMIONE.

A SIGHING solitary form I roam;
 A tear on Nature's universal smile!
 Thou genius of my natal hour, whose hand
 Pierces my moments with the thorns of woe,
 When will the measure of my grief be full?
 When will the silent asp of hopeless love
 Withdraw his fang of torment from my heart?
 How lately joy was mine!—but where is joy,
 That cheerful pour'd a sunshine o'er my soul?
 Gone! like the last, last sun, to sink in night,
 Nature's last night, and gild a morn no more!

Enter CAMILLA.

My lov'd *Hermione*, I heard thy sigh,
 And left my sleep to soften thy affliction.
 Why killest thou that gentle frame with weeping?
 Sorrowing, thou seemest to *delight* in woe,
 And feed existence upon sighs and tears.

HERMIONE.

Camilla, the dread silence of the hour
 Suits but too well the colour of my soul.

Night, who to *others* brings the balm of sleep,
 And happy dreams to sooth the peaceful breast,
 Pours on *my* wakeful eye, far diff'rent guests;
 The foulest, darkest demons of despair.
 Lorn, at the midnight hour, when all is hush'd,
 I wander restless; sadly now I sit,
 My brimful eyes for hours both motionless,
 Swimming with woe, towards the passing moon,
 Who on me, as she lonely glides along,
 Casts a pale beam of melancholy light,
 That seems a ray of pity on my fate.

THE DRUID HYMN TO THE SUN.

O SACRED fount of life to all!
 Before thy glorious beam we fall,
 And strike with raptur'd hand the lyre;
 To thee we lift our wond'ring eyes;
 To thee the hymn of morn shall rise,
 And bless thy mounting orb of fire.

Chorus.

Hail to that orb, from whose rich fountain flow
 Beams that illume and glad the world below.

Unseen by thee had Nature mourn'd;
 No smile her Æthiop cheek adorn'd;
 Pale Night had spread her spectred reign,
 And death-like Horror rul'd the scene.

Chorus.

All hail the beams that night destroy,
 And wake an opening world to joy!

Bright spreading o'er the vast of gloom,
That chase the spectres to their tomb.

TO CHLOE.

CHLOE, no more must we be billing—
There goes my last, my poor last shilling
Vile Fortune bids us part!

Yet, Chloe, this my bosom charms,
That, when thou'rt in another's arms,
I still possess thy heart.

Fortune's a whimsical old dame,
And possibly may blush with shame

At this her freak with *me* :

But should she smile *again*, and offer,
Well fill'd with gold, an ample coffer,
I'll send the key to *thee*.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

WELCOME, thou man of sorrows, to my door!
A willing balm thy wounded heart shall find;
And lo, thy guiding dog my care implores!
O haste, and shelter from th' unfeeling wind.

Alas! shall Mis'ry seek my cot with sighs,
And humbly sue for piteous alms my ear;
Yet disappointed go with lifted eyes,
And on my threshold leave th' upbraiding tear?

Thou bowest for the pity I bestow :
Bend not to me, because I mourn distress;
I am *thy* debtor—much to *thee* I owe ;
For learn—the greatest blessing is to *bless*.

Thy hoary locks, and wan and pallid cheek,
And quiv'ring lip to fancy seem to say,
' A more than *common* beggar we bespeak ;
A form that once has known a happier day.'

Thy sightless orbs, and venerable beard,
And press'd by weight of years, thy palsied head,
Though silent, speak with tongues that *must* be
heard,
Nay, must *command*, if virtue be not dead.

Thy shatter'd, yet thine awe-inspiring form,
Shall give the village-lads the soften'd soul,
To aid the victims of life's frequent storm,
And smooth the surges that around them roll ;

Teach them, that poverty may merit shroud ;
And teach that virtue may from misery spring !
Flame like the lightning from the frowning cloud,
That spreads on Nature's smile its raven wing.

O let *me* own the heart which pants to *bless* ;
That nobly scorns to hide the useless store ;
But looks around for objects of distress,
And triumphs in a sorrow for the poor !

When Heaven on man is pleas'd its wealth to show'r,
Ah, what an envied bliss doth Heaven bestow !
To raise pale Merit in her hopeless hour,
And lead Despondence from the tomb of Woe !

Lo, not the *little birds* shall chirp in vain,
And, hov'ring round me, vainly court my care ;
While I possess the life-preserving grain,
Welcome ye chirping tribe to peck your share.

How can I hear your songs at spring's return,
And hear while summer spreads her golden store ;

Yet, when the gloom of winter bids ye mourn,
Heed not the plaintive voice that *charm'd* before!

Since Fortune, to my cottage not unkind,
Strews with *some* flow'rs the road of life for *me*,
Ah! can humanity desert my mind?
Shall I not soften the rude flint for thee?

Then welcome, beggar, from the rains and snow,
And warring elements, to warmth and peace;
Nay, thy companion too shall comfort know,
Who shiv'ring shakes away the icy fleece.

And lo, he lays him by the fire, elate;
Now on his master turns his gladden'd eyes;
Leaps up to greet him on their change of fate,
Licks his lov'd hand, and then beneath him lies.

A hut is mine, amidst a shelt'ring grove:
A hermit there, exalt to Heav'n thy praise;
There shall the village children show their love,
And hear from thee the tales of other days.

There shall our feather'd friend, the bird of morn,
Charm thee with orisons to opening day;
And there the red-breast, on the leafless thorn,
At eve shall sooth thee with a simple lay.

When fate shall call thee from a world of woe,
Thy friends around shall watch thy closing eyes;
With tears, behold thy gentle spirit go,
And wish to join its passage to the skies.

ANACREONTIC SONG.

TO MY LUTE.

WHAT shade and what stillness around!

Let us seek the lov'd cot of the fair;
There soften her sleep with thy sound,
And banish each phantom of care.

The virgin may wake to thy strain,
And be sooth'd, nay, be *pleas'd* with thy song;
Alas! she may *pity* the swain,
And fancy his sorrows too long.

Could thy voice give a smile to her cheek,
What a joy, what a rapture were mine!
Then for ever thy fame would I speak—
O my lute, what a triumph were thine!

Ah! whisper kind love in her ear,
And sweetly my wishes impart;
Say, the swain who adores her, is near;
Say, thy sounds are the sighs of his heart.

A PASTORAL SONG.

FAREWELL, O farewell to the day,
That smiling with happiness flew!
Ye verdures and blushes of May,
Ye songs of the linnet, adieu!

In tears from the vale I depart;
In anguish I move from the fair:

For what are those scenes to the heart
Which Fortune has doom'd to despair?

Love frowns, and how dark is the hour!
Of rapture, departed the breath!
So gloomy the grove and the bow'r,
I tread the pale valley of death.

With envy I wander forlorn,
At the breeze which her beauty has fann'd;
And I envy the bird on the thorn,
Who sits watching the crumbs from her hand.

I envy the lark o'er her cot,
Who calls her from slumber, so blest;
Nay, I envy the nightingale's note,
The Syren who sings her to rest.

On her hamlet, *once more* let me dwell—
One look! (the *last* comfort!) be mine—
O pleasure, and Delia, farewell!
Now, sorrow, I ever am *thine*. •

TAX not, O parson, the great Author of Nature
with cruelty to his creatures.

Too often dost thou impudently endeavour to put
off *thy folly* for *his wisdom*.

Thy anathemas are not *his* anathemas; nor is
his morality *thy* morality.

O think not, that, like the Lord Mayor of London,
he punisheth the sale of every article on the
Sabbath-day, except *milk* and *mackerel*.

GOOD FRIDAY.

SIR Harry, a high priest, and deep divine,
 Ambitious much 'mid *modern* saints to shine,
 On a Good Friday evening took an airing:—
 Not far had he proceeded, ere a sound
 Did the two ears of this *good* priest *astound*;
 Such as loud laughs, commix'd with some small
 swearing.

Now in an orchard peep'd the knight so sly,
 With such a staring, rolling, phrensied eye;
 Where, lo! a band of rural swains were blest:—
 Too proud to *join* the crew, he wav'd his hand,
 Beck'ning to this unholy playful band—
 Forth came a *boy*, obedient to the priest.

'What wicked things are ye all doing here,
 On this most solemn day of all the year?'
 'Playing to skittles,' said the simple lad:
 'Playing at skittles!—Devils, are ye mad?'
 'For *what*?'—'A jack-ass, sir,' the boy replies—
 'A *Jack-ass*!' roars the priest, with wolf-like eyes:
 'Run, run, and tell them Heav'n will not be shamn'd;
 Tell them this instant, that they'll all be *damn'd*.'

I *wull*, Sir Harry—*iss*, I *wull*, Sir Harry—
 Then off he set, th' important news to carry;
 To warn them what dread torments would ensue:
 But suddenly the scamp'ring lad turn'd round,
 And thus, with much simplicity of sound,
 'Sir Harry, must the *Jack-ass* be *damn'd* too?'

ODE TO A PRETTY BAR-MAID.

SWEET nymph, with teeth of pearl, and dimpled chin,

And roses that would tempt a saint to sin,

Daily to thee so constant I return;

Whose smile improves the coffee's ev'ry drop,

Gives tenderness to ev'ry steak and chop,

And bids our pockets at expenses spurn.

What youth, well powder'd, of pomatum smelling,

Shall on that lovely bosom fix his dwelling?

Perhaps the waiter, of himself so full!

With *thee* he means the coffee-house to quit;

Open a tavern, and become a *cit*,

And proudly keep the head of the *Black Bull*.

'Twas *here* the wits of Anna's attic age

Together mingled their poetic rage;

Here Prior, Pope, and Addison, and Steele:

Here Parnell, Swift, and Bolingbroke, and Gay,

Pour'd their keen prose, and tun'd the merry lay,

Gave the fair toast, and made a hearty meal.

'Twas *here*, o'er fragrant coffee to unbend,

The wits their epigrams so happy, penn'd,

And bade in madrigals a Chloe shine;

A Mira, a Belinda, and a Phillis,

Who boasted roses possibly, and lilies,

Such as now deck that cheek and breast of thine.

Nymph of the roguish smile, which thousands seek,

Give me another, and *another* steak,

A *kingdom* for another steak, but giv'n

By *thy* fair hand, that shames the snow of Heaven.

Give me a glass of punch, O smiling lass,
And let thy luscious lip embalm the glass—

Touch it, and spread a charm around the brim :
Health to thy beauties, Nancy, and may Time
Ne'er meddle with thy present healthful prime,
Thy ringlets spoil, and eyes of di'monds dim.

Lo, from each box thy lute-ton'd voice to hear,
Youth nimbly turns him round, with wanton leer;
Nay, wrinkled age himself, with locks so white,
Findeth *within* a kind of bastard fire,
Whose mouth, poor cripple, watering with desire,
Opes toothless on thy beauties in delight.

How for thy lamb-like flesh he seems to hunger!
He feels himself a pair of ages younger!

Tell me again, O nymph, *whose* happy arms
Are doom'd, for life, to circle those bright charms,
And to that bosom give brave girls and boys ?
That lucky lot, alas ! will ne'er be *mine*—
A gaze, a squeeze, perchance a kiss divine,
Must form the bounds, O Nancy, of my joys.

Yet if rich favours, far beyond a smile
So kind, thy poet's moments to beguile,
Thou wishest to bestow !—in Love's name *give* 'em ;
And, thankful, on my *knees* will I *receive* 'em.

ANACREONTIC.

SONG.

WHO dares talk of hours? Seize the bell of that
clock;

Seize his hammer, and cut off his hands:
To the bottle, dear bottle, I'll stick like a rock,
And obey only Pleasure's commands.

Let him strike the short hours, and hint at a bed—
Waiter, bring us more wine—what a whim!
Say, that Time, his old master, for *topers* was made,
And not jolly *topers* for *him*.

O MAN, be not puffed up with the pride of off-
spring, as the triumphs of papa are too often
smiled at in secret by *wiser* mamma.

ODE TO A HEDGE-SPARROW,
NURSING A YOUNG CUCKOO.

AH, whining, anxious, restless bird!
Thou art a fool, upon my word:
Now on the bush, and now upon the ground;
Now hov'ring o'er my head, and saying
Such bitter things—now begging, praying,
Poor wretch, surveying me so sharp all round
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Imploring me to leave the nest,
Where all thy dearest wishes rest.

How busy thou in catching grub and fly,
As soon as dewy morning paints the sky ;
Now twitt'ring near the nest such strains of joy,
Proclaiming to the world a hopeful boy !

Great is thy triumph in thy fancied child !
Immense thy pride—thy ecstasy how wild !

Yet not one trait of thee doth he display :
Indeed thou never didst *beget* the youth ;
And more—to tell thee an unpleasant truth,
His *father* will be here the first of May.

Nor *singular* art thou—for, lo !
A little gamesome knight *we* know,
Who fosters children—loves them to distraction ;
Shows them about from morn to night,
Drinking such draughts of rich delight,
From ev'ry feature—so much satisfaction !

Sees his *own* eyes, *own* mouth, *own* lip, *own* ear,
Own nose, *own* dimple, in each pretty dear !—
But who's the *real* parent ?—Am'rous John,
Good-natur'd fellow, made them *ev'ry one*.

TO ANACREON.

GHOST of Anacreon, quit the shades,
And with thee bring thy sweet old lyre ;
To praise the first of British maids,
Whose charms will set thy soul on fire.

But hold—'twere better keep away—
Of justice must thy heart despair ;
Which suited very well *thy* day,
That saw no damsel half so fair.

THE CAPTIVE QUEEN.

*The Lines are supposed to be spoken by a Friend
of the unfortunate Antoinette.*

WITH radiance rose thy morning sun,
Fair promise of a happy day ;
But, luckless, ere it reach'd its noon,
The fiend of darkness dimm'd the ray.

What though the brightest gifts are thine,
And distant nations pour thy praise ;
While, raptur'd, on thy form divine
The eyes of Love and Wonder gaze ?

The voice of Joy, for ever mute,
Must yield to sighs that mourn in vain ;
And Pity, come with sweetest lute,
To sooth thy sorrows with her strain.

The syren Hope, who won thy ear,
Must charm no more the dangerous hour ;
The warning voice of ravens, hear,
That croak thy doom on yonder tow'r.

Yet what is life 'mid Horror's reign,
Where Murder's triumph cleaves the sky ;
Where heaves with death the groaning scene,
And dungeons loud for vengeance cry ?

Yet what is life to spotless fame?
 And *thine* to latest time shall bloom—
 The blow that sinks that beauteous frame
 Gives all the virtues to the tomb.

ANACREONTIC.

FIE, Sylvia! why so gravely look
 Because a kiss or two I took?
 Those luscious lips might thousands grant—
 Rich rogues that never feel the want.
 So little in a kiss I see,
 A hundred thou mayst take from *me*.
 But since, like misers o'er their store,
 Thou hat'st to give, though running o'er;
 I scorn to cause the slightest pain,
 So pry'thee take them back again;
 Nay, with good int'rest be it done—
 Thou'rt welcome to take ten for one.

TO TIME.

O TIME, 'tis childish, let me say,
 To give, then take a grace away;
 The damsel from her charms to sever,
 So pleas'd to keep them all *for ever*.

When Cynthia *tires* with conqu'ring hearts
And says, 'O Time, *receive* my darts;'
Her beauties are a lawful prize—
Then take the lightnings of her eyes.

—Pluck all the roses from her cheek,
And root the lilies from her neck;
Her dimples seize, her smile, her air,
And with them make a thousand *fair*.

ODE TO JEALOUSY.

AVAUNT, thou squinting hag, whose list'ning ear
Seizes on ev'ry *whisper*—whose owl's eye,
When Night's dark mantle wraps the silent sphere,
Stares watchful of each form that passeth by!

Thou fiend, what bus'ness hast thou here on earth,
Dissension-breeder, from thy very birth?

How much more of the *serpent* than the *dove*!
I cannot guess thine errand to this world—
By *thee* is Nature *topsy-turvy* hurl'd!
And nearly ruin'd the soft land of Love!

Speak I but to my neighbour's wife so *kind*,
And say, 'Pray how d'ye do, my *dearest* ma'am?'
Behold a tempest swells the *husband's* mind,
Who gives my sweet civility a d-mn:
For, lo, thy wickedness at once *adorns*
His trembling temples with a brace of horns.

The instant thou behold'st a married pair,
Adieu, alas! the pleasures of the fair!
Farewell, of Benedick, the wedded bliss!

Scarce canst thou let the *honey-moon* go by,
When, hark! the keen reproach!—the lady's sigh!
Dead the fond squeeze, and mute the chirping kiss!

' Watch him'—thou whisper'st in the woman's ear,
' Open his letters—pick his pockets, ma'am—
Somewhat will be discover'd, never fear;
Something to dash the monster's cheek with shame.

' Ken him amid the harlots at the play;
Nor let your eyes a single moment stray;
He catches a lewd squint, if *your's* are blinkers:
Make him look straight on, forward to the stage;
And, on refusal, tell him, in a rage, [ers.
You'll give him, coach-horse like, a pair of *wink-*

ANACREONTIC.

O FAR from me those lightnings dart;
On others bid thy beauty shine:
Beyond the hopes of this sad heart,
I view that peerless form, to pine.

Whilst ev'ry shepherd sings her praise,
'Tis mine of Sylvia to *complain*;
Made a poor pris'ner while I gaze,
I feel in ev'ry smile a chain.

ODE.

TO THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.

*Peter more than suspecteth, that a few Passages
of his Works have given Offence to his fair
Countrywomen.—Peter's Contrition thereat,
and violent Resolution.*

LADIES, I should be sorry—*griev'd* indeed,
Could I once write what you would blush to read;
But that same poet *clepped* Jean Fontaine
Was verily the taste and admiration
Of all the ladies of the Gallic nation,
Quoted and toasted o'er and o'er again.

What! wound of *British maids* the tender ear,
Who, when to nymph's of other realms compar'd
(And lo, on numbers have these eye-balls star'd),
Are, as rich Burgundy to dead small beer!

Our poet Pope, against a *naughty word*
Protested—*seeming* too to shut his door;
Pronouncing all obscenity absurd—
That ribaldry was folly—nothing more:
Yet Master Pope, who Decency so flatters,
Plumps boldly into certain wicked matters.

Now this I do dislike in Master Pope—
At gluttony a man should never bark,
On dainties, who is pleas'd his mouth to ope,
And guttling swallow plates-full like a shark.

Miss Heliose, that warm young lass, I ween,
Says things that cover Modesty with shame;
I must confess I never saw *nineteen*
Pour such an *Ætna* forth of am'rous flame.

And lo, again—the *Lock*, the ravish'd *Lock*!
 Too oft the lines give Modesty a shock:
 Warm inuendos bid her blushes rise:
 Yes, often I've heard Modesty declare
 'That many a line indeed has made her *stare*;
 She knew not where to look—where fix her eyes'

The *Wife of Bath*, and eke the lovely *May*,
 Held language horrid for *our chaster day*.

Were Peter now to sing in such a style,
 What lady-mouth would yield the bard a smile;
 No!—frowns would fill their faces in its stead.
 And yet, ye dames so chaste, those tales are read—
 I see no lips with blushing anger ope,
 And cry, 'I loath the nasty leaves of Pope.'

Nay more, my dear young misses, and grave dames,
 Who read with fear my songs of darts and flames;
 Speak—is not Pope an *idol* 'mid your books;
 Does not *Saint Patrick's Dean*, so void of grace,
 Among your leathern fav'rites show his face,
 Whose many a leaf should only lodge with *cooks*?

Since then the lightnings of the ladies' eyes
 Knock not the mem'ries of *those* poets down,
 It striketh me indeed with huge surprise,
 That Peter's purer line should feel a frown.

They *wounded* Modesty with verse unchaste;
 I with a twig of Pindus scarcely *struck* her:
 They stripp'd her naked—I just clasp'd her waist,
 And delicately only touch'd her *tucker*.

Yet *is* there, *is* there *one* sweet British prude,
 Who will not read my rhimes—mistrusting harm?
 Let not my volumes on the nymph intrude,
 And ring to Chastity the wild alarm;
 Make in her pretty panting heart a riot,
 Demanding months to bring it back its quiet.

Tales of a damsel kind, and sighing lover,
Holding of Love's choice spice a little,
Might be indulg'd to warm Dame Nature's kettle,
But not to bid it boil tempestuous over.

Ev'n Age delighteth in an am'rous tale;
Love warms his inside like a pot of ale;
Thaws his cold heart, and makes it beat so cheery!
His eyes, that, owl-like, wink'd upon the day,
Burst open with a keen and twinkling ray,
And, lo! he hugs and kisses his old deary.

Why then forbid them?—such we must approve:
And woe to mortals who are foes to Love!
As long as this our system holds together,
Love will stand brush, against all wind and weather.

Yet *should* my fav'rite British maids and dames
Refuse to read my rhimes on darts and flames,
And other pretty little trifling things,
The fount from which such nat'ral rapture springs;

Ladies of France, I think my song
To *you* in future must belong:
Yes, yes, for *you* the bard shall form the strain—
And then, who knows? *it may be so, I wot,*
The dames may cry, 'Those islanders have got,
Ye gods! an *absolute* Fontaine.

'Refuse to *read* him!—no, Heav'n bless him!—no:
Lord! let his wild imagination flow—
Banish the Loves!—O what a Gothic sweep!
The world at once, so dull, would fall asleep!'

So help me, Grace! I ever meant to *please*—
Ev'n *now* would I ask pardon on my *knees*:
If aught I've sinn'd, the stanza must not *live*—
Bring me the knife—I'll cut the wanton page,
Which puts my lovely readers in a rage:
But hark! they cry, 'Barbarian, we forgive.'

A thousand thanks t'ye all, my charming creatures;
What goodness, kindness, reigns in female natures!

TO CYNTHIA.

WHAT danger lurks in those bright eyes?
Lo, by their fire thy poet dies:

Yet bravely let me meet my doom—
And since to *thee* I owe my death,
I beg thee, with my parting breath,
To let thy bosom be my tomb.

ANACREONTIC.

AH! wherefore did I daring gaze
Upon the radiance of thy charms?
And, vent'ring nearer to their rays,
How dar'd I clasp thee in my arms?

That kiss will give my heart a pain,
Which thy sweet pity will deplore:
Then, Cynthia, take the kiss again,
Or let me take ten thousand more.

HAPPY art thou, O man, who wast not born amidst the luxuries of life.

Lucky art thou who canst eat the *simple* fare, whose nose turneth not up at a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, or bacon and eggs.

Health waketh with thee at morn, and accompanieth the slumbers of night.

Art thou an alderman, and puttest pounds of turtle into thy paunch? thou devourest an apoplexy. Swallowest thou hot sauces? thou gulpest rheumatism and gout.

Say not wickedly, 'I will not repeat the Lord's Prayer, as it is beneath a gentleman to pray for bread.'

Curse not sprats and flounders; peradventure sprats and flounders might blush to enter the doors of thy gullet.

Deem thyself not undone, because thou possessest not more than thou oughtest in reason to use.

Fortunate are thousands in having never been favourites of Fortune.

Content sigheth not for venison; she lifteth not her eye to Heaven for turbot.

She hateth not the sight of the sun at dinner-time; but preferreth his radiance, to the greasy light of a candle.

Read, and learn the inconveniences of luxury from a dog.

THE LADY'S LAP DOG AND THE COACHMAN.

CHLOE, a fav'rite of a rich old dame,
Was vastly delicate in all her frame ;

Could put down nought at last, but nice *tid-bits* :
Nay oft, with much solicitation too,
Her mistress was oblig'd to kiss and woo,
For fear poor tender Chloe might have *fits*.

Fat was our Chloe—like a ball of grease ;
So round, a football quite, and fair her fleece.

Oft on the Turkey carpet as she lay,
And sleep o'er Chloe's eye-lids did prevail ;
'Twas very very difficult to say
Which was her *head* indeed, and which her *tail*.

At length it came to pass, that Chlo'
Did sullenness and sickness show ;
So heavy leaving off her wanton capers ;
Gap'd, stretch'd, and lethargy she likewise show'd,
Was sick at stomach, (may I dare say *sp-w'd* ?)
And seem'd, poor dog, afflicted with the *vapours*.

My lady took her pining to her arms,
Hugg'd her, and kiss'd her, full of sad alarms,
Fearing her poor dear little soul would *die* :
Chloe was all stupidity and lumpish ;
Scarce lick'd her hand—so sullen and so *mumpish*,
Nor scarcely rais'd the white of either eye.

The coachman's call'd—' O Jehu, Chloë's ill ;
Quite lost her appetite—she has no will
To move, or say, poor soul, a single thing :
Jehu, what can the matter be—d'ye know ?'
' I think, my lady, I could *cure* Miss Chlo.'—
' Dear Jehu, what delicious news you bring!

'Take her, then—take her, Jehu, to your room,
And from her spirits drive this ugly gloom,
And get her pretty appetite again.'
'O good my lady, never, never fear;
I understand her case—'tis very clear;
By Heav'n's assistance, I shan't work in vain.'

Now to his room the coachman bore Miss Bitch,
Who, looking back all wistful, felt no itch
To go with Jehu—still he bears her on:—
Arriv'd, kind Jehu offers her a bone.

Miss Chloe in a passion seeks the door:
In vain—'tis shut—she lays her on the floor,
And whines—gets up, all restless—looks about;
Watches the door so sly, and cocks her ears;
So pleas'd and nimble at each sound she hears,
In hopes (vain hopes, alas!) of getting out.

Chloe, like lightning, now resolves to pass,
Bounce from her gaoler, through a pane of glass,
And, by a leap, no more in prison groan;
But, fearing she might spoil her pretty chops,
Nay, break her neck by chamber-window hops,
Chloe most wisely lets the leap alone.

Jehu now offer'd her a piece of liver:
'Chloe, do you love liver?' Jehu said—
'The devil take,' she seem'd to say, 'the giver:'
So hurt the dog appear'd—then turn'd her head.

'Well, Chloe, well—Heav'n mend your proud digestion;
To-morrow I shall ask you the same question.'
The morrow (ah! a sulky morrow) came:
Chloe scarce slept a single wink all night;
Whining and groaning, longing much to *bite*;
Calling in vain upon my lady's name.

'Well, Chloe, can you taste your liver?'—'No,
No, thank ye, Jehu.'—'Leave it, pretty Chlo.'

The day pass'd on—no eating? not a crumb.
Miss Chloe crawl'd about the room, so sad,
Sulky and disappointed, angry, mad;

Now moaning, now upon her rump so dumb,
At times, around on barb'rous Jehu squinting;
Such looks! not much good will to Jehu, hinting.

Another morning came—a liver meal—

'Chloe, how stands your stomach? how d'ye feel?'

'Jehu, I will *not* eat.'—Jehu goes out—
What does Miss Chloe?—With a nimble pace,
Runs to the liver, without saying grace,
Gobbling away, with appetite *so stout*;

For now the liver seem'd to meet her wish,
And, not half satisfy'd, she *lick'd the dish!*

Jehu returns, and smiles—Chloe grows good;
Takes civilly a slice of musty bread;
Rejects from Jehu's hand no kind of food;
Glad on a *rind of Cheshire* to be fed.

Jehu with Chloe to my lady goes,
And, triumphing, his little patient shows;
Not once discovering the coarse mode of cure—
Jehu had lost his place then to be sure.

My lady presses Chloe to her breast,
Half crazy, hugging, kissing her—so blest
To see her fav'rite Chloe's chang'd condition:
'Thank ye, good Jehu—Heav'ns, what skill is in ye!'
Then into Jehu's hand she slips a guinea,
And Jehu's thought a very fine physician.

ODE TO THE POET DELILLE.

Peter kindly congratulateth his Brother Poet on his lucky deliverance from a Dungeon, and asketh him Questions concerning his poetical Feelings—Whether he meaneth to exalt Convention, and debase poor Britain?—Peter adviseth the contrary, and telleth the Poet unpleasant Truths, with a witty Comparison—Peter painteth, with the Pencil of a great Master, the Portrait of a Frenchman, in which, Impudence, Insolence, Ignorance, and savage Cruelty, form the predominant Features.

THRICE welcome from thy dungeon, poor Delille!
 Imprison'd, much (I guess) against thy will,
 By that unfeeling tyrant Robespierre:
 Set free from this same death-encircled vault
 By one (I fear me!) not without a fault;
 In short—I mean as great a rogue, Barrere.

Dead is all dalliance with the muse, I wonder?
 The guillotine's high flood must damp thy fire:
 The axe, which falls upon its prey in thunder,
 Must bid thee touch with trembling hand the lyre.

But bards, like birds, can seldom cease from singing:
 Yes, on the muse's bells thou *must* be ringing;
 Thou wilt indulge the fascinating chime,
 Deaf to the oracle that cries 'Don't rhyme.'

Speak—wilt thou praise Convention for its *pow'r*,
Swear Britain soon beneath its might must *cow'r*,
Just like the wren beneath the eagle's wing?

Say, no such thing.

However grating to a Frenchman's ears,
We Britons, I protest, have no such fears:
France, to be sure, is huge—our island little—
Yet spare upon our heads th' insulting spittle.

The colony of teeth, though small,
Are little folks of *resolution*;
And when upon their prey they fall,
Do a vast deal of execution.

I do assure thee, my inquiring eyes
Have found the *lubbers* of the *largest* size.

'Tis pleasant to behold a Frenchman gape
On the world's map:
Astonish'd on his view to see advance
Regions like *France*!

Thus I presume the solitary mole
Deems the wide universe within his *hole*.

Yet let Monsieur, so happy, prate away;
'Tis pity undeceive the popinjay.

Let the pert tripping prig pronounce with pride,
Barbarian, savage, all the world beside;

It is his narrow nature—cease then blame:
In *Afric* I have seen on trees the apes
Mocking at man, with grins and antic shapes,
Who of *our species* thought the very same.

But *thou* shouldst show more sense, my friend
Delille:

Then pr'ythee take from me a little pill;
Perhaps 'tis somewhat *bitter*—never mind it:
It cureth puppyism—I hope thou'lt find it.

Pride not thyself because a *Frenchman* born ;
Thy fame is then upon the *hope* forlorn ;
Doom'd not far *distant* ages to explore :
Learn to *despise* thy Country—'tis a fool,
Cruel, and of Hypocrisy's dark school,
Tyrannic, savage, rotten at the core.

So much for France—forgive me, lucky bard—
But Vice should ever meet his fair reward :

Yes, let me drag the monster from his den—
This trifling ode perchance may rouse thy gall ;
If *angry*, bid thy rage on *Justice* fall,
The goodly goddess who now guides my pen.

TRANSLATION FROM GALLUS.

AT morn, if Cynthia meet my sight,
'Tis sweet Aurora's blushing light ;
And if at eve she cross my way,
The star of Venus darts its ray.

A SECOND ODE TO THE POET DELILLE.

Peter proposeth very important Questions, and suspecteth Monsieur Delille of an Inclination to whitewash the black Faces of Devils—Peter giveth a sublime Description of French Liberty Peter putteth Delille in mind of Nature's niggard Allowance to every Man of one head only, and of an Inconvenience arising from the Loss of it, on Account of the Difficulty of procuring another—Peter sagely adviseth him to beware of Barrere, and think of a Return to his Dungeon—Peter picturesquely describeth the Supports of French Liberty—foretelleth the humbled State of the mighty Reformers—Peter objecteth not to a general Intellectual Illumination, but seemeth to think that a Frenchman's Attempt must produce only a national Conflagration; Peter thus fancying every Frenchman a mad Quixote—Peter again kindly inviteth his Brother Bard to England, and concludeth with a flaming Trait of Barrere.

WHO that could save his ship, would suffer wreck?
Who warble with a rope about his neck?
Who in the tiger's mouth would keep his head,
 With pow'r to draw it from a place so dread?

Who, 'midst the charnel's melancholy glooms,
Would mingle with the refuse of the tombs,
With legs to bear him to the fragrant day,
From reeking bones, and Horror's haunt, away?

And yet thy song may stay perhaps to bless
A dark divan of devils—yes,

Full of their deeds may flow the flatt'ring rhyme;
Which song may stoutly swear that 'Athens, Rome,
Ne'er rais'd to Liberty an *equal* dome,
So sacred, so stupendous, so divine!"

Yet what is it to Reason's sober eye?

A monstrous *slaughter-house* that taints the sky:

Within a day—perchance one little hour,
Thy *courteous* song, which soothes with sweetest
sound,

Turn'd by the people's thunder—will be found,
All of a sudden, vinegar so sour!

What is the madding million's shouting breath?

Black Murder's orgies—the wild howl of death!

Then quit thy country—yes, *disclaim* thy mother:
Mind!—on thy shoulders stands *one* simple head;
Mind me, but *one*—and when that one is fled,
'Twill puzzle thee, I think to get *another*.

Since, then, this head is *not yet* gone,

Take Peter's counsel, man, and keep it on.

Barrere's red paws are ready now to start;
Perhaps to plunge in thy devoted heart.

Lo, at his voice (to Satan's near akin)

The dungeon gapes perhaps to let *thee* in!

Opes his dark jaws, amid the spectred gloom,

For thee, a *second* time to raise thy moan,

Breathe the vain wish, and heave the helpless
groan—

Thou'lt be well furnish'd both with *time* and *room*.

The columns of your liberty, Death knows,

Are cannon, swords, and bayonets, and spears;

The *angels* who this glorious pile compose,
 Hyænas, tigers, jackalls, wolves and bears:
 Instead of adamant for a foundation,
 The groaning carcasses of half the nation.

Dread, of Adversity the humbling pow'r—
 Sharp are her whips of wire, and hard her bats:
 What sad humility awaits the hour
 When lordly lions grind poor mice with *cats*!

When Jove's own eagle leaves his sky for bogs,
 Cracks snails with crows, and feasts with croaking
 frogs!

Yet this, you *wondrous men* must do ere long,
 If Truth (who seldom fails) awaits my song.

Yes, be illumin'd, rev'rend age and youth;
 With *you* I'd tear up Superstition's root,
 Dark fiend! who from the sacred band of Truth
 Dares snatch her torch, and crush it under foot.
 This were Dame Wisdom's act; but, let me add,
 Wisdom and France are foes—for France is *mad*.

What voice to reason can a *Frenchman* bring?
 Go, bid with lullaby the tiger sleep;
 Bind with a spider's web, the whirlwind's wing;
 And with the wren's small plume, keep down the
 deep.

Wrap the black surge within thy hand, *so wise*,
 And smother its wild thunder on the skies.

Pr'ythee take counsel, man, and haste away:

'Tis vastly safer, I assure thee, here,
 Since Murder is the order of the day,
 And venom feeds the heart of Black Barrere.

Barrere! who, when in H-ll he shows his face,
 Each frighten'd dev'l at once will fly the place.

FROM ANACREON.

UPON HIMSELF.

ON fragrant myrtles let me lie,
And Love, my slave, the wine supply.
Too soon we seek the Stygian gloom:
Time flies; and, since to dust we go,
Why idly bid the incense flow,
And spill the juice upon the tomb?
Ah! rather let me quaff the *wine*,
And bid the rose my brows entwine,
While youth, while health the bosom warms—
Then pr'ythee, Love, delight my heart,
Ere Death dispatch his certain dart,
And bring a Chloe to my arms.

MAY DAY.

THE daisies peep from ev'ry field,
And vi'lets sweet their odour yield;
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn.

Then lads and lasses all, be gay,
For this is Nature's holiday.

Let lusty Labour drop his flail,
Nor woodman's hook a tree assail;
The ox shall cease his neck to bow,
And Clodden yield to rest the plough.

Then lads, &c.

Behold the lark in ether float,
 While rapture swells the liquid note!
 What warbles he, with merry cheer?
 'Let Love and Pleasure rule the year.'

Then lads, &c.

Lo, Sol looks down, with radiant eye,
 And throws a smile around his sky;
 Embracing hill and vale and stream,
 And warming Nature with his beam.

Then lads, &c.

The insect tribes in myriads pour,
 And kiss with Zephyr ev'ry flow'r;
 Shall *these* our icy hearts reprove,
 And tell us we are foes to Love?

Then lads, &c.

PHILLIDA'S COMPLAINT.

WHAT has estranged thy affections from me?
 What have I done, that I should lose thee?
 But thou art *tired* with the object that loves thee;
 possibly, because *her* sole happiness is founded on
thine.

SONG.

WHEN Night spreads her shadows around,
 I will watch with delight on thy rest;
 I will soften thy bed on the ground,
 And thy cheek shall recline on my breast.

Love heeds not the storm, and the rain;
On *me*, let their fury descend :
This bosom shall scorn to complain,
While it shelters the life of a friend.

What tempts thee to wander away?
To *another*, ah! dost thou depart?
Believe me, in time thou wilt say,
None e'er lov'd thee like Phillida's heart,

Though resolv'd from a mourner to fly;
To mem'ry thou still shalt be dear :
The winds shall oft waft thee a sigh,
And the ocean convey thee a tear.

A THIRD ODE TO THE POET DELILLE.

The Lyric Bard proclaimeth the Folly of the present French—Adviseth them not to harbour Passions degrading to Humanity—Peter, with wonderful Fancy pourtrayeth Prudence and Passion—Peter taketh the Part of the late unfortunate Monarch and his Queen, and endeth his Ode with a beautiful and apt Comparison—The Poet then illustrateth the actions of the French by a most apposite Tale.

DELILLE, the world from laugh can scarce refrain—

Most Samson-like, ye've ruin'd a rare pile:
To see you building thus, all hands again,
On an owl's face so grave must plant a smile.

Sorrow discard thy weeds, and dry thy tears—

Pity, disdain t' embalm them with thy breath:
They're sinking!—lo, if aught like life appears,
'Tis Health's stol'n rose upon the cheek of Death.

Once happiness was yours, my friend, indeed—

'We'll have no more on't,' mad ye cry'd, 'away!
Change! change! we'll cut off the great nation's
head,

And try what the huge trunk will say.'

Off goes the head—
The nation's dead!

Well, now 'tis done—the head is off—what then?
Ye seem to stare, like *disappointed* men.
Where was Dame Foresight? Ah, ye silly folk!
And yet it is too *serious* for a *joke*.

Since, then, the head is off; for freedom panting,
What is't ye look for?—'Lord, Dame Freedom's
wanting;

Into a terrible mistake we fall—
For Tyranny's hard irons load us all!"
Indeed! ye just have found the secret out
Ye're *wiser* than ye were, good folks, no doubt!

Alter not things when rul'd by passion—Why?
Because good Madam Prudence is not nigh:
Prudence keeps company that's vastly *sober*;
Prudence is mildly-breathing, smiling May,
So full of balmy blossoms, all so gay;
Passion, the mad, wide-wasting, wild October.

Prudence, a pretty, pleasing, stealing rill,
Winning with easy lapse its winding course;
Passion, a torrent rough, from hill to hill,
Tumbling and tearing, drowning man and horse.

Prudence is also a fresh-water eel,
So calmly gliding through the liquid glass;
Passion, a porpus—tempests at his heel,
Flound'ring amid old Ocean's thund'ring mass.

Prudence is that small pleasing worm of light,
The mild hedge-regent of the dewy night;
A little moon to many an insect race,
Who by her silv'ry radiance find their way,
Nibble the fairest flow'rs, and sip and play,
Gaze on their loves, dance, ogle, and embrace.

Passion's a meteor, skipping here and there;
Hopping o'er hedge and ditch, and fen and pool,
Amidst his wild and fierce and mad career,
Making himself indeed a downright fool:

And after all, what is this *thing* of *caper*?
A simple child of stinking mud and vapour!

Why so enrag'd against poor Louis Seize,
Who pliable did every thing to *please*?
And why in league against his charming queen,
Revenge, and Madness, Malice, Envy, Spleen?

Revenge's company for ever shun:
Too much of danger frequently appears;
A kind of weak and overloaded gun,
Bursting with horrid crash about our ears.

Ridiculous the triumph will be found,
When, for a penny's worth, we lose a pound.
The monarch eat a *little* of the state—
But should ye therefore madly give him *fate*?

We should not rage for trifling matters,
And blust'ring kick the world about;
It shows the folly of our natures,
For a pin's head to make a rout.

Lord! grant a little *fungus* on the *vine*
And *olive*, yielding oil and juice and gladness;
Who'd root up the whole tree for't? nought but
swine—
'Twere idiotism, stupidity, and madness.

The following simple well-known story shows
What sad misfortune from such folly flows.

THE KNIGHT AND THE RATS.

A KNIGHT liv'd in the west not long ago,
Like knights in general, not *o'erwise*, I trow—
This knight's great barn was visited by rats,
In spite of poison, gins, and owls, and cats:

Like millers, taking toll of the sweet corn,
Carous'd they happily from night to morn.

Lo, waxing wroth, that neither gins nor cats,
Nor owls, nor poison, could destroy the rats;
‘I’ll nab them by a scheme, by heav’ns,’ quoth he:
So of his neighbourhood he rous’d the mob,
Farmers and farmers’ boys, to do this job;
His servants too of high and low degree;
And eke the tribes of dog, by sound of horn,
To kill the rats that dar’d to taste the corn.

This done, the knight, resolv’d with god-like ire,
Ran to his kitchen for a stick of fire,
From whence intrepid to the barn he ran;
Much like the Macedonian and fair punk,
Who, at Persepolis so very drunk,
Did with their links the mighty ruin plan.

Now, ’midst the dwelling flew the blazing stick:
Soon from the flames rush’d forth the rats so thick;
Men, dogs, and bats, in furious war unite—
The conquer’d rats lie sprawling on the ground;
The knight, with eyes triumphant, stares around,
Surveys the carnage, and enjoys the sight.

Not ev’n Achilles saw, so blest, his blade
Dismiss whole legions to th’ infernal shade!

But, lo! at length by this rat-driving flame,
Burnt was the corn—the walls down thund’ring came;
The meaning of it was not far to learn—
When turning up those billiard-balls his eyes,
That held a pretty portion of surprise,
‘Zounds! what a blockhead! I have burnt the
barn!’

AZID ;

OR,

THE SONG OF THE CAPTIVE NEGRO.

POOOR Mora eye be wet wid tear,
And heart like lead sink down wid woe;
She seem her mournful friends to hear,
And see der eye like fountain flow.

No more she give me song so gay,
But sigh, ' Adieu, dear Domahay.'

No more for deck her head and hair,
Me look in stream, bright gold to find ;
Nor seek de field for flow'r so fair,
Wid garland Mora hair to bind.

' Far off de stream!' I weeping say,
' Far off de fields of Domahay.'

But why do Azid live a slave,
And see a slave his Mora dear ?
Come, let we seek at once de grave—
No chain, no tyrant den we fear.

Ah, me! I hear a spirit say,
' Come, Azid, come to Domahay.'

Den gold I find for thee once more,
For thee to fields for flow'r depart ;
To please de idol I adore,
And give wid gold and flow'r my heart.

Den let we die and haste away,
And live in groves of Domahay.

TO CYNTHIA.

AH, what an envious rogue is Time,
Who means one day to crop thy prime!
This were a barb'rous deed, I vow—
If thus the tyrant can behave,
Lord, let us disappoint the knave,
And let me take those beauties *now*.

THE CRUELTY OF ÆNEAS TO
QUEEN DIDO.

I FORGIVE man almost any crime sooner than
barbarous ingratitude towards charming woman.
What a brute was the *pious* Æneas to his mistress,
the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Carthage!
How easily a poet of Virgil's imagination could have
given a tear to the eye, and a compassionate sigh to
the soul of his hero, at parting with a princess who
had so hospitably entertained him, and so completely
made him happy; and thus, by adding a shining,
amiable, and consistent *trait* to his character, have
rendered him an object of esteem instead of eternal
condemnation! But let the base action be recorded
on the pyramid of *English* poetry, as well as of the
Roman.

WHEN good Æneas left the widow Dido,
 Most infamous towards her was his carriage;
 'Madam,' quoth he, 'all men would act as *I do*—
 You will not swear I ever *offer'd marriage*.'
 'Tis very true,' cry'd Dido, with a sigh;
 Then from her eyes the tears began to roll;
 And then she mov'd from him, resolv'd to die,
 And make a bonfire of herself, poor soul!
 What did the *pious* hero?—march'd on board;
 Fell fast asleep, and like a bull-frog snor'd.

THE WORLD.

THIS world's a charming world, I do declare—
 The man who *understands* it, I suppose,
 May, with a *modicum* of sense and care,
 Convert with ease each *thorn* into a *rose*.

But folks *become* such *idiots*, or are *born*;
 They change life's fragrant rose into a thorn;
 On ev'ry smile of sunshine, fling a cloud,
 And then on *cruel* Fortune cry aloud.

ON GENIUS.

DEARLY I like to see a genius spring,
 Mark his rich plumes, and eye his soaring wing;
 But Death too soon arrests his eagle flight!

Not long upon the meteor can we gaze—
From the dark element, the lightnings blaze,
That breaks, and sudden shuts in pitchy night.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

With Collins's Poems.

AMID these leaves, where Collins shines,
Love boasts, alas! no golden lines;
From Love the bard was free:
What loss! what pity, that his eye
(To give his heart the sweetest sigh)
Beheld no nymph like *thee*!

SONG.

FAREWELL to the fragrance of morn;
Farewell to the song of the grove—
I go from my Delia forlorn;
I go from the daughter of Love!
I was told that I ought not to gaze
On the beauty by which I'm undone;
But how could I hide from their rays?
What mortal can fly from the *sun*?

FROM ANACREON.

ON WOMAN.

DAME NATURE, from her store, so kind,
To bulls, the guarding horns assign'd,
And arm'd with hoof sthe bounding steed;
Teeth to the lion's jaw she gave;
Fins to the tenant of the wave;
And cloth'd the little hare with speed.

But what should Nature grant the fair?
Grant!—Beauty's fascinating air:
With this the charmer takes the field,
And bids the world to woman yield.

TO NANCY OF THE ROSE.

O NANCY! wilt thou go with me,
And all the poet's treasure see,
My garden-house, my temple-rooms?
There shall I dwell on those black eyes,
And pour my tuneful soul in sighs,
And catch thy panting breath's perfumes.

Will Nancy quit the noisy bar,
And sounds that thus with music war,
Of vulgar coachman, drayman, porter;
That I may press thy purple lip,
And Love's delicious nectar sip,
And in his prettiest language court her?

Ah! Nancy, now I hear thee say,
'Lord bless us! I'm the youthful May,
And you are Autumn, sir—September;
And therefore we by no means suit.'
Dear Nancy that's the time for *fruit*,
Thou surely oughtest to remember.

Then blest together let us wing—
Love only *blossoms* in the *spring*.

FROM ANACREON.

HASTE, let the roses bind our hair,
And merry jest and laugh prepare;
Behold a blooming maid advance!
She waves the spear, with ivy bound,
And to the lute's enchanting sound,
With tempting foot, begins the dance.

And, breathing balmy odours, lo,
A youth, whose locks luxuriant flow;
The lyre he sweeps, and sweetly sings,
Accordant to the tuneful strings,

And see, to mingle in our joy,
With golden locks, the Paphian boy;
And Bacchus too, with beauteous mien;
And her, of all the Loves the queen:—
They come, in pleasures to engage,
That gild with smiles the gloom of age.

ODE.

A NEW, AND MORAL, AND SERIOUS
THOUGHT.

HOW diff'rently, at diff'rent times,
The self-same objects strike our senses !
Thus says Sir Oracle, the man of rhimes ;
And thus, to prove it, he commences :

Sweet are the blushes and the smiles of morn,
The song of birds, and dew-bespangled thorn,
To swains whose hearts are perfectly at ease :
Sweet are the splendors of the golden ray,
To swains prepar'd to take their early way
To hill and vale, and wander where they please.

But not to swains the morning smile is sweet,
Dress'd out in irons—doom'd, ere noon, to greet
The rope and tree, that much their spirits flurry ;
They see, with very, very diff'rent eyes,
The sun in all his golden robes arise,
And wish him not to travel in a hurry.

Sweet is the parson's note to swains at church,
Who, lull'd to slumber, leave him in the lurch ;
Whom neither manners nor religion check :
Yet, ah ! most terrible would be, I wot,
That parson's solemn admonition note
To those same swains with ropes about the neck.

SONG.

WHEN bleeding Nature droops to die,
And begs from Heav'n th' eternal sleep,
Hard is the heart that cannot sigh,
And curs'd the eye that scorns to weep.

How rich the tear by Pity shed!
How sweet her sighs for human woes!
They pierce the mansions of the dead,
And sooth the spectre's pale repose.

SONG.

O CRUEL maid, adieu! adieu!
Thy loss I ever shall deplore;
A thousand griefs my path pursue,
And joy shall gild that path no more.

Lost to the world—of hope bereft—
I view my fate with streaming eyes—
By love forgot, by Friendship left,
By all deserted but my sighs.

MODES OF COURTSHIP.

O Love, thy temple is a crowded inn—
And, ah! how various are thy ways to win!

DEVONSHIRE-HOB'S LOVE.

JOANNY, my dear, wut ha poor Hob?
Vor I'm upon a coortin job—
Gadswunds! Iss leek thee, Joan;
I'd fert vor thee—Iss, that Iss wud;
Iss love thee well, as pigs love mud,
Or dogs to gna a bone.

What thoff Iss ban't so hugeous smurt,
Forsooth leek voakes that go to curt;
Voakes zay I'm perty vitty:
Lord, Joan, a man may be *alive*,
Ha a long puss, and kep a wive,
That ne'er zeed Lundun zitty.

A man may ha the best o' hearts,
Although no chitterlins to's sharts,
And lace that gentry uze;
Thee'dst vend me honest—Iss rert down,
Although thee hadn't not got a gown,
Ner stockings vath ner shooze.

Now, Joanny, pr'ythee dant now blish;
Vor zick, Iss wudd'n gee a rish;
Dant copy voakes o' town:
No, Joan, dant gee thy zel an air,
And ren and quat, just leek a hare,
And think I'll hunt thee down.

No, that's dam voalish, le me zay;
No—dant ren off, an heed away,
Leek paltridges in stubble :
No, no, the easiest means be best ;
Iss can't turmoil, an looze one's rest ;
Iss can't avoard the trouble.

Now, Joan, heleek, thee waantst to know
About my houze-keppin and zo,
Bevore thee tak'st the nooze—
Why vlesh an dumplin ev'ry day;
But az vor *Zunday*, le me zay,
We'll ha a gud vat gooze.

Zumtimes we'll ha a choice squab-pie ;
And zum days we wull broil and vry,
And zum days *roast*, ye slut ;
An az vor zider, thee shat guzzle,
Zo much, Joan, as will tire thy muzzle,
Enow to splet thy gut.

Now break thy meen, zay 'dun, an dun ;'
I'll make thee a good husband, mun ;
And Joan, I'll love thee dearly ;
Iss waant do leek our neighbour Flail,
That huffth his wife, and kickth her tail,
And drashth her just leek barely.

Joanny, Iss now have broke *my* meend ;
Zo speak, an let the bisness eend,
And dant stand shilly shally ;
But if thee wutt'n—Lord, lay't alone ;
Go, hang thy zel vor me, mun, Joan,
I'll curt thy zester *Mally*.

TOM AND DOLLY.

A STABLE CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

A MIDST his straw, as Tom, a stable-swain,
 Did sweep and sigh, but swept and sigh'd in vain
 Dolly, the cook, peep'd in upon her 'squire,
 And begg'd a wisp of straw to light her fire;
 Tom gave the wisp, and, leaning on his broom,
 Thus woo'd the squabby nymph of bacon-bloom.

AIR.

O DOLLY, not a horse nor nag,
 Of which my stable loud may brag,
 Can boast a head like thine;
 Nor has a saddle got a skin
 So sleek as thy sweet cheek and chin,
 Or doth so nobly shine.

But thou art off, 'tis plainly seen—
 Yes, Dolly, I have lost the rein,
 Thou mischievous contriver:
 To gall, alack! my panting heart,
 I'm sure thou art resolv'd to part,
 And marry Dick the driver.

Well, Doll, I cannot bear it long;
 Love sticks into me like a prong,
 And sets my sides a bleeding:

I tell thee, Dolly, without fibs,
Thou hast so curricomb'd my ribs,
That I am off my feeding.

Queen of the dripping-pan, O say,
How canst thou hear thy Thomas bray,
Nor one kind answer utter?
How canst thou see thy stable-squire
Roast at thine eyes, like beef at fire,
Nor melt away like butter?

But thou art grown so proud of late;
Thou cutt'st upon me like a plate;
As short too as a crust;
And then, with *such* a scornful eye,
Thy shoulders rais'd by pride so high,
All like a turkey truss'd.

Sue, drive the driving-dog away;
Give my starv'd love a lock of hay,
For I'm in woful danger;
But if thou wilt not with me dwell,
Horses, and saddles, all farewell,
Brooms, hay-loft, bin and manger!

RECITATIVE.

Tom having finish'd in a dismal tone,
Wip'd his two dropping eyes, and gave a groan;
Then, sighing, said it was a cruel thing,
Thus like a dishclout his poor heart to wring.
The nymph, as careless of the hole (how shocking!)
In Tom's poor bleeding *heart* as in her *stocking*,
Low curtsying to her solemn, sighing swain,
Return'd, with *equal sweetness* fraught, the strain.

A I R.

Dear Thomas, I pity thy love;
But, Thomas, thou wilt not *expire*:
Like a ladle of dripping 'twill prove,
That I frequently fling on the fire.

It makes a most wonderful blaze,
And frightens the chimney, no doubt;
Sets the family all in amaze;
But, Thomas it quickly goes out.

Before we were married a year,
Mighty Love, he would lose all his forces;
And the musical tongue of thy *dear*,
Would yield to the neigh of thy horses.

I believe that thou thinkest sincere,
This *sweet passion* would last all thy life;
But too many can tell, with a tear,
They have thought the same thing of a *wife*.

Too often we find, to our cost,
That the passions are easily cloy'd;
That the object which pleases us *most*,
Is the *object* that ne'er was enjoy'd.

Love-matches may do very well,
In worlds where folks never want meat:
But in this, 'tis with sorrow I tell,
We are looking for somewhat *to eat*.

Dear Thomas, then let me alone
To my roasting, and boiling, and carving;
I don't like to live on a *bone*—
Lord! nothing's more dismal than *starving*.

To thy stable then stick all thy life;
That will bring thee thy meat ev'ry day:
A houseful of brats, and a wife!
What would they?—*why take it away*.

SONG.

O NYMPH! of Fortune's smiles, beware,
 Nor heed the Syren's flatt'ring tongue;
 She lures thee to the haunts of Care,
 Where Sorrow pours a ceaseless song.

Ah! what are all her piles of gold?
 Can those the hosts of Care control?
 The splendor which thine eyes behold,
 Is not the sunshine of the soul.

To Love alone thy homage pay,
 The queen of ev'ry true delight:
 Her smiles with joy shall gild thy day,
 And bless the visions of the night.

SEA COURTSHIP.

SUSAN.

MADAM! madam! I have just received a poetical *billet-doux* from my furious sea-caliban; impudence and humility, resolution and weakness, hope and despair, forming the sum total. Permit me to read it.

HAWSER TO SUSAN.

Miss Susan, I think it in vain
To groan any more for that face;
Your behaviour hath prov'd it so plain,
That to others I give up the chase.

Very wisely resolved, Mr. Lieutenant.

About love I shall make no more pother—
You know that I'm not very rich;
Yet I'd man you as well as another,
And stick to your timbers like pitch.

Nice sticking-plaster indeed!

I am out in my reck'ning, 'tis clear,
As your frowns and your cruelties prove—
Since I thought to have anchor'd, my dear,
In your arms, that sweet harbour of love.

Very elegant, tender, and metaphorical!

And though you so scornful are grown,
Let justice be done, by the Lord!
You're a smart little frigate, I own,
As a seaman would wish for to board.

Thank ye, Mr. Lieutenant (curtsies).

Yet, Susan, before we depart,
And I beg thou'lt not take it unkind,
Since your sneers have restor'd me my heart,
If I give thee a piece of my mind.

By all means, Mr. Hawser.

Instead of my *tears* and my *sighs*,
Which you, laughing, call'd *Love's water-gruel*,
Could *guineas* have rain'd from my eyes,
By G— thou hadst never been cruel.

Impudent rogue!

And yet, should the wind chop about,
And thy mouth cease this d-mn'd squally wea-
ther,
Let us send for old thump-cushion* out,
And swing in a hammock together.

Never, never, indeed, poor swain.

* The priest.

DAPHNE,

OR THE

SONG OF THE SHEPHERDESS.

FAREWELL the beam of early day!
 Cold on the eye the valley fades;
 The riv'let mourns upon its way,
 And spectres seem to haunt the shades.

These eyes, alas! no pleasure see,
 Since Colin's love is chang'd from *me*.

Adieu the crook he gave my hand!
 Adieu the flow'rs that deck my hair!
 Go doves, and leave your silken band,
 Since Daphne is no longer fair.

These eyes, &c.

Let nought by Daphne be possess'd—
 The myrtle-wreath that binds my brow;
 The knot of love he gave my breast,
 Deep blushing for his broken vow.

These eyes, &c.

Let all his tokens meet his eye—
 From Daphne all his gifts depart;
 And let me send with these a *sigh*,
 To tell him of a broken heart.

These eyes, &c.

MADRIGAL.

AH! say not that the bard grows old—
For what to me are passing years?
I feel not Age's palsied cold—
To-day like yesterday appears.

When beauty beams, the world is gay!

What mortal is not *then* alive?

Thus kindling at its magic ray,

Fourscore leaps back to *twenty-five*.

ODE TO TWO MICE IN A TRAP.

SO, sir, and madam, you at length are taken,
After your dances over cheese and bacon,
And tasting ev'ry dainty in your way;

Now to my question, answer if you please—

Speak, did ye *make* the bacon or the cheese?

What sort of a defence d'ye set up, pray?

Thus at free cost to breakfast, dine, and sup!

Ev'n *mild* Judge Buller ought to hang you up,

So full of the sweet milk of human nature!

What sort of fate, young people, should ye choose?

In purling streams your pretty mouths amuse,

Or feed the cat's fond jaws, that for ye water?

I see you are two lovers, by your eyes;
I hear you are two lovers by your sighs:

But what avail your looks, or what avail
Your sighs so soft, or what indeed your tears,
Or what your parting agonies and fears,
Since Death must pay a visit to your jail?

Ay, you may kiss and pant, and pant and kiss,
And put your pretty noses through the wire;
Ay, peep away, sweet sir, and gentle miss;
No more the moon shall mark your am'rous fire
Around the loaded pantry pour the ray,
And guide your gambols with her silver day.

Your prison-door now, culprits let me ope—
Now, now! you're off! it is a *lucky* hop.

Ye're in the right on't, nimble nymph and swain;
Go, rogues—but if once more I catch you here!—
What then? what *then*!—why then, I strongly fear,
Ye little robbers, you'll escape again.

Thus let me imitate Judge Buller's deeds,
Beneath whose sentence scarce a felon bleeds;
Who, as the fur of foxes trims his gown,
The hand of Mercy lines his heart with *down*.

THE MISER AND THE DERVISE.

THE miser Sherdi on his sick-bed lying,
Affrighted, groaning, wheezing, praying, sighing,
Expecting ev'ry hour to lose his breath—
Enter a dervise—' Holy father, say,
As life seems parting from this sinful clay,
What can preserve me from the jaws of Death?

‘ A sacrifice, dear son—good joints of meat,
Of lamb, and mutton, for the priest and poor;
Nay, from the *Koran* shouldst thou lines repeat,
Those lines may possibly thy health restore.’

‘ Thank ye, dear father! you have said *enough*;
Your counsel has *already* giv’n me ease:
Now as my sheep are all a great way off,
I’ll quote our holy *Koran*, if you please.’

TO DELIA.

DELIA, thou really dost not know thy worth—
Nature has made a very idle blunder,
To give thee roses, lilies, and so forth,
Eyes, dimples, merely to excite our *wonder*.

See *other* girls of far inferior charms!
Behold them spreading through the world alarms,
With not one quarter of thy ammunition;
Dark’ning the dangerous air with dreadful darts;
Transfixing lovers’ livers, heads, and hearts,
Putting the beaux into a sad condition;

Whilst thou, so idle, mak’st not *man* thy game,
As though the *creature* were not worth thy aim.

But, Delia, come—on *me* thy prowess try;
Let loose the lightnings of thy coal-black eye;
Attack, pursue—I like the dangerous strife—
Sweet nymph, ’tis ten to one thou lay’st me low;
Yet do not *kill* me, my dear generous foe,
But make me *pris’ner* to thy arms for *life*.

SONG.

WHERE Fortune reigns in splendid pride,
 What madding thousands crowd her shrine?
 With sweet Simplicity their guide,
 O Love, how few resort to *thine*!

Yet when of Fortune's smile possess'd,
 The sigh for *other* days they pour;
 Some secret sorrow stings the breast,
 And languor-loaded crawls each hour.

But Love's pure joys unsullied last;
 His vot'ries taste a bliss sublime,
 Sigh to regain the moments past,
 And wish to clip the wings of Time.

SUSAN.

WHAT a pretty hurricane about our ears! Well!
 thank Heaven, and our good old ship, for his
 holding his head so long above water, we are not
 got down into Davy Jones's locker.

SONG.

GOOD Lord! when I think of the storm,
 And, old Neptune, thy horrible spleen,
 That endeavour'd to make of this form
 A feast for the sh at nineteen!

It had giv'n my poor heart some alarms,
As well as some grief to my spark,
To have found, that, instead of *his* arms,
I had fill'd up the mouth of a *shark*.

Dear Neptune, a sweetheart is mine—
Not a handsomer England possesses:
Shouldst thou bury these limbs in thy brine,
They will lose a whole world of caresses.

Oh, afford me one glance of my lover—
Oh, grant but one kiss from my swain;
Thou shalt drown me a thousand times over,
If ever I trust thee again.

SONG.

FROM *me*, since Hope hath wing'd her way,
To yield to luckier swains delight,
Ah! will not Comfort lend a ray,
To gild my bosom's dreary night?

Yes! yes! to sooth my burning breast,
As far from Delia's form I rove,
I'll boast that *once* this heart was blest,
And tell the story of my love.

TO VENUS.

O VENUS, wherefore is my sigh
 To Delia's beauty breath'd in vain?
 Ah! why her cold and clouded eye,
 That sun-like shone upon her swain?

A time there was, when thou wert kind,
 And gav'st success to ev'ry pray'r;
 When ev'ry sigh was sure to find
 A sigh congenial from the fair.

A time there was, when Delia's breast,
 At all my griefs, with grief would glow;
 The nymph would lull the storm to rest,
 And sooth with ev'ry charm my woe.

Yet, Venus, wheresoe'er she flies,
 To Delia all thy blisses give:
 In *me*, a single shepherd dies,
 In *her*, behold, a *thousand live!*

 EPITAPH.

O THOU, remov'd from this world's strife,
 Whose relics here below are laid,
 May Peace, who watch'd thy harmless life,
 In death protect thy gentle shade!

Yet not *alone* around thy bier,
Thy children's sighs unfeign'd ascend;
The mourner Pity drops a tear,
And Virtue weeps a vanish'd friend,

ODE TO A COUNTRY HOYDEN.

DEAR Dolly, stay thy scampering joints one minute,

And let me ask thee, mad-cap girl, a question—
Somewhat of consequence there may be in it,
That, *probably*, mayn't suit thy high digestion.

Pray what's the meaning of the present glee?

To ride a nannygoat, or ass, or pig?
Or mount an ox, or ride an apple-tree,
And on the dancing limb enjoy a jig?

Perhaps thou art infected with an itch
To plague a poor old crone, baptiz'd a *witch*;
To smoke her in her hovel—kill her cats,
Or lock her in, and rob her garden's peas,
Kick down the lame old granny's hive of bees,
And break her windows in, with stones and bats.

Perchance to rob an orchard thou may'st long,
Or neighbour's hen's-nest of its eggs, or young;
Nay, steal the mother-hen to boot:
Perchance thou hasten'st, fond of vulgar joys,
To tumble on the hay-cocks with the boys,
And let them take, at will, the sweet salute.

Thou makest a long face, and answer'st thus—
'Lord, then about a *trifle* what a fuss!
As though a body might not ride a pig,

Or nannygoat, indeed, or ox, good me!
 Or our old Neddy*, or an apple tree,
 Just for one's health to have a little jig!

'Or where's the mighty harm, upon my word,
 In taking a few eggs, or chicks, or hen?
 The farmers can't be ruin'd by't, good Lord!
 Papa says that they're all substantial men.

'Or where's the harm to ride upon a gate?
 To *snub* one so, indeed, at *such a rate*!
 I've tumbled from the trees upon the stones,
 And never broke, in all my life, my bones:
 See, sir, I have not *one* black spot about me!
 'Tis cruel, then, for *nothing* thus to flout me.

'Or where's the mighty crime, I wonder, pray,
 With cousin Dick to tumble on the hay?
 Just like a baby with her doll you treat one!
 Marry come up! why, cousin Dick won't *eat* one!
 And then, forsooth, what mighty harm would come,
 In having bits of fun with cousin Tom?"

Dolly, thy artless answers force my smile—
 I readily believe thee void of guile;

My lovely girl, I think thou mean'st no harm:
 But had I daughters just like *thee*, let loose,
 I verily should think myself a goose,
 To mark each colt-like lass *without alarm*.

Doll, get thee home, and tell *mamma*, so *mild*,
 So fearful that a *frown* would *kill* her child,
 That *not ev'n birch* to *kill* that child is able;
 And tell thy *father*, a fond fool, from *me*,
 To look a little sharper after *thee*,
 Clip thy wild tongue, and tie thee to the table.

* A name frequently given to a Jack-ass.

THE GRAVE OF EURIPIDES.

AN ELEGY.

Supposed to be spoken on the Spot.

O THOU, whose deeply-pictur'd scenes of woe
From Grecian eyes could force the pitying show'r!
Permit a stranger's sigh unfeign'd to flow—
Indulge his hand to strew the sweetest flow'r.

I know I shall not by thy shade be scorn'd,
Who boast my birth from Albion's free domain;
Where Nature's soul, like *thine*, in Shakespeare
mourn'd,
Where Milton's genius pour'd th' immortal strain.

Yet lo, a *race* of this degenerate age,
Sons of those sages, heroes, bards, whose name
Gave splendor to the fair historic page,
Forgets the glory of the Grecian name.

I mark you, son of Athens, with a sigh!
Of Pow'r, of Ignorance, the abject slave*—
Fear on his cheek, and mis'ry in his eye,
He wanders near thee, heedless of thy grave!

Where is thy fame? In Greece no more divine,
It pours on Albion's isle the radiant day;
There, with a noon-tide lustre may it shine,
And gild my country with unclouded ray!

* The present inhabitants of Greece fully answer this description.

Each night retiring, as I whisper peace,
 With each adieu, the tear will steal away;
 To think that thou the song of gods shouldst cease,
 And, dying, mingle with the meanest clay.

Though Greece forgets thee, yet on Fancy's wing
 From distant Albion will I oft return;
 Crown thy cold sod with all the blooms of spring,
 And envy the rich earth that holds thy *urn*.

SONG TO CYNTHIA.

THE youth by Love and Hope betray'd,
 Who breathes his ardent vows in vain,
 Learns to forget the scornful maid,
 And bravely breaks her galling chain.

' Farewell (he cries) a fruitless flame;
 A nymph less cruel let me find;
 The world holds many a blooming dame;
 An *equal* Chloe may be kind.'

But, ah ! how hard the lover's fate,
 Who feels the triumph of *thine* eye !
 What virgin shall *his* fires abate,
 And sooth *his* bosom's hopeless sigh ?

For, lo ! the Loves, to make thee fair,
 Agreed with ev'ry charm to part ;
 And all the Virtues too declare,
 They robb'd *their own*, to grace *thy* heart.

HYMN TO LOVE.

SOUL of the world, and essence of delight,
Of *thee* I think by day, and dream by night,
For I'm a bachelor—a *good old maid*!
Yet *now*, O Love, a pretty woman's smiles
Could make me dance at least a dozen miles,
Without a stick indeed, or horse's aid.

Such rapture from thy bloom, each moment feels!
Such mercury thou puttest in one's heels!

Did Jove prize *charming woman*, just like *me*,
Of charming woman we should find a dearth;
In *beauty*, what a desert there would be!
Scarce one sweet female to delight our earth.

And then, O Cynthia, whom these eyes adore;
Whose form, and face, and mind, no rival know;
Yes, *thou* fair maid, to that untravell'd shore,
To charm the Thunderer, wouldst be doom'd to go;
And leave, alas! thy sighing shepherd here,
Who never wants a muse when thou art near.

And now to *thee*, O Love, again I turn—
How canst thou hear an earthly angel mourn?
A victim to the vultures of Despair!
A witless victim to the villain's snare!

How see, vile *man* her virtue undermine,
And bid the fairest form of Nature pine?

Why sufferest thou her bosom's softest sigh?
How canst thou, unreveng'd, survey the maid;
Hear her soul's grief, behold her beauty fade;
Nay, horror! the poor lamb-like victim *die*?

Lo, poor deserted Julia! once how fair;
With cheek so wan and pale, and scatter'd hair;
Her gentle heart by Love's mad tempest torn!
She runs, she stops, and wildly stares around!
Now nails the eye of thought into the ground!
Now drown'd in tears, she lifts its beam forlorn;

Pale as the moon, amidst the midnight storm!
When rains and driving clouds her face deform!

She grasps the earth—the sod, her fingers tear—
Now wearied, disappointed, to the skies
She lifts her lids of woe, and plaintive sighs,
(Soul-piercing sound!) ‘Alas, he is not here!’
Rich pearls of sorrow from their fountains stray,
And drop (too precious for the ground!) away.

‘How could he, cruel, give my heart a blow?’
She moans—now sits upon the bank and sings;
Oft breaks her dirge with lengthen'd sighs of woe,
And, pausing, mutters incoherent things.

Now plucking lilies from the sod, she cries,
‘Sweet flow'rs, I once was innocent like *you*;
The tear, alas! a stranger to these eyes—
Nor blush my cheek, nor wound my bosom knew.’

Now with a smile, and now with melting wail,
She whisp'ring tells of Colin's love the tale.

Again her mind is on the wing! she starts!
Hope to her eyes her eagle-beam imparts!

Sudden she springs from earth—‘He's there—he's
there—

I see him pass the flood—dear Colin, dear!
Thy Julia calls thee—'tis thy Julia, stay—
Thy Julia calls thee—wherefore haste away?
Thy Julia loves thee—do not, cruel, fly;
Stay, or thy Julia's heart with grief will *die*—
If danger urge, that danger let *me* share;
Thou must not live unwatch'd by Julia's care.’

Sweet wretch ! in vain her feet the phantom chase ?
Wildly she plunges 'mid the torrent's roar—
She shrieks ! her arms her fancied love embrace,
She grasps the gulf—ah ! soon to grasp no more.

Lost maid ! in vain the shepherds try to *save* !
Breath'd is her spirit in the whelming wave !
No longer doom'd Life's bitter cup to taste,
Behold her hours of woe for ever past !

Deaf to the song of Flatt'ry, now, her ear !
Deaf to a *demon's* whispers once so dear !
Cold too the bosom of the once warm maid !
The heart that swell'd with Love's delicious sighs,
Still in its silent cell of darkness lies,
And dim her eyes in Death's eternal shade.
Those orbs that sparkling bade a world adore,
Ah, doom'd to sparkle, and to *stream* no more !

Lo, on the bank her pale limbs stretch'd along,
Amidst the sorrows of a rural throng !
A sight to strike the voice of Rapture mute,
And wake the *tenderest* string of Fity's lute !

Thee, thee, her murd'rer, Vengeance soon shall find,
Sure blood-hound, trace thee in the weeping wind ;
Pursue thee where the desert grins with death :
For not to *man* again shalt thou return—
A shrinking world thy Cain-like form shall spurn,
And, kneeling, curse thee with its keenest breath.

Smote and unburied shall thy carcase lie ;
Afar, affrighted shall the vultures fly ;
Of fiends like thee, a *breathless* fiend, afraid ;
And lo, the frowning Genius of the gloom
Shall shun the solitude that hails thy doom,
And bid each savage seek a *distant* shade.

ODE.

'TIS a *strange* world we live in—but 'twill *mend*—
 As ev'ry body says, ' the world grows wiser ;'
 Yet *certain* follies ne'er will have an end,
 Of which I am a wonderful despiser.

Is it not cruel, when, with all his flame,
 Genius performs a work, a man should bawl,
 ' To ask much for this trifle were a shame ;
 I know the fellow took *no pains at all*.

' Poets work *nimbly, nimbly*, now-a-days :
 Give a good penny's-worth, good Master Bays.'

I dare say the sad bookseller, a L—e,
 Or L--k—n, pour'd such unhallow'd sounds
 On Milton's shrinking ear, with lips profane,
 Who bought th' immortal work for *fifteen*
pounds * !'

Too many a ragged *brother of the lay*,
 Too many a *fair historian*, never doubt it,
 Have heard a bookseller so cruel say,
 ' Pray, Sir, or 'Ma'am *how long were you about it?*'

Thou beast ! amid the sons of Wisdom plac'd,
 Who, times of old, as well as modern, grac'd,
 Couldst thou not catch a portion of their fire !
 Rolls not thine eye upon their works each day ?
 And canst thou, from them, *nothing* bear away,
 To lift thy hog-like soul above the mire ?

Sore troubled by the tooth-ache, Lubin ran,
 To get the murd'rer of his quiet *drawn* ;
 An artist in an instant whips its out—

* The price actually given for the *Paradise Lost* !

‘ Well, Master Snag—hæ? what *has* I to pay?’

‘ A shilling’—‘ Zounds! a shilling do ye zay?’

With a long staring face replies the lout.

‘ Lord! why Ize did not *veel* it—’twas *nort* in it;

You *knows* ye wern’t about it half a minute:

To gee *so much* Ize cursedly unwilling—

Lord! vor a tooth but yesterday old Slop

Did drag me by the head about his shop

Three times, poor man, and *only ax’d a shilling.*’

SONG.

HOW chang’d is my Celadon’s heart!

How alter’d each look of the swain!

Now sullen he wishes to part,

Who call’d me the *pride of the plain*.

Of late, with what ardour he strove

Ev’ry hour that was *mine* to beguile!

How he griev’d if I doubted his love!

And how blest if he gain’d but a smile!

To *me* he devoted his days;

And raptur’d on *me* was his tongue;

Thus, Morning arose on his praise,

And Evening went down on his song.

Let me steal to the desert, and die,

Nor wound with reproaches his ears;

My *reproof* shall be only a *sigh*—

My *complaint*, but the *silence of tears*.

EPIGRAM.

SEE Clodio, happy in his own dear sense!
 And hark; the world cries 'Coxcomb in th'
 excess;'
 Now let me undertake the fop's defence—
 What man could ever be content with *less*?

ANACREONTIC.

TO SYLVIA.

How canst thou smile at my despair,
 And bid me *other* nymphs adore?
 Show me a girl but *half* so fair,
 And I will trouble thee no more.

Hide then that neck, and lip, and eye,
 Since thus resolv'd to shun pursuit;
 For Love will follow, like the fly,
 That always seeks the *fairest* fruit.

LISETTA.

IN the name of the *great god of love*, how shall I dispose of myself? Which of my swains must wear the willow?

O Virgins, tell me how to choose,
For I'm a novice on it—
Poor Colin at a *distance* wooes,
And sends his soul in *sonnet*;

While Lubin, to no forms a slave,
Won't stay to *write* for blisses;
But prints upon my mouth, the knave,
His wishes with his kisses.

If Lubin seize a rude embrace,
And I begin to clatter;
The rogue stares gravely in my face,
And asks me what's the matter?

Of kisses lately he stole *three*—
I shriek'd with might and main:
'Since ye don't like them,' pert quoth he,
'Lord! take them back again.'

'No, no, I won't,' says I, keep off,
They please me *much*,' I swore—
'Oh, is it so cried he, 'enough;
Then, Miss, you wish for *more*.'

Poor Colin turns, if I but frown,
All white as any fleece is!
Lubin would give me a green gown,
And rummage me to pieces.

The one, so meek and complaisant,
 All silence, awe, and wonder;
The other, impudence and rant,
 And boist'rous as the thunder.

This begs to press my finger's tip,
 So bashful is my lover;
That savage bounces on my lip,
 And kisses it all over.

O Modesty thou art so sweet!
 Not wild, and bold, and teasing;
 And yet, each sister nymph I meet
 Thinks boldness *not unpleasing*.

This is a wicked world!—O dear!
 And wickedness is in me—
 Though Modesty's so sweet, I fear
 That Impudence will *win me*.

CORIN'S PROFESSION,

OR

THE SONG OF CONSTANCY.

NOW, Joan, we are *married*—and now, let me say,
 Tho' both are in youth, yet that youth will decay,
 In our journey thro' life, my dear Joan, I suppose
 We shall oft meet a bramble, and sometimes a rose.

When a cloud on this forehead shall darken my day,
 Thy sunshine of sweetness must smile it away;
 And when the dull vapour shall dwell upon thine.
 To chase it, the labour and triumph be mine.

Let us wish not for wealth, to devour and consume;
For luxury's but a short road to the tomb:
Let us sigh not for grandeur, for trust me, my Joan,
The keenest of cares owes its birth to a *throne*.

Thou shalt milk our *one* cow; and if Fortune pursue,
In good time, with her blessing, my Joan may milk
two :

I will till our small field, whilst thy prattle and song
Shall charm as I drive the bright ploughshare along.

When finish'd the day, by the fire we'll regale,
And treat a good neighbour at eve with our ale;
For Joan, who would wish for *self only* to live?
One blessing of life, my dear girl, is to *give*.

Ev'n the red-breast and wren shall not seek us in vain,
Whilst thou hast a crumb, or thy Corin a grain;
Not only their songs will they pour from the grove,
But yield, by example, sweet lessons of love.

Though thy beauty must fade, yet thy youth I'll re-
member; [cember;
That thy *May* was my own, when thou showest *De-*
And when age to my *head* shall his winter impart,
The summer of *love* shall reside in my *heart*.

ODE TO UGLINESS.

DAUGHTER of Hecate, thou'rt undone!
Joy to my soul, thine empire falls:
No more, thou hobbling, envious *crone*
Thy pow'r the female world appalls.

With smiles the queen of love appears,
 No longer trembling for the Graces:
 No more thy rude attack she fears,
 On faultless forms, and fairest faces.

Beauty will never lose her prime,
 Nor mourn her losses, as of *yore*!
 Defeated too thy brother Time,
 The god of wrinkle, wounds no more.

See Age display her iv'ry rows!
 Her lip preserves its purple bloom!
 Her bosom heaves with Alpine snows,
 And kisses breathe the rich perfume!

The furrow'd cheek, and hoary head,
 No longer now, as usual, greet;
 And, what our grandmothers all dread,
 The nose and chin no longer meet.

Time's pow'r the good old grannies *brave*.
 And, ogling, dart their am'rous fire;
 Decline with graces to the grave,
 And with the blush of health *expire*!

THE TRAVELLER AND JUPITER.

WHAT wicked thousands sooner would affront
 (Such is of sin the wonderful increase)
 The Heav'n's Eternal Ruler—*lie upon't*—
 Than one poor brainless justice of the peace,
 Or country 'squire, who nothing knows but doxies,
 Hares, acts of parliament, hounds, horses, foxes?

Nay, further—which should scarcely be repeated—

(And, oh! that groundless were the poet's fears!)

God by *his own* sad servants is *worse treated*,

Worse than our country gentlemen by *theirs*.

Ask of the bishops else, whose humble souls

Sweet Mercy melts, and Charity controls.

To cheat the Dev'l, at times, I've no objection;

Not *Heav'n*! 'tis such a *villanous reflection*!

A certain traveller, in ancient days,

When gods and goddesses were thick as hops,

Wishing, as he was beating the highways,

For somewhat dainty to amuse his chops;

Knelt down to Jupiter, and thus began:

' O Jupiter, as I'm an honest man,

I'll keep my word, if thou wilt grant my pray'r;

Amidst my travels, let me *something* find—

Little or much, good, bad of any kind,

I vow to thee, thy godship *half* shall share.'

Then with grave sanctity he thump'd his craw;

Much as to say, ' Great Jove, my word's a law.'

He had not walk'd a mile, before he found

A handsome bag of filberts on the ground;

At sight of which, his lips with rapture smacking,

Plump down he squats, and falls at once to cracking.

To cut my story short, he crack'd and eat,

From ev'ry nut, each atom of the meat;

When gravely gathering up the shells, he cries,

' Jove, sacred have I kept my word—for, see,

The *better* half indeed I leave to *thee*,

The *shells*, O mighty ruler of the skies.

' There are they all, great Jove—survey 'em:

Shouldst thou suspect my honour—*weigh 'em* !'

SONG.

THE wretch, O let me never know,
 Who turns from Pity's tearful eye;
 Who melts not at the dirge of woe,
 But bids the soul renew its sigh!

O say not with the voice of scorn,
 'The lilies of thy neck are fled,
 Thine eyes their vanish'd radiance mourn,
 The roses of thy cheek are dead.'

Too cruel youth, with tears I own,
 The rose and lily's sad decay;
 And sorrowing wish for *thee alone*,
 Their transient bloom a longer day.

Yet though thine eyes no longer trace
 The healthful blush of former charms;
 Remember that each luckless grace,
 O Colin, faded in *thy arms*!

ODE

TO MY GOOD FRIEND

THE MOST MERCIFUL JUDGE—.

O —, whose *fair* heart so full of love,
 Melts, snow-like, on the victim void of hope;
 Whose conscience stretches like the softest glove,
 To save the sighing culprit from the rope!
 To *thee*, in Virtue's stoutest armour, strong,
 Permit thy *friend* and bard to pour the song.

O let us drag the *foes of man* to day,
 And hang them like *thy rats** upon our lay,
 Murd'ers that strike the cheek of Horror pale!
 Whose morals give contagion to a *jail*.

Illumin'd, ah! too oft by Fortune's rays,
 A pigmy wretch is shown in yon huge house †;
 Just as the solar microscope displays
 A mite, a flea, a bug, a dirty louse.

A judge *may* rise, despising Nature's groan;
 A villain, in damnation sunk so deep;
 That Vice, black Vice, shall ne'er be *idle* known,
 But when the fur-clad monster falls asleep!

* Hereby hangs a pretty little tale.

† Westminster Hall.

Just as the hackney-coachmen curse aloud
Kind Sol, who dissipates a threatening cloud,
Dark-hov'ring, wishing much his power to show,
And bid his deluge drown the world below;

Just as the restless demon of the night
Low'rs on the maiden blush of orient light,
And skulks into the charnel's murky shade;
A judge *may* rise, whose scowl shall curse the smile
Of Justice, who so long has blest our isle,
And strike with ruffian fist the heav'nly maid.

Where is the judge, in *murder* only brave,
Whose soul delights to feed the gaping grave;
Who on the convict's pale cheek feasts his eyes;
Whose heart-felt sounds are Hope's expiring sighs.

Where is the happy patron of the rope,
Whose eyes on *seas* of blood would gladly ope;
Fresh hecatombs of carnage, ev'ry morn:
Whose ear could *live* on Virtue's deepest groan;
Stretch ev'n to *pain*, to catch her last faint moan,
Poor writhing wretch, by ev'ry torture torn?

There's no such damned judge—but let me say,
So foul a spirit *may* disgrace the day.

Where is the judge, who 'midst his shrinking vale,
Walks forth, ah! not to hear the turtle's tale;
But with a happy, keen, and sparkling eye,
To see the kite with fury sweep the sky;
Now in his iron talons bear along,
The lark which charm'd the season with his song?

To *such* Dame Nature never yet gave birth—
But *such* a miscreant vile, *may* curse the earth.

Where is the judge, who courts the gloom of night;
Charm'd with the owl's and bat's and beetle's flight,
And sees with joy the spectred band pass by;
With rapture listens to their piteous wail,
Now follows hard to catch the mournful tale,
And sorrows when the phantoms 'scape his eye?

A judge, like *this*, to bid poor Nature mourn,
Was never *yet*, thank Heav'n! but *may* be born.

Where is the judge who walks the foaming shore
At midnight, 'midst the ruthless tempest's roar,
When Fate and Horror ride the thund'ring deep;
Who, for the cormorant's broad pinion sighs,
To mingle with the tumult of the skies,
And join the whirlwind's wild resistless sweep;

To hover o'er the darken'd scene of death,
And triumph in the seaman's shrieking breath;
Charm'd with each mountain surge, for life that
raves;

Charm'd as the arm of Fate, with cruel shock,
Heaves the huge vessel on the groaning rock,
And rends it piece-meal, 'midst a world of waves?

'There's no such man, nor ever was,' you cry:
Sweet judge, dear dove-like — —! so say *I*.
But *may* there not a dev'l like this appear?
Life deals in monsters much too oft, I fear!

O Devon, parent of immortal men,
O should thy beauteous bosom prove a den,
To hold and suckle such an imp of shame;
Know, to the poet though thou gavest birth,
With soul-felt ardour will I wish thy death,
Renounce thy blasted soil, and change my name.

SYLVIA.

DASHWOOD, I dislike your jokes on matrimony: you possess too much sense to treat with so much levity a state which the first philosophers hold sacred. But your jest *must* not be spared, though ruin be the consequence. After all your pretty professions, I am not *now* certain that your passion is sincere—how am I to be convinced?

DASHWOOD.

Fie, fie, thou charming infidel!—listen.

SONG.

DEAR girl, I'm up to ears in love!
 The fact, a thousand follies prove;
 Yes, yes, I feel the dart!
 Well! now I'm wounded, give the cure;
 Thou'rt not a cruel girl, I'm sure,
 So try to ease the smart.

' Lord bless us! it is all a lie,'
 I hear thee with emotion cry,
 ' I'm sure there's nothing in't:'
 ' Indeed there is, I'm sore afraid,
 Nay, take the symptoms, sceptic maid,
 That make it plain as print.'

The instant that I see thee coming,
 My heart against my ribs keeps drumming,
 As if to caper out;

To make his *cong  * at thy feet,
Pronounce himself thy slave so sweet,
And fight for thee, *so stout*.

From those dear lips, delicious bliss,
If saucy coxcombs steal a kiss,
My eyes so jealous roll:
Aside, I call the puppies names,
My heart is *  tna-like* in flames,
Consuming to a coal.

I cannot bear to be *alone*;
I yawn, I sigh, I gape, I groan,
And writhe as if with pain:
Now on a sudden seize a book,
Just half a minute in it look,
Then fling it down again.

Now ruminating wild, I walk,
Nod to myself, and smile, and talk;
Now hunt for something lost;
Now sit, jump up—now stare, now wink,
On some deep problem, seem to think—
Now vacant as a post.

Now seize the violin, and scratch
A half a glee, or half a catch;
Now snatch the brush, and paint;
Now fling it down, and seize the flute,
Now hum an air divine, now *hoot*,
To make poor Music faint.

Now full resolv'd to visit thee,
And take a social cup of tea,
And give my heart a plaster;
I draw my watch, not over cool,
Call him a little limping fool,
And bid him travel faster.

Now bustling round the room, here, there,
I try to find my hat, and swear,
And wish him *damn'd*, and dead;

Now raging from my inmost soul,
I roar, 'What thief my hat hath stole?'
Then find it on my head.

Nay, nay, I'd *marry* thee, my dear—
Love's symptoms now *too plain* appear;
There's nobody can miss it:
Yet if these symptoms are not love,
And *this* the passion fail to prove,
Why, what the devil is it?

O that I did not love thee, girl,
And that my head, in this wild whirl,
Could keep a little steady!
But 'tis in vain, alas! to preach;
Like drowning boys, I've lost my reach;
My sense is gone already.

Yet, Sylvia, know the *single elf*
Has only *one* to serve—viz. *self*;
But when he takes a *wife*,
A *hundred masters* then appear;
And what is very hard, my dear,
His slavery lasts *for life*.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

THUS sung the bard of old, and deem'd no *fool*,
'Sweet are the uses of adversity';
A dame who kicketh from your rump your stool,
And, savage, showeth not one grain of mercy t'ye;
Bids all your fancied-dearest friends *turn tail*;
Greets with *wir'd whips*, and *blesses* with a jail.

O mistress of this wisdom-teaching pain,
With Pill'ry, Gibbet, Famine, in thy train,
Go knock, God bless thee, knock at others' doors:
By all my fav'rite gods of prose and rhyme,
I feel not thy philosophy sublime—
Go, seek the zealot who thy stripes implores.

Go, thunder on *another's* house thy strife;
Snatch from a husband's happy arms a wife;
Blot from his soul each glimm'ring ray of hope;
Rack all his lovely daughters with disease;
Poison his sons, and, more thy rage to please,
Present the fainting father with a rope.

But let *me* keep wife, children, peace, and land,
And learn thy lessons all at *second hand*.

My taste is dull—yes, vastly dull indeed!

I hate to see a brother mortal bleed—
I hate to hear a gentle nature groan,
And, goddess, more especially *my own*.

Yes, yes, Heav'n knows, my taste is more *confin'd*;
Prefers the *zephyr* to the *howling wind*;
Prefers too, such my star's unlucky blunder,
One hour's bright calm, to *months* of cloud and
thunder.

Thou possibly may'st be a good physician,
But *certés* dost not know my *weak condition*.
Blisters, and scarifying, and spare diet,
Would set my *nervous* system in a riot;
Rich cordial *drafts* would answer best, I trow,
Made up by Messieurs Hammersly and Co.

Thine iron scourge would really act in vain,
So apt am I to make wry mouths at pain;
At disappointment much inclin'd to moan.
Whenever then, O goddess, things we see,
That with one's nature so much disagree,
Methinks 'twere better they were let alone.

To tumble from a house, or from a tow'r,
 And break a luckless brace of legs and arms,
 Would make one look most *miserably sour*;
 Yet are there men, who deem all these *no harms*.

Then *seek* them, goddess—souse them on the stones,
 And for their goodly comfort, crack their bones.

If in a *well-stuff'd* coach, *well-overset*,
 A broken leg and thigh and arm I get,
 I am not, I confess, of that pure leaven,
 To crawl out on my hands and knees, and say,
 Grace-like, 'For what I have receiv'd this day,
 I humbly thank thee, O most gracious Heav'n.'

O mistress of the terrifying mien,
 The boatswain's deep-ton'd voice and brawny arm,
 O be not within *leagues* of Peter seen;
 Thy cat-o'-nine tails cannot, cannot *charm*.

A stupid scholar, goddess, I shall be;
 Thy conversations are *too deep* for me.

Yes, madam, you are too sublime a dame
 For Peter's company, I speak with shame—
 A little winning *wench* contenteth me,
 'Clep'd Fortune, a good-natur'd smiling lass,
 Who constant lights my pipe, and fills my glass,
 And makes my ev'ry day a *jubilee*.

This is the sweet companion for my money;
 Such is the little Syren I desire—
 Thou art all gall, and she all milk and honey;
 'Tis *at a distance* I must thee admire.

A hawk-like appetite, and empty platters,
 The bleak wind whistling through a coat in tatters,
 The flight of fancied friends, a foe's abuses,
 Are *things* for which my bowels do not yearn;
 For rot me, madam, if I can discern
 One *atom* of their several earthly uses.

Morality may wear a ruffle shirt,
I really think, and not his conscience hurt—

Morality may also like nice picking;
For since the great All-wise has giv'n us fowls,
Mankind were certainly a set of owls,
To dare to place damnation in a chicken.

Morality, I ween, may go well drest;
Keep a good fire, and live upon the *best*;
Throw by his wheel-barrow, and keep a carriage;
Visit the op'ra, masquerade, and play;
Drink claret, Burgundy, Champagne, Tokay;
Get fifty thousand with a girl in marriage.

To eat from splendid plate, or homely manger,
Methinks the soul is just in *equal* danger.

Besides, 'tis *late*, O goddess, in the day—
I'm not a subject fit for thee to flay;
To speak the truth, my nerves *too nicely* feel—
Go, search the motley mixture of mankind;
Some young enthusiast wild, thou soon mayst find,
Proud of thy whips, and glad to *grace* thy wheel.

So great for my *own person* is my love,
And *hard* thy lessons, I can't *now* begin 'em—
Besides, as I have hinted *just above*,
I'd rather *read* of battles than *be in* 'em.

SONG TO SAPPHO.

AT length, O fairest nymph, farewell,
Let sighs alone my passion tell;
With tears I quit thy arms:
Adieu each eve of pure delight;
Adieu each morn with rapture bright;
Adieu thy *brighter* charms!

Where'er by Fate condemn'd to stray,
 Where Phœbus pours the golden day,
 Or sleeps beneath the wave,
 Thine image will my path pursue,
 And ever present on my view,
 Detain me still a slave.

In vain I roam—I strive in vain
 To break, O beauteous maid, thy chain!
 Yet why my fetters part?
 Ev'n now thy sighs, my sighs approve;
 Ev'n now thy love, returns my love,
 And yields me heart for heart!

INVOCATION TO ST. CECILIA.

ON A LADY SINGING.

DESCEND, O Goddess, from thy sphere,
 And listen to a British maid;
 A sweeter Sappho warbles here,
 Than charm'd of yore the Lesbian shade.
 Yet not like Sappho's mourns her strain,
 Alas! with Love's desponding sigh;
 To Delia's beauty bows each swain,
 And owns the triumph of her eye.

SONG TO SAPPHO.

ON THE DEATH OF A MUSICAL
FRIEND.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

HOW blest were the nymphs and the swains,
When Lycidas join'd in the song;
The chief, and the pride of the plains,
Who led all the Pleasures along!

Of *late* not a valley was fair,
Not a grove gave a musical sound;
The breeze seem'd a sigh of despair,
And Pity sat mute on the ground.

But Nature (how sudden the change!)
At the presence of Lycidas smil'd—
Health was seen through the valley to range,
And an Eden sprung up from the wild!

The throstle was heard in the shade;
The linnet enliven'd the grove,
And Echo, long banish'd, sweet maid,
Return'd with her stories of love.

Yes, each scene at his presence was glad,
That so lately with sorrow was rent;
And the voice of the mourner so sad,
Was lost in the songs of Content.

Just able to crawl o'er the stile,
And doom'd, ah! to labour no more,
Age would crawl from his cot with a smile,
And a blessing to leave at his door.

But the shepherd for ever is gone—
Hark! his knell, how it saddens the gale!
Joy dies, and our pastimes are flown;
Fate envies the smiles of our vale.

Now let Mirth from each hamlet retire
 To the region of silence and gloom:
 Sure his death must our sorrow inspire,
 Since the Virtues will weep at his tomb.

APOLLO TO THE ANACREONTIC
 SOCIETY,
 AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR.

YE sons of Anacreon, listen awhile;
 'Tis Apollo, your friend, that sends greeting—
 Of your pleasures, we gods are in love with the *style*,
 And are mad to be down at your meeting.

Father Jove with your sounds is so wondrously
 pleas'd,
 That he swears at our *flats* and our *sharps*;
 With the squalls of each muse he'll no longer be
 teas'd,
 So commands me to break up their harps.

He has quite put a stop to poor Momus's fun,
 And forbid his *jeux d'esprit* to flow;
 Thus our club is knock'd up, because we're outdone
 By the mirth of you mortals below.

Then accept my petition—a wish most sincere;
 Let me join as the *laureate* your throng;
 Though I cannot, like Incledon, ravish your ear,
 I can give you a pretty good song.

As for example:

SONG BY APOLLO.

A p-x on all sorrow—on happiness seize—
Care, avaunt! nor our pleasures alloy;
Since Jove has giv'n passions and objects to please,
The meaning is, *mortals enjoy*.

Jove's a god of ten thousand—the monarch, I know,
Loves his bottle, girl, song, and a jest;
Has a monstrous regard for *choice spirits* below,
And is charm'd when his creatures are blest.

But he's vex'd when a fool takes it into his head,
That he's *lost*, if he meddles with *pleasure*;
And thinks, too, the fellow confounded *ill-bred*,
To *refuse* when he *offers* the treasure.

When a zealot has turn'd up the whites of his eyes,
With long phiz, and a puritan strain,
I have seen the god laugh, and in fun, from the skies,
Make up mouths at the blockhead again.

Then push round the bottle—let each give his song;
Wit, humour, and friendship attend us;
And whilst for enjoyment our passions are strong,
Let us ask not his godship to *mend us*.

Thus we'll revel, till morning peeps into our glass
Then to scenes of new rapture remove;
To embrace with devotion a wife or a lass,
And be blest on the bosom of love.

ODE TO A HANDSOME WIDOW.

SEE yonder cloud, that mopes with mournful shade,
Black! black, as tho' it never would be bright!

Sol, like a bridegroom comes, a jovial bird,
Clasps her with warmth, and lo, her darkness, light!
The dress of Cloud soon alters! for, behold,
Her gloomy sables change to pink and gold!

Daughter of sorrow, thus *perchance* 'twill be,
If I mistake not Nature, soon with *thee*.

Pale as the pale rain-loaded lily's look,
And languid as the willow o'er the brook,

Exalt o'er that drooping form to joy;
Too long the rule of Woe, with dying sound,
And melting lullaby thine eye hath drown'd;

The *trump* of Rapture should his voice employ;
The sprightly Fiddle rouse his sister Dance,
And bid thy cold heart glow with Love's romance.

Thy lifted eyes *too eloquently* mourn,
Deep-swimming in the silent fount of tears;
And then thy voice so musically lorn,

Accusing Fate's *too cruel, cruel* shears,
Wakes all the soft emotions of my heart,
That sympathising fain would *mirth* impart.

But grief for spouses lasts not ladies long;
Yet *very* poignant!—yes, though *short*, 'tis *strong*,

When first the best of husbands breathes his last:
And if his *all* be left them!—what a storm
Of sighs and tears their beauty to deform!

Grief seems as *ever* he would ride the blast.

Yet *soon*, 'tis said, the winds of Woe are still;
And tears, from *torrents*, sink a *prattling rill*.

Think what a pair of sparkling eyes are *thine*,
And do not drown their Cupids in the brine;
And think too on thy pretty dimpled cheek—
Think of thy flaxen hair, whose beauties flow
In broad luxuriance o'er thy breast of snow;
And think too of that soft and polish'd neck.
Think of thy lips, that kisses can impart,
So ready from their ruby beds to start!

Thus speak those lips, 'We *will* be kiss'd again.'
And in the same sweet fascinating strain,
Thy polish'd bosom says, 'I *will* be press'd';
And then thy cheek, the loveliest of our isle,
Exclaims, 'I *will* resume the cheerful smile,
My bloom *shall* make some future lover blest.'

O listen to thy locks from Fashion hurl'd—
'We *will* look Christian-like—we *will* be curl'd;
We *will* not imitate a cow's strait tail:'
And then thy all-subduing taper waist,
So full of rich desires, and then so *chaste*,
Whist others are so marvellously *frail*—
'I *will* be clasp'd by some smart swain, I say,
Not, like a cabbage-stalk, be flung away.'

Thy heart too speaks! 'Though *now*, alas! forlorn,
There seems no reason for *eternal* sighing:
Owl-like, a *little* let me mope and mourn,
But not be *ever* swelling, groaning, dying.'

Hark! from thy hand, which thou dost wretched
wring—

'Give me,' a finger cries, 'another ring.'
Oh! canst thou hear it on such wishes dwell,
And not indulge it with the *bagatelle*?

Daughter of Grief, then hamper not thy charms,
Who, really grown rebellious, pant for arms;
Give way then to the roving mutineers—
And shouldst thou say 'Lord! who will *take* 'em in?'
Trust me, I'll entertain 'em, ev'ry *skin*—
My bosom's open to the pretty dears.

ODE.

*Peter descanteth on the Precariousness of Life,
wisheth to be at his own Disposal, and sheweth
no Objection to an emendation of Nature.*

AH! this our world's a world of sad mishaps;
Beset with Death's uncomfortable traps!
Hard squeez'd we sometimes get away to groan:
Now half the body's in the spiteful gin,
And now the unlucky tail, to make us grin,
So that we dare not call our souls *our own*.

I do not like *entails*—I hate control—
Jove!—give me the *fee simple* of my soul;
Around this system let me range at ease,
To stay, or quit it, whensoever I please.

Amid the wonders of Creation's field,
Strange! that existence should to *trifles* yield!
Behold that promising Herculean boy:
A zephyr on his infant cradle blows;
Lo! out at once Life's little candle goes,
The flame too of a parent's hope and joy.

Thus shall the poor mean solitary worm
Kill, in the acorn's kind protecting cell,
The small oak-embryo, that had mock'd the storm,
And smil'd upon the sulphur'd flash of hell;
Had push'd its roots where Earth's deep centre lies,
And with its tow'ring branches brav'd the skies.

'Tis a *strange* world we live in, to be sure;
A world of wounds, I fear, without a cure!
Dame Nature seems a sad unnat'ral mother:

Methinks 'tis hard, *one* animal should die,
Groan out his last, and *ever* close his eye,
To treat with life and rosy health *another*.

'Tis strange indeed! yet *true*, tho' passing strange;
Where'er the foot or eye of man can range,
This munching, mad, devouring system reigns!
O could our mortal palate feed on *roses*,
As on their dainty essence, feed our noses,
This world were then a pleasurable scene.

'Tis murder, murder, now, from morn to night!
Look at a simple act that yields delight—
The ploughman toiling thro' his fallow'd ground:
Happy he turns the glebe for vegetation—
Yet in this act how many a harmless nation
Of worms, poor reptiles, feel the grinding wound!
Whilst rooks, and crows, and magpies, hop behind,
Alert and greedy, gobbling all they find!

That 'tis a *good* world cannot be contended—
I wish 'twere *mended*.

OSGAR'S PRAYER.

ELFRID, the beautiful daughter of Osgar, was a captive among the Druids, and designed as a sacrifice to the gods.—Amidst a storm of thunder and lightning, he goes to the Druid mountain, in order to procure, by his supplications, and an offer of his own life upon the altar, his daughter's liberty.

OSGAR.

YE winds, that warring thus, around me rage,
Cease your rude thunders on the wretch who dies;
Poor is the triumph o'er desponding age,
Whose energy is only in his sighs!

Ye forked lightnings that around me flame,
Ye mark two languid eyes, that weep and pray;
Once, once, like you, high-kindling shone their beam
'Till Time, and dark Misfortune, dimm'd their ray.

Forbear, alas! to thwart my way forlorn.
Wet with the falling tears of fondest love;
For *life*, I hear a captive daughter mourn,
And court compassion from the Druid grove.

My feebly bending form, and scanty hair,
Grown white with grief, my tender cause should
plead;
Wake a small pity on my deep despair,
And bid the Druids stay the bloody deed.

If, on their hearts, my sorrows nought avail,
What, without Elfrid, life, poor life, endears?
Then kill me—then 'tis Mercy lulls the wail,
Of one who counts the moments by his tears.

TO THE DRUIDS.

SEERS of high knowledge, lo, a grief-worn man,
Whose only daughter is his soul's delight!
For *her* a father woe-begone and wan,
With horror darkens ev'n the shade of night.

Fathers of Virtue, why this long delay?
O lead your willing victim to the shrine:
Quick let me close these eyes upon the day,
That, Elfrid, light may beam for years on thine.

Haste with the knife of Fate, ye Druid bands;
And thus, my daughter's prison-door unbar:
Forbear to bind with cords my wither'd hands—
To *struggle*, were with Elfrid's life to *war*.

Her eye will drop a pearl on Osgar's tomb;
Her sighs be balm where'er my urn is laid—
Those let her give, and I will bless my doom;
I ask no happier offering to my shade.

Fathers of knowledge, why this long delay?
Speak, am I not a *victim* for yon sphere?
When from your holy mandates did I stray,
And drew from Virtue's wounded eye the tear?

When did I cease your temples to adore?
Or view'd unaw'd the Druids ancient fire?
These rocks, these idols, I confess'd their pow'r,
And rev'rent sung their wonders to my lyre.

When was the faith of Osgar known to fail?
What injur'd spirits of my slights complain?

What spectre, midst the thunders of the gale,
On Osgar mournful call'd, and call'd in vain?

Have I not walk'd with many a sheeted ghost,
'Midst the dread silence of the midnight gloom:
On moonlight mountains met the haggard host,
How wild! with all their horrors from the tomb?

Shrunk Penury, as crawling from the grave,
Ne'er left with sorrowing downcast eye my door:
Thanks to the gods, who wealth to Osgar gave,
And taught its happy worth, to help the poor.

A daughter's virtues are my only boast!
A sweet simplicity, unspoil'd by art:
Lo, with my Elfrid's voice, a *world* is lost!
All, all forsakes me but a breaking heart.

O spare the terrors of a blameless maid;
And let *my sufferings* her dear days prolong:
O! be *these* limbs along your altar laid;
O'er bleeding Osgar hymn the victim's song.

The sigh that wafts the parting soul away,
Retires from *others* with unwilling flight—
With *joy*, *my* spirit shall desert its clay,
And bless you Druids for the cruel rite.

Let not my Elfrid see my blood-stain'd hair,
Nor cheek so pale, which saves her precious breath;
A scene so sad, her gentle nature spare:
Her wounded heart, so soft, would weep to death.

Yet would my Elfrid see no frown appear,
As sullen, sorrowing for the loss of life:
I'll teach my languid cheek a smile to wear,
And show its triumph in the tender strife.

Enough of woe, her drooping strength will prove,
When cold beneath the lonely turf I lie:
The bleeding hist'ry of a parent's love,
Will often dim the crystal of her eye.

Ye gods! when dead, permit my ghost to roam,
Peace to her turtle bosom to impart;
To guard from pining thought her tender bloom,
And snatch from woes o'erwhelming floods her
heart.

Thus, thus, attendant be my watchful shade,
Till Fate, commanding, seal her dove-like eye;
Then let me fondly clasp my darling maid,
And add another glory to your sky.

O deal the blow, and Elfrid's form release!—
He said—the melting Druids heard his pray'r;
Rever'd his virtues, bade him go in peace,
And to a father's fondness gave the fair.

DELIA;

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

LO, the pride of the village is dead!
Lo, the bloom of our vale is no more!
Now Sorrow sits dumb in the shade,
Where Rapture oft carol'd before.

Like the morn she enliven'd the groves;
Like the summer, gave life to the swain;
For her smile was the seat of the Loves,
And her voice the sweet song of the plain!

O Delia, divine is thy name!
Thy merits we all shall revere;
We shall dwell with delight on thy fame,
And think of thy loss with a tear.

Ev'n our *children* shall lisp in thy praise!
 Their instructress shall Innocence be;
 Who their little ambition shall raise,
 To resemble a fair one like thee.

Though lodg'd in a church-yard so drear,
 Which the yew-tree surrounds with its gloom;
 Thy virtue a *sun* shall appear,
 And thy graces be *flow'rs* on thy tomb.

MADRIGAL.

HOW sweet is every shepherd's song!
 How fair the vows that load his tongue!
 His soul with every sigh expires,
 His bosom flames with furious fires.

This ev'ry day we *seem* to see;
 But when will Love and truth agree?

When spiders, for the harmless fly,
 In silent ambush cease to lie;
 When foxes keen with poultry *play*,
 And from the lambkin run away;
 Then may the world with wonder see,
 That love and truth at last agree.

SONG, BY SYLVIA.

WHEN first my shepherd told his tale,
He droop'd and languish'd, look'd and sigh'd;
' Good Heav'n!' thought I, and then turn'd pale,
' How often men for love have *died*!'
Then pond'ring well, thought I again,
' 'Tis pity kill so sweet a swain!'

With *such* a warmth my hand he prest,
My heart was fill'd with wild alarms,
That bouncing, bouncing at my breast,
Cry'd, ' Take poor Colin to your arms.'
And then my *tongue* began its strain,
' 'Tis pity kill so sweet a swain!'

Now wishes rise, his cause to plead,
The mutineers, in saucy bands,
And roar, ' For shame to strike him dead,
And have a *murder* on your hands!'
' Wishes, you're right,' quoth I, ' 'tis plain—
What then? *What then*! I sav'd the swain.'

ODE TO THE SUN.

O THOU, bright ruler of the day,
To whom unnumber'd millions pray,
And, kneeling, deem thee all divine;
Eternal foe of inky Night,
Who puttest all her imps to flight,
Receive the poet's grateful line.

I own I love thy early beam,
 That gilds the hill and vale and stream,
 And trees and cots and rural spires;
 And, happy, 'mid the valley's song,
 I listen to the minstrel throng,
 And, thankful, hail thy genial fires.

Yet lo, the lords of this huge place*
 Care not three straws for thy bright face,
 Nay, thy rich lamp with curses load;
 When thou gett'st up, they go to bed;
 And when the night-cap's on *thy* head,
They stare, and flit like owls abroad.

Yes, yes, indeed they oft protest,
 That thou'rt a most intruding beast;
 And lo, in triumph thus they say,
 'Behold our navy, Britain's pride!
 From pole to pole, our vessels glide,
 And sail as safe by night as day.

'Want we a fruit of flavour fine?'
 Exclaim the great—'behold, the pine
 Is better warm'd by coal and tan:
 Not ev'n to one exotic plant
 The sun a perfect taste can grant—
 Deny the stubborn fact, who can?'

The footmen too, with winking eyes,
 Abuse thy journey up the skies;
Messieurs Postillions, *Mesdames* Cooks—
 Content to lie a-bed all day,
 They hate, alas! thy rising ray,
 And curse thy all-observing looks.

Vex'd to their houses to be driv'n,
 The great retire from routs, their heav'n,
 And break up in a horrid passion,

* London.

And cry, 'In *times of old*, indeed,
The *tasteless world* a sun might need,
But now the fool is out of fashion.

'About his business let him go,
And light on *other* systems throw,
Vulgars! that never wax-lights handle!
Nay, while a *mutton-light* remains,
A *sun* with us no credit gains,
But yields to ev'ry *farthing candle*.'

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE TO HER CHILDREN,

Just before her Execution.

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

FROM my prison with joy could I go,
And with smiles meet the savage decree,
Were it only to sleep from my woe,
Since the grave holds no terrors for *me*.

But from *you*, O my children, to part!
Oh! a coward I melt at my doom;
Ye draw me to earth, and my heart
Sighs for life, and shrinks back from the tomb.

List, list not to Calumny's lie,
For I know not of guilt and its fears;
And when at my fate ye will sigh,
My ghost shall rejoice in your tears.

In blessings, ah! take my last breath!
 Dear babes of my bosom, adieu!
 May the cloud be dispers'd by my death,
 And open a sunshine for *you*.

TO A LADY,

Who wished not to be admired.

AH, foolish Delia! since you hate
 That people of your charms should prate;
 Give *me* that face, that air divine,
 And in exchange accept of *mine*.

Thus shall I gain my heart's desire,
 And set a raptur'd world on fire—
 You'll too be pleas'd (no longer doubt ye)
 As folks won't say one word about ye.

SONG.

DEAR Phillida, do not my passion despise;
 Ah! wherefore disdain all my vows and my
 sighs?
 Can cruelty dwell with the dove?
 O Phillida, think not I mean to deceive;
 Whatever I tell thee, with safety believe;
 For Truth is the daughter of Love.

Of beauty and grace thou hast got such a store;
 The eye that beholds thee, at once must *adore*;
 Nor wish from thine altar to rove:
 Distrust not, I beg thee, the pow'r of thy smile;
 The swain who now wooes thee, is void of all guile;
 And Truth is the daughter of Love.

Yet, Phillida, let me confess in thine ear,
 I would fly from thy charms, with so much I revere,
 But their magic forbids me to move:
 And yet, as *inconstancy* governs the fair,
 Perhaps thou mayst *smile*, and thus end my despair;
 Hope too is the daughter of Love.

ODE ON FRENCH TASTE.

'TIS laughable to see a Frenchman swell;
 Proud of his tragic idol, Pierre Corneille,
 Baptiz'd, *forsooth*, le Grand!
 But our fop neighbours see things with *strange eyes*!
 Alas! Sublimity ne'er left her skies,
 To take a *Frenchman* by the hand.

It is, indeed a very *diff'rent* dame—
 A meretricious, noisy lass, I ween;
 A bouncing giantess, with eyes of flame,
 And such a daring and Medusa mien!

Trick'd out in flaunting lace, and stiff brocade,
 With cabbage-roses loaded, glaring, vast!
Such is the Frenchman's song-inspiring maid;
 The name of this bald Brobdignag, Bombast.

Sublimity's a sweet, majestic fair;
 So simple in her form, and speech, and paces;
 So elegant her manners and her air—
 A Juno dress'd by all the easy graces.

TO TIME.

AN ANACREONTIC.

COME hither—pr'ythee haste, old Time,
 And see what joys amongst us reign;
 The bottle, music, girls, and rhyme,
 And Friendship's soul, delight the scene.

Then hither pr'ythee, Time, repair,
 And taste the pleasures, Gods should *share*.

The Tuscan juice profusely flows;
 We sing of Love, and Delia's charms;
 When Morning warns us to repose,
 We clasp a fav'rite in our arms,
 Then hither, &c.

Ah, could our joys *for ever* last!
 But, Time, thy minutes fly too fast:
 Yet wouldst thou pass *one evening* here,
 Thou'dst make each *hour a thousand year*.

Then hither, &c.

SONG.

YE *gentil* 'squires, give over sighs,
To gain regard in ladies eyes,
And make them doat upon ye;
For love has long been kick'd to door,
Because the little god is *poor*—
Who's welcome without money?

Try, *gentil* sirs, a *diff'rent* scheme;
For truly 'tis an idle dream
To woo with words of honey:
Change (if ye wish *their hearts* to fix)
Your hearts into a coach and six,
And coin your *sighs* to money!

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

LONE minstrel of the moonlight hour,
Who charm'st the silent list'ning plain,
A hapless pilgrim treads thy bow'r,
To hear thy solitary strain.

How soothing is the song of woe,
To me, whom Love hath doom'd to pine!
For, 'mid those sounds that plaintive flow,
I hear *my sorrows* mix with *thine*.

DINAH;

OR, MY LADY'S HOUSEKEEPER.

JUST forty-five, was Mistress Dinah's age,
My lady's housekeeper—stiff, dry, and sage,
Quoting old proverbs oft, with much formality:
A pair of flannel cheeks compos'd her face;
Red were her eyes, her nose of snipe-bill race,
Which took a deal of snuff, of Scottish quality.

Her small prim mouth bore many a hairy sprig,
Resembling much the bristles on a pig:
She likewise held a handsome length of chin,
Tapering away to sharpness like a pin.

Her teeth so yellow much decay bespake,
As every other tooth her mouth had fled;
Thus, when she grinn'd, they seem'd a garden-rake,
Or sheep's bones planted round a flow'ret bed.

Her hair (*'clep'd carrots* by the wits) was red,
Sleek comb'd upon a roll around her head;
Moreover comb'd up very close behind—
No wanton ringlets waving in the wind!

Upon her head a small mob-cap she plac'd,
Of lawn so stiff, with large flow'r'd ribbon grac'd,
Yclept a knot and bridle, in a bow,
Of scarlet flaming, her long chin below.

A goodly formal handkerchief of lawn,
Around her scraggy neck, with parchment skin,
Was fair and smooth, with starch precision drawn,
So that no prying eye might peep within.

Yet *had* it peep'd, it had espied no swell,
No lovely swell—no more than on a cat;
For, lo! was Dinah's neck (I grieve to tell)
As any tombstone, or a flounder, flat.

Now on this handkerchief so starch and white,
Was pinn'd a Barcelona, black and tight.

A large broad-banded apron, rather short,
Surrounded her long waist, with formal port.

On week-days were black worsted mittens worn;
Black silk, on Sundays, did her arms adorn.

Long, very long, was Mistress Dinah's waist;
The stiff stay high before, for *reasons chaste*;

A scarlet petticoat she gave to view—
With a broad plaited back she wore a gown,
Of stuff, of yellow oft, and oft of brown,
And oft a damask, well beflower'd with blue.
Moreover, this same damask gown, or stuff,
Had a large sleeve, and a long ruffle cuff.

Black worsted stockings on her legs she wore;
Black leather shoes too, which small buckles bore,
Compos'd of shining silver, also square,
Holding a pretty antiquated air.

Shrill was her voice, that whistled through her beard;
And tunes, at times, were most discordant heard,
Harsh grating on poor John the footman's ear;
Harsh grating on the ears of house-maids *too*,
Postillion *eke*, who curs'd her for a shrew,
And kitchen-wench, whom Mis'ry taught to *swear*.

All, all but Jehu, felt her pow'rful tongue,
Whose happier ear was sooth'd by *sweeter* song.

No company but Jehu's did she keep,
In horse-flesh, and a coach, profoundly deep;

My lady's coachman, stout, and young, and ruddy;
Great friends were they!—full oft, indeed, together,
They walk'd, regardless of the wind and weather,
So pleas'd each other's happiness to study.

For Friendship, to a *zephyr* sinks a *storm*—
Turns to a *pigmy*, Danger's giant form—
Nought casts a dread on Friendship's steady eye:
Thus did the couple seek the *darkest* grove;
Where Silence, and sweet Meditation, rove;
Where Sol, intrusive, was forbid to pry.

Greatly in sentences did she delight,
So pious! putting people in the right;
And often in the pray'r-book would she look—
Where *matrimony* was much thumb'd indeed,
Because she oft'nest here God's word did read,
The sweetest page in all the blessed book.

All on the Bible too did Dinah pore,
Where chaste Susanna nearly was a wh—,
By wicked elders almost overcome:
King David's actions too did Dinah read,
A man of God's own heart—but call'd indeed,
A wicked fornicating rogue by *some*.

Of Solomon, admir'd she much the song;
Could read the monarch's wisdom all day long—
And where's the wonder? lo, the gallant Jew,
Of mortal hearts the great queen passion knew:
Thus sung he of the sparrow and the dove,
And pour'd instruction through the voice of Love.

John Bunyan read she too, and Kempis Tom,
Who plainly show'd the way to kingdom-come.

So modest was she, she got turn'd away
Susan the kitchen-wench, for harmless play
With Dick the Driver—likewise harmless Dick,

Because he took from Susan's lips a kiss,
Because too, Susan gave him up the bliss,
Without a scream, a faint-fit, or a kick.

If John the footman's eye on Lucy leer'd,
My lady's maid, she watch'd him like a cat;
And if the slightest word of love she heard,
Quick in the fire indeed was all the fat—
Off were the couple trundled—man and maid—
John for a rogue, and Lucy for a jade.

If e'er she heard of some forsaken lass,
Who lost, by dire mishap, her maiden fame,
At once she call'd her trollop, minx of brass,
Strumpet, and ev'ry coarse opprobrious name.

Small was the mercy Dinah kept in store
For sinful flesh—the *smallest* for a wh—.

So *modest* Dinah! if she saw two cats
Ogling and pawing with their pretty pats,
Kissing and squinting love, with frisking hops;
Fir'd at the action, what would Dinah do?
Slip down her hand, and slily take her shoe,
Then launch in thunder at their am'rous chops.

With pigeons 'twas the same, and other birds—
All who made love, came in for bitter words;
Poor simple souls, amidst the genial ray,
Whom simple Nature call'd to simple play;
But Dinah call'd it vile *adulteration*,
A wicked, impudent abomination.

It happen'd on a day, that grievous cries,
By Dinah pour'd, created great surprise—
Ill, very ill, in bed, alas! she lay:
A dreadful cholic—her good lady wept,
Gave her rich cordials—to her bedside crept,
When Dinah begg'd that she would go away.

Down went my lady to the parlour strait,
 Fearful that Dinah soon would yield to fate;
 And full of sorrow as my lady went,
 Sighs for her maid's recovery back she sent.

Lo, Doctor Pestle comes to yield relief—
 He feels her pulse—is solemn, sage, and brief;
 Prescribeth for the cholic—nought avails;
 On Dinah, lo, the dire disorder gains;
 Stronger and faster flow the cholic pains,
 Fear, trembling, paleness, ev'ry soul assails.

'Poor Dinah!' sighs each mouth around the room,
 Join'd to a length'ning face of dread and gloom.

At last, poor Dinah pours a death-like groan—
 A ghostly terror seizeth ev'ry one:

My lady hears the cry, alas! below—
 She sends for Doctor Pestle—Pestle straight
 Runs to my lady—'Doctor, what's her fate?
 Speak, is it death, dear doctor, yes, or no?'

'Not *death*, but *life*,' cries Pestle, 'forc'd that squall;
 A little Jehu's come to light, that's all.'

TO CHLOE.

LET Sorrow seek her native night,
 For why should mortals court the tear?
 Joy, joy should wing each moment's flight,
 And Echo nought but rapture hear.

I'll gather wisdom from the dove,
 And make my life a life of love.

While youth sits sparkling in thine eyes,
 And lips are rich with many a kiss;
 Aloud the voice of Nature cries,
 'I form'd those charms alone for bliss:
 Go, nymph, learn wisdom from my dove,
 And be thy life a life of love.'

THE YOUNG FLY, AND THE
OLD SPIDER.

IN this original and beautiful fable, the poet alludeth to the arts of men, who, by flattery, &c. are constantly laying snares for Innocence. The bard, moreover, showeth, that Prudence may smile at the machinations of a great rogue.

FRESH was the breath of morn—the busy breeze,
 As poets tell us, whisper'd through the trees,

And swept the dew-clad blooms with wing so light,
Phœbus got up, and made a blazing fire,
That gilded every country house and spire,
And smiling, put on his best looks so bright.

On this fair morn, a spider who had set,
To catch a breakfast, his old waving net,
With curious art upon a spangled thorn;
At length, with gravely-squinting longing eye,
Near him espied a pretty plump young fly,
Humming her little orisons to morn.

‘ Good morrow, dear Miss Fly,’ quoth gallant Grim—
‘ Good morrow, sir,’ reply’d Miss Fly to him—
‘ Walk in, Miss, pray, and see what I’m about :’
‘ I’m much oblig’d t’ye, sir,’ Miss Fly rejoin’d,
‘ My eyes are both so very good, I find,
That I can plainly see the whole, *without*.’

‘ Fine weather, Miss’—‘ Yes, very very fine,’
Quoth Miss—‘ prodigious fine indeed :’
‘ But why so coy ?’ quoth Grim, ‘ that you decline
To put within my bow’r your pretty head ?’

‘ ’Tis simply this,’
Quoth cautious Miss,
‘ I fear you’d like my *pretty head* so well,
You’d keep it for yourself, sir—who can tell ?’

‘ Then let me squeeze your lovely hand, my dear,
And prove that all your dread is foolish, vain.’—
‘ I’ve a sore finger, sir; nay more, I fear
You really would not let it go again.’

‘ Poh, poh, child, pray dismiss your idle dread ;
I would not hurt a hair of that sweet head—
Well, then, with one kind kiss of *friendship* meet
me :’

‘ La, sir,’ quoth Miss, with seeming artless tongue,
‘ I fear our *salutation* would be long ;
So *loving*, too, I fear that you would *eat me*.’

So saying, with a smile she left the rogue,
To weave more lines of death, and plan for prog.

MADRIGAL.

WHEN Love and Truth together play'd,
So cheerful was the shepherd's song!

How happy, too, the rural maid!

How light the minutes wing'd along!

But Love has left the sighing vale,

And Truth no longer tells her tale.

Sly stealing, see, from scene to scene,

The watchful Jealousy appear;

And pale Distrust with troubled mien,

The rolling eye, and list'ning ear!

For Love has left the sighing vale,

And Truth no longer tells her tale.

Ah! shall we see no more the hour,

That wafted rapture on its wing?

With murmurs shall the riv'let pour,

That prattled from its crystal spring?

Yes, yes, while Love forsakes the vale,

And Truth no longer tells her tale.

TO CHLOE.

FIVE thousand years have roll'd away,
 And yet ten thousand blockheads say,
 ' O Pleasure, thou'rt the devil :'
 While Nature bids them joy embrace,
 They fling the blessing in her face;
 Now this is most uncivil !

But I'm not one of those, thank Heav'n !
 Ingratitude was never giv'n
 To my good heart, I'm sure :
 Would Chloe yield a thousand kisses,
 Upon my knees I'd seize the blisses,
 And beg a thousand more.

ODE TO A COUNTRY 'SQUIRE,
 ON THE EVE OF HIS MARRIAGE.

GREAT 'Squire! you're now upon the eve of
 marriage,
 And, O *great* 'squire, I know you are a *hog* ;
 Indeed so sad a brute in all your carriage,
 You'll freely give your wife up for a dog.
 This day will yield a fair-one to your arms,
 Whose dow'r are all the virtues, and her charms.

Forc'd by the frown of Poverty to wed,
— With deep regret, I see th' unwilling fair
Dragg'd from her lover, to thy hated bed—
Sold by a cruel parent to Despair:

See her deck'd out by garish, idle Art,
To captivate thy vulgar, savage heart,
And live a tyrant's *slave*—a servile wife!
How like the victim lamb, in ribbons drest.
Led from its vale and sport, so lately blest,
To lose its sweetly-inoffensive life!

Now 'squire, I'll tell you how 'twill be ere long—
(O could the thunder of the poet's song,
Preventing, dash thine iron cheek with shame!)
Thou'lt quarrel with her virtues, peerless beauty!
Bid her 'like spaniels, understand her duty';
Upbraid her with the want of *wealth* and *name*.

Wilt say she came a *beggar* to thy house;
That through *mere charity* thou took'st her in;
Tell her she 'crawls about thee like a louse,
Eternally a torment to thy skin.'

How dares thy fancy nurse the lying thought;
How durst, alas! thy villain tongue declare,
That, when to *thee* the beauteous maid was brought,
Thy offer'd hand *with honour* cloth'd the fair?

Know with the *virtues* of the charming maid,
Know, with her *beauties* thou'rt too well repaid;
Ev'n by a smile, that all our envy draws:
Ah! when she yieldeth to thy lips her kiss,
And bosom yields thee (too sublime a bliss!)
The luckless virgin barter *gems* for *straws*.

At length thou'lt leave her for a *wench*—thy *cook*;
She will enjoy thy cash, and love-clad look;
The turnspit-bastards, to thine eye be dear—
Thy wife, with sweetness bordering on divine,
Pale wretch! in secret solitude shall pine,
Mourn to the wind, and drop the silent tear.

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Mourn to the wind, and drop the silent tear.

To Heav'n, for help, she lifts the brimfull eye!
 Kind Heav'n resumes the gift its bounty gave—
 With happy heart thou hear'st her parting sigh,
 And drnnken, madding, dancest o'er her grave.

Thy cook-wench soon becomes thy *proper* mate,
 And leaves thee soon for lads who clean thy stables;
 Noses thee, pulls thine ears, and pounds thy pate,
 And, with much justice, on thee *turns the tables*.

Ma'am Cook shall oft contrive to see thee *skipping*,
 To hide thee from her rage, from room to room;
 Urg'd by a ladle-full of *broth* or *dripping*,
 Or by the *strong persuasions* of the broom.

To plague a little more thine aching head,
 And keep thee, mournful devil, upon thorns;
 Shall take thy own postillion to her bed,
 And, threat'ning, dare thee once to mention *horns*.

THE COMPLAINT OF MIRZA,

TO

SELIMA HIS MISTRESS.

From the Persian.

WHERE is the nymph of Sardi's green domain,
 The nymph, whom every bard of Persia sings?
 To find the wand'rer out, and sooth my pain,
 Sweet bird of morn, to Mirza lend thy wings.

But wherefore seek the nymph of Sardi's vale,
 Who sullen flies where Horar's waters roll;

Scorns all my complaints, that mourn along the gale,
And scorns the surge of grief, that sinks my soul ?

Ah ! can that cheek where Beauty's summer dwells,
Retain a smile, whilst Mirza's sorrows flow ?
Ah ! can that heart, that every softness swells,
Forbear to heave on Mirza's songs of woe ?

Come, like the morn, pure virgin of delight,
And, blushing, chase the cloud of Mirza's fears.
Come, like the sun upon the dew's of night,
And with thy radiance, smile away my tears.

HAWKING, A BALLAD,

Made at Falconers' Hall, Yorkshire.

COME, sportsmen, away—the morning how fair !
To the wolds, to the wolds, let us quickly repair ;
Bold Thunder* and Lightning* are mad for the game,
And Death † and the Devil † are both in a flame.

See, Backers ‡, a kite !—a mere speck in the sky—
Zounds ! out with the owl—lo, he catches his eye—
Down he comes with a sweep—be unhooded each
hawk ;

Very soon will they both to the *gentleman* talk.

They're at him—he's off—now they're o'er him again :
Ah ! that was a stroke—see ! he drops to the plain—

* Names of two hawks. † Names of hawks.

‡ The head falconer.

They rake him—they tear him—he flutters, he cries,
He struggles, he turns up his talons, and dies.

See, a magpie; let fly—how he flutters and shambles!
How he chatters, poor rogue! now he darts to the
brambles:

Out again—overtaken—his spirits now flag—
Flip! he gives up the ghost—good night Mister Mag.

Lo, a heron! let loose—how he pokes his long neck,
And darts, with what vengeance, but vainly, his beak!
Egad, he shifts well—now he feels a death-wound,
And, with Thunder and Lightning rolls tumbling
to ground.

Thus we falconers sport—now homewards we stray,
To fight o'er the bottle, the wars of the day:
And in honour, at night, of the chase and its charms,
Sink sweetly to rest, with a *dove* in our arms.

ODE TO HEALTH.

Peter protesteth against Physic.

SWEET nymph, of rosy cheek and sprightly mien,
Who, vagrant, playful, on the hills art seen,
E'er Sol illumines the grey world below;
Now, doe-like, skipping wild from vale to vale,
Enamour'd of the rills and fresh'ning gale, [flow.
From whose mild wing the streams of fragrance

O! 'midst those hills and vales contented stray—
Thou wilt be ruin'd if thou com'st away—
Doctors too much like man-traps lie in wait—

They'll tell thee, beauteous nymph, ten thousand lies,
That they can mend thy bloom, and sparkling eyes—
Avoid, avoid, my dear, the dangerous bait.

Like the *first* woodcock of the year,
The instant that he dares appear,
The country's up to kill him—dog and gun!
So when thou showest, nymph, thy rosy face,
I see at once an Æsculapian chase;
And, oh! if caught, thou wilt not find it *fun*.

Lo, *this* proclaims he vendeth at *his* shop
Rich immortality in *his* dear drop;
Another dire impostor, bawling louder,
Swears that it lodges only in *his* powder.

These raggamuffins have the name of *quack*,
Prepar'd to put thy beauties on the rack—
But then, the *regulars*!—ay, what are they?
The *regulars*, my love, are *gentlemen*,
Whom very justly nine in ten,
I with an eye of no small dread survey.

The *regulars* in physic, I'm afraid,
And all th' *irregulars* who ply the trade,
Are just like men that form an army;
Whichever at you lifts his gun, alas!
Will soon convince you what must come to pass—
The shot will *very comfortably* warm ye.

Indeed, the only diff'rence will be this,
Nor quack nor regular the mark will *miss*;
The art of killing they are all so pat in;
On broken English, fate by *that* you seek;
By *this*, upon the wings of mongrel Greek,
And pie-bald Latin.

Then once more let me bid thee, blooming lass,
To keep, like Babylon's great king, *at grass*,
And thou wilt find it not an idle notion:

Tis fair, that I should try to save thy life—
 And know that Death is never half so *rife*,
 As when the country swarms with *pill* and *potion*.

O blooming wand'rer of the breezy hills,
 Beware then of those potions and those pills—
 Be kisses all thy physic, rose-lipp'd Health;
 Kisses, *my easy nostrum*, ne'er are *rife*,
 For ever pregnant, lovely nymph, with *life*,
 And *sweeter* when they are enjoy'd by *stealth*.

I've built a neat snug cottage on the plain,
 Pr'ythee drop in some evening on *thy swain*.

TO CHLOE.

CHLOE, I live, and live for *thee alone*;
 Trust me, there's nought worth living for, be-
 Nought for thine absence, Cloe, can atone, [side:
 Though Phœbus shines, and Nature pours her pride.

Lo, full of innocence the lambkins bleat;
 The brooks in sweetest murmurs purl along;
 The lark's, the linnet's voices too, are sweet—
 But what are these to Chloe's tuneful tongue?

With ev'ry balm, the breath of Zephyr blows;
 But thine can yield a thousand times more blisses:
 I own the fragrance of the blushing rose,
 But, ah! how faint to balm of Chloe's kisses!

Ye gods! I mark thy frown, and scornful eye,
 And now thy bridling chin of scorn I see;
 And now I hear thee, so contemptuous, cry,
 'What are my kisses, saucy swain, to thee?'

True, dearest Chloe—yet each kiss divine,
Which dwelleth on thy lips so very teasing,
Would quickly change its nature were it *mine*,
And *rapt'rous* prove—*superlatively* pleasing!

Love is a *generous* god, and 'tis his pleasure
To see the *gold* he gives, in *circulation*—
Then cease to *hoard* such *quantities* of treasure,
And be afraid to put him in a *passion*.

Thy beauties should the angry god *divide*,
And throw amongst thy sex, 'twould be alarming;
And not a little mortify thy pride,
To meet, dear Chloe, ev'ry woman *charming*.

O D E.

Peter praiseth Constancy.

TH' unsteady mind is my abomination;
I curse the whiffling and inconstant passion :
From me, dear Constancy, don't, don't depart—
I love the cooing turtle and her mate—
The Proteus Mutability I hate—

A *demon* when he holds the human heart;
A flutt'ring straw, to wander so inclin'd ;
Keeping the company of ev'ry wind.

Old customs let us not exchange for new;
They sit so easy—just like an old shoe :
And let us not, as though from Wisdom's schools,
Fancy our forefathers were arrant fools.

Ev'n in *religious* matters, folks love *change* ;
Scheming new roads to Heav'n, they wildly range ;

Hunting with noses all so keen, about :
I like an honest constancy in souls,
In spite of *interest*, that our race controls,
Turning, like pudding-bags, men inside out.

In Ireland, not long since, th' unlucky cattle,
And that sad plague, call'd Murrain, had a battle;

When Murrain prov'd a most victorious foe—
For ram and ewe, 'Squire Bull, and Madam Cow,
And lusty Mister Bull, and Mistress Sow,

Were by this rogue in multitudes laid low.

Numbers indeed resign'd their breath,
To fill the gaping tombs of death.

Now in the parish, 'midst the murrain's rage,
Which all the farrier's skill could not assuage,

Liv'd a good priest—Father M'Shane ;
Famous afar for wonder-working pray'rs ;
Minding not sins one pin, though thick as hares,
Safe were the souls of the profane !

One Sunday he desir'd to say his masses,
Amidst the field—where beasts of various classes,

Infected by this murrain, might appear :
His congregation follow'd, to be sure ;
Bull, cow, pig, sheep, surrounded him *for cure*,
Yielding his masses an attentive ear.

What happen'd ? Disappointed was the Devil,
Father M'Shane's good prayers destroy'd the evil ;
Bull, cow, and sheep, so hungry, graz'd the plains,
And pigs, half famish'd, fell upon the grains.

In short, their healths and appetites return'd—
Father M'Shane, what ? laugh'd, while Satan
mourn'd.

Proud of his deed, the holy father went
To a rich Protestant, with good intent,

To make the murrain from *his* cattle fly :
'Father M'Shane,' the farmer cry'd in scorn,
'My cattle all were *Church-of-England* born,
And in that holy faith they all shall die.'

A LITTLE SKETCH

OF A CERTAIN

MOST MERCIFUL AND LITTLE JUDGE.

———*Hunc tu, Romane, caveto;**Hic niger est* ——

LO, that *be*-periwigg'd black knave in scarlet,
The robes deep blushing for their master's soul;
With what solemnity he sits, the varlet!

With what sublimity his eye-balls roll!
With what a grave pomposity he blows
What has been often pull'd—his mean pug-nose!

With what a sanctity pronouncing *death*!
How pleas'd in secret swells the fatal breath!
Religion-cloth'd, each sentence moves along,
While thirst for murder prompts the villain's tongue.

Look at this *judge*—this fellow, out of court!

The very first in Roguery's hawk-ey'd school!
A knave, committing crimes of *ev'ry sort*;

To whom Hypocrisy's an arrant fool.

'There's no such *man*,' the world exclaims.—That's
true;

But such a *monster*, ev'ry day we view.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

IS it not astonishing that the life of so great a man as Sir Joshua Reynolds should not have been written? A painter who possessed more of the charming art than almost any single professor that ever existed.

But Fame proclaimeth Mr. James Boswell to be big with the biography of this celebrated artist, and ready to sink into the straw!

See Johnson's angry ghost, ye gods, arise!

He drops his nether lip, and rolls his eyes;

And roars, O Bozzy, Bozzy, spare the *dead*!

Raise not thy biographic guillotine;

Decapitate no more with that machine,

Nor frighten Horror with a *second* head:

'From Reynolds' neck, the pond'rous weapon keep:
Cease, *Anthropophagus*, to murder sleep!'

There is a wonderful energy as well as sonorous sublimity in this polysyllabic expression of the ghost of our immortal moralist and lexicographer, not obvious to the *minora sidera* of literature. The word *anthropophagus* is a derivative from the Greek, signifying *man-eater*; and Mr. James Boswell having regaled most plentifully on the carcase of Dr. Johnson, and meaning to make as hearty a meal on the

body of Sir Joshua Reynolds, furnisheth the perturbed spectre with an appellative of fortunate propriety.

Johnson and Reynolds, lo, for ever lost!
Of no great man has Bozzy now to boast;
Of no rich table now can Bozzy brag:
Indeed, like faded beauties, he will say,
' Envy must own *I've had my shining day.*'—
What wert thou?—an illuminated rag!

But what's become of boastful Bozzy now?
Deep sunk in mournful solitude art thou!
Amidst thy small tin-box, so drear and dark,
No *courted* genius casts a lucky spark!
Nothing to gild thy solitary tinder,
Save the rude flint and steel of Peter Pindar.

AN EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

THOUGH here in *death* thy relics lie,
Thy worth shall live in Mem'ry's eye;
Who oft at night's pale noon shall stray,
To bathe with tears thy lonely clay.

Here Pity too, in weeds forlorn,
Shall, mingling sighs, be heard to mourn;
With Genius drooping o'er thy tomb,
In sorrow for a brother's doom.

O D E
ON THE CHOLERIC CHARACTER.

*Peter reprehendeth Rational Creatures, for their
violent Anger against Inanimates.*

HAPPY the man whose heart of such a sort is,
As holds more butter-milk than aqua-fortis!

But, Lord! how passionate are *certain folk*!
How like the sea, reflecting ev'ry form.
So placid!—the next instant in a storm,
Dashing against the inoffensive rock;

Mounting towards the skies with such a thunder,
As though it wish'd (the lev'ler!) to bring under
Sun, moon, and stars, and tear them into tatters—
Such passions verily are serious matters.

Men in morality should ne'er be idle,
But for those passions make a strong curb bridle.

When lofty man doth quarrel with a pin,
In *man* resides the folly or the sin—

Not in the *brass*, by which his finger's spitted—
For with a small philosophy we find,
That, as a pin is not endow'd with mind,
Of malice call'd *prepense*, pin stands acquitted:

Thus then his *awkwardness* must bear the blame,
And thus to persecute the pin's a shame.
Many inanimates, as well as pins,
Suffer for others' fooleries and sins.

How oft a drunken blockhead dams a post,
That overturns him, breaks his shins, or head :
Whose eyes should certainly have view'd the coast,
And have avoided this same post so dread ;

Whereas he should have spar'd his idle cries,
And only damn'd his own two *blinking eyes*.

A little Welchman, Welchman-like indeed,
Hot as Chian, that is to say—
A bachelor—and therefore ev'ry need,
Was, for subsistence, forc'd to *him* to pray :

This Bachelor, to satisfy withal
His gullet,
Put into a small pot—indeed *too small*,
A pullet.

The pullet's legs were not to be confin'd ;
So out they pok'd themselves, so sleek and white :
The Welchman curs'd her legs with wicked mind,
And push'd them in again, with monstrous spite

The pullet liking not the pot's embrace,
So *very warm*—indeed a nat'ral case,
Pok'd forth her shrinking legs *again*, so fair ;
With seeming much uneasiness, in troth,
Objecting to her element of broth,
And wishing much to take a little air.

The Cambro-Briton waxing red and hot,
And highly *foaming* too, just like the pot.
Ran to the legs, and shov'd them in once more ;
But, lo ! his oaths and labour all were vain ;
Out pok'd the pullet's boiling legs again ;
Which put the Welchman's passions in a *roar* !

What will not mortals, urg'd by rage and sin, do ?
Mad at defeat, and with a dev'lish scowl,
He seizes with ferocity the fowl,
And, full of vengeance, whirls her out at window.

TO MISS HARRINGTON.

OF BATH.

‘**A**LAS, alas, I’ve lost a day!’
 Good Titus once was heard to say,
 And sorely, sorely to repent it—
 What was it made the emp’ror groan:
 I’d give a good round sum, I own,
 To be inform’d how ’twas he spent it.

Dear Titus, quickly leave thy tomb;
 Enter of Harrington the room,
 Whom music and each grace reveres—
 I’ll answer for’t, thou wilt not say,
 ‘Alas, alas, I’ve lost a *day*;
 But, ‘Gods! I’ve found *five hundred years*!’

ANACREON TO HIS LYRE.

Sent to a Lady.

FAIN would I strike the harp to kings,
 And give to war the sounding strings;
 But, lo! the chords rebellious prove,
 And tremble with the notes of love.

In vain I quarrel with my lyre,
 In vain I change the rebel wire;
 Boldly I strike to war again,
 But love prevails through all the strain.

Oh! since not master of the shell,
 Ye kings, and sons of war, farewell;
 And since the Loves the song require,
 To Venus I resign the lyre.

'Twas thus, O nymph, with Attic tongue,
 The gay Anacreon pour'd the song,
 A bard belov'd by *me*:
 And who the Poet's harp can blame?
 Perhaps old Greece could boast a dame,
 With every grace like *thee*.

ODE.

*Peter modestly, delicately, and tenderly, pleadeth
 against the excessive Damages lately given for
 certain illegal Liberties in Love-matters.*

A MAN may, in the cold dim eve of life,
 By way of sunshine, take a pretty wife,
 To warm him, as King David did of yore*;
 Kiss her neat little finger, pat her cheek,
 Toy with the snowy beauties of her neck—
 No more!

Preventing thus each rake of flesh and sin
 From impudently stepping in.

* Here is a flagrant error of the lyric bard. It was not a *wife*, but a pair of pretty black-eyed *Hebrew lasses*, whom the monarch chose for his *loving companions*.

Thus toying, mumbling, chuckling, the old fool,
 Who wanteth much the birch of Cupid's school,
 Expects his wife, so soft, and so divine,
 To fancy ev'ry sublunary bliss
 In ev'ry toying monkey-trick and kiss,
 And round his neck, her arms with *rapture* twine;

Just like the fragrant pea, with blooms so thick,
 That curls her tendrils round a rotten stick!

For *him* to raise his hedge, and bar his gate,
 Is nat'ral—sad is trespass on th' estate;
 For who, alas! can sit with silent ease,
 And see a neighbour's pig among his peas?

But why should be afraid of horns,
 Who married a poor squeal, starv'd cat, for
money?

Heav'ns! what should put the judge's breech on
 thorns?

Where, for the wasps, alas! is madam's honey?

'Tis sweetness tempts the insects from the skies;
 Gall needeth not a flapper for the flies.

So furious is this judge against crim. con.

That poor Adultery is just undone:

Afraid to write, or squeeze, or wink his eye,

Nay, waft the soul's soft wishes on a sigh!

Woe to the wicked *cornu*-factors now!

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty thousand pounds,

For *him* to pay, who milks his neighbour's cow;

Stealing by night so slily to his grounds!

'O 'tis so vile, so wicked an affair!

Dreadful a neighbour's honour to ensnare—

Take his dear spouse without his leave, indeed!

What! of his bosom steal the tender wife!

The pigeon to his feet, prolonging life,

Of sinking age the sweet supporting reed!

'O that the law would make such doings *death*!

Thus roars the jealous judge, with thund'ring breath.

O! rave not thus with anger pale,
But let thy *fav'rite* Justice hold the scale:
What though we must *condemn* the smuggled bliss;
Ten thousand pounds are too much for a *kiss*.

THE ADDRESS OF THE FAIRIES

TO THE

LADIES OF R—, IN CORNWALL:

Left on the Dial-plate in the Garden.

YE gentle maids of Camborne's Druid vale,
Admir'd and lov'd by all our elfin train;
Your worth with wonder and delight we hail,
And pen, unseen, for *you* the tuneful strain.

Beneath these oaks our happy court we keep,
When midnight rules the world with solemn sway;
While *you*, forgetful, sink to silent sleep,
We, blithsome, gambol 'mid the moonlight ray.

Sweet is the spot where Innocence is seen—
Dear is the valley where the Virtues dwell:
By *such* allur'd, we trip this dewy green,
Far from the sound of Riot's savage yell.

Health, rose-lipp'd Health, shall crown your crystal
rill,

And bid with ev'ry balm your zephyrs blow;
Unceasing song shall charm the echoing hill,
And Plenty robe with bloom, the vale below.

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Thus wing'd with joy shall glide your golden hours,
 Till for yon skies ye bid the world adieu;
 And when at last ye leave these blissful bow'rs,
 Your little weeping *friends* will wander too.

OBERON,
 PUCK,
 BLOSSOM,
 MAB, &c.

TO CHARLOTTE,

On New-Year's Day.

BEHOLD another year succeed!
 But, Charlotte, thou hast nought to dread,
 Since Time will ever beauty spare:
 Time knows what's *perfect*, and well knows,
 'Twould take him *ages* to compose
 Another damsel *half so fair*.

TO CYNTHIA.

CYNTHIA, I own my heart is lost,
 And dare confess it with a boast;
 It does a credit to my sighs;
 For who like *thee* displays a face,
 Or who like *thee* abounds with grace,
 Or sports like *thee* a pair of eyes?

But, ah ! 'tis folly to complain,
Because I hear no sighs again,
A soft, a sweet return for *mine* ;
Love is a *rogue*, who bade me gaze ;
And when he saw *my* bosom blaze,
Refus'd to raise a spark in *thine*.

HYMN TO SILENCE.

O SILENCE, to our earth by Wisdom giv'n,
Yet from the *fashionable* circles driv'n
To breathing zephyrs, and the limpid stream,
Whose murmurs sweetly sooth the shepherd's dream?
For thee I often sigh, but sigh in vain,
When Folly stuns me with her noisy train.

Oh ! how I wish thy presence, when the 'squire
Impertinently bursts into my room ;
Hallooing from the kennel's howl and mire,
And casting o'er my day, a midnight gloom.

Yet if his sister *Phil.* comes giggling in,
And talks of fashions, op'ra, ball, and play ;
Methinks, my ears can *bear* the varied din,
Which forceth thee, mute maid, to run away.

Yet 'tis not *long* I wish thee thus apart ;
So much thy presence glads, *at times*, my heart—
For when I clasp the nymph, so fair and young,
And steal a sweet acquaintance with her *lip*,
I wish thee in the room at once to skip,
And gently take possession of her *tongue*.

CECILIA.

CECILIA, as 'twas Christmas time,
 Resolving on a flight sublime,
 Pepar'd to pass her holidays in Heav'n:
 The goddess then brush'd up her wings,
 Pick'd up her trinkets, her best things.
 Her harp, and songs, and pen, by Phœbus giv'n.

When in rush'd Music—' Madam, no,
 ' Indeed you *must* not, *shall* not go'—
 ' Poh! hold thy tongue,' the goddess cry'd, ' thou
 Ninny;
 Think'st thou I'll quit dear Bath, my pride,
 And not an *equal charm* provide?
 Thou stupid creature, to forget *Rauzzini*.'

SONG.

AH, Delia! I will not complain,
 That another is blest in thy charms;
 Yet allow me to *envy* the swain,
 Whom Delia can take to her arms.

I confess that no merit is mine—
 That of Delia I ought to despair:
 Since thy virtues, dear maid, are divine,
 And thy form like an angel's so fair.

On Fate let me fix all the blame,
 Who show'd me thy form of desire;
 When I caught from thy beauty a flame,
 That only with life can expire.

Yet, Delia, before I depart,
 Ah! do not one favour deny;
 Though Fortune denies me thy heart,
 Let thy pity accept of its sigh.

MADRIGAL.

SWEET girl, the man's a downright fool,
 That asks for constancy in love—
 Variety's a charming school:
 How nat'ral for the heart to rove!

A form like thine can never cloy—
 And lo, thy graces, what a plenty!
 Then tell me, why should *one* enjoy
 The beauties that suffice for *twenty*?

AN APOLOGY FOR INCONSTANCY.

TO PHILLIS.

'HOW 'tis thou governest *above*,
 I know not verily, O Love;
 But, to my grief, this truth I know,
 That Folly leads thy dance *below*.'

'Twas thus I spleenful cry'd, when first my heart
From thy black sparklers felt the stinging dart :

In dismal crape I dress'd up many a ballad ;
Mad at sour looks, I look'd for nought but smile,
Not dreaming once that vinegar and oil
Produc'd a fine effect upon a sallad.

My wary wisdom now is on its guard,
And ev'ry day, I, Peter, am prepar'd

To catch my little Syren out of humour :
A disappointment at a ball perchance,
Not standing up the *foremost* in a dance,
Which forms a feast for wide-mouth'd Madam
Rumour,
May give thee fidgets, put thee out of sorts—
What slighteth lady loveth such reports ?

Grant that thine eyes, with sullen clouds o'ercast,
Let fall, alas ! a hearty show'r of rain—
Soon will those suns (for long it cannot last)

Peep out with radiance on the world again.
When, lo ! their beams will seem a great deal brighter,
My spirits also dancing ten times lighter.

Life is too mawkish, if 'tis always *sweet* ;
At times, a disappointment is a treat.
Some scout this doctrine—Psha ! the vapid asses !
Lord, drown them in a hogshhead of molasses.

When majesty was in a monstrous passion,
And grimly Thurlow thunder'd out d-mnation,
And Leeds and Hawk'sb'ry join'd their jowls together,
Brewing, like witches of Macbeth, foul weather ;

I cannot truly say my heart was light :
Indeed the bard found something like a fright ;
Indeed I trembled at gathering gloom ;
But when the cloud so harmless pass'd away,
My spirits all so frolicksome and gay,
To dance their jig, had scarcely *elbow-room*.

I laugh'd at each dark terrifying mien, [vein.
And mock'd the dread that rush'd through ev'ry

Yet, is it possible, ye tuneful Nine

(Doubtless the thought the great Apollo shocks),
That verses vended by a bard divine,

Can put his sacred legs into the stocks ?
Yes ! and his sacred head into the pillory ;
So say the law archives of Lent and Hillary.

Some, Moderation kick, like fools, to door,
And wish their passions always in a *roar*.
Ah ! would those madmen wisely time employ,
They ought to be *æconomists* of joy.

Too frequent and too violent a motion,
Will tear the best machinery to pieces ;
This doctrine to young masters is a *potion*,
A nauseous potion too to *love-sick misses*.

Beyond the extravagance of rhyme,
Beyond the flight of thought sublime,
I chase not blisses thus beyond all measure—
Rapture's a fiery hunter to bestride ;
Indeed I wish not *madman-like* to ride,
But calm on that sweet filly, christen'd Pleasure.

Phillis, I will not *always* have thy smile ;
At times, I'll give thee liberty to *pout* :
Such is my plan, the minutes to beguile ;
Sometimes *in* Heav'n, my love, and sometimes *out*.
Variety affords a zest to life—
But, mum !—we must not say this to a wife.

HYMN TO LIFE.

PARENT of Pleasure, and of many a groan,
 I should be loath to part with thee, I own,
 Dear life!

To tell the truth, I'd rather lose a *wife*,
 Should Heav'n e'er deem me worthy of possessing
 That best, that most invaluable blessing.

Some people talk of thee with much *sang froid*,
 As one too pitiful to be enjoy'd;

But thou'rt a most delightful girl with *me*—
 A hundred thousand pretty things are *thine*;
 Indeed, of golden treasure thou'rt a mine,
 Thy manners greatly with my heart agree.

I love thy sweet acquaintance from my heart;
 Will make a bargain with thee not to part,
 Till fate shall strike our system off its hinges:
 Consenting to a little gout sometimes;
 That spoils my appetite to meat and rhimes,
 Those very sharp *memento-mori* twinges.

I thank thee that thou brought'st me into *being*;
 The things of this our world are well *worth seeing*,
 And, let me add moreover, well worth feeling;
 Then what the dev'l would people have,
 These gloomy hunters of the grave,
 For ever sighing, groaning, canting, kneeling?

I cannot rise from thee as from a feast,
 As Horace says, *uti conviva satur*—
 No such matter:
 I'll answer for myself at least.

No, when it comes that thou and I must part,
Life, I shall leave thee with a sighing heart;
Leave the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
With ling'ring longing looks, says Gray.

Some wish they never had been born, how odd!
To see the handy works of God,
In sun, and moon, and starry sky;
Though last, not least, to see sweet woman's charms;
Nay more, to clasp them in our arms,
And pour the soul in love's delicious sigh,
Is well worth coming for, I'm sure,
Supposing that thou gav'st us nothing more.

Yet, thus surrounded, Life, dear Life, I'm *thine*;
And could I always call thee *mine*,
I would not quickly bid this world farewell:
But whether here, or long, or short my stay,
I'll keep in mind, for ev'ry day,
An old French motto, *vive la bagatelle*!

Before us Heav'n hath plac'd the tear and smile;
Each may be won with very trifling toil—
But if there be in Nature such a mule,
Who, willing with misfortune to be curst,
Should, like an idiot, madly choose the first,
In God's name let him suffer like a fool.

Misfortunes are this lott'ry world's sad blanks;
Presents, in my opinion, not worth thanks:
The pleasures are the twenty-thousand prizes,
Which nothing but a downright ass despises.

ODE TO ADMIRAL HOTHAM.

THRICE happy man, on whom Dundas and Pitt,
 With all the energy of human wit,
 And all the pow'rs of sacred truth beside,
 Have lavish'd the wild torrent of their praise,
 Deck'd thy bald head with Glory's brightest rays!
 Haste from thy vessel with unwounded hide;
 Thy *vessel*, which, like *thee*, 'mid war's alarm,
 And *mighty* danger, met no *mighty* harm.

Great tar, at once thy course for England shape;
 England, broad staring, quite upon the gape,
 To meet the victor, by whose arm, Dundas
 Declares what *marv'lous things* have come to pass!

Yet as we bear thee through the streets along,
 Amid the stunning shout, and howling song;
 Suppose a patriot sage should cross thy way,
 And, claiming silence, ask in manly tone,
 'What for these honours, Hotham, hast thou done?'
 Hotham! now what the devil wilt thou say?

FROM THE PERSIAN OF EMIR JOHAD.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

SWEET child of summer, who from flow'r to flow'r,
To sip each odour, sport'st on silken wing;
I greet thy presence 'mid the golden hour,
Whilst with the birds the vales of Serdi ring.

I see thee perching on each rose's bloom;
From fragrance thus to fragrance wont to glide;
Now from the tender vi'let waft perfume;
Now fix'd upon the lily's snowy pride.

Though blest art thou—my bliss is greater still;
I kiss the bosom of the brightest fair!
The charms of Adel all my senses fill;
And whilst those charms I press, her love I share.

But thou a mutual passion canst not know;
No fond endearments can return to thee—
Whilst I, belov'd, with constant rapture glow—
Sweet child of summer, come and envy me.

ODE TO THE LION SHIP OF WAR.

On her Return with the Embassy from China.

DEAR Lion, welcome from thy *monkey* trip;
 Glad is the bard to see thee, thou good ship;
 Thy mournful ensign, half way down the staff,
 Provokes (I fear me much) a general laugh!

What sad long phizzes thou hast now on board!
 A high and mighty disappointed lord!
 And lo, a disappointed doughty knight,
 Whose buds of hope have felt a horrid blight.

Say, wert thou not *asham'd* to put thy prow
 Where Britons, dog-like, learnt to crawl and bow?
 Where *eastern* majesty, as hist'ry sings,
 Looks down with smiles of scorn on *western* kings?

Ah me! 'tis universally allow'd
 That eastern monarchs are prodigious proud;
 Unlike the *humble* monarchs of the *west*—
 Such kind and pliable and gentle creatures!
 So placid, of their souls, and sweet, the features;
 Where nought but Virtue is a welcome guest.

Your eastern despots, in their lofty station,
 Expect the censer of rich adulation

To burn for ever underneath their noses:
 This incense boasts a certain opiate pow'r;
 Whose pleasant, stupefying, plenteous show'r,
 The optics of the understanding closes;

Producing, too, a charming gaudy dream,
 In which kings think they hold the world's esteem

Think, too, the conscience sound, tho' full of holes,
And virtues, thick as herrings, in their souls.

O Flatt'ry, thou attendant on Inanity,
Thou meat, drink, clothes, and furniture of Vanity,
'Tis cruel to attack a *feeble head*;
Yes, cruel—likewise let me add, a *shame*—
Who never makest mention of its name,
Poor, easy, gaping cuckoo, when 'tis *dead*.

Once more to *thee*, O Lion, to return—
A subject form'd to bid all England mourn!

O think upon thy Britons, how disgrac'd,
As to the palace of Jehól they rac'd,
So shabbily, so tawdrily array'd*!
The natives, with horse-laughs, the tribe remarking†;
While, grunting, kicking, braying, howling, bark-
ing‡,
Hogs, dogs, and asses, join'd the cavalcade!

* 'I cannot but add to the obstacles which we received from the curiosity of the Chinese people, some small degree of mortification at the kind of impression our appearance seemed to make on them: for they no sooner obtained a sight of any of us, than they universally burst out into loud shouts of laughter.' *Vide* Anderson's Narrative of the British Embassy to China.

† Mr. Anderson supposes the clothes for the *suite* of the ambassador were second-hand things purchased from the servants of the French Ambassador Luzerne, or from the play-houses—perhaps from Monmouth-street.

‡ 'We found ourselves (says Mr. Anderson) intermingled with a cohort of pigs, asses, and dogs, which broke our ranks, *such as they were*, and put us into irrecoverable confusion. All formality of procession, therefore, was at an end; and the ambassador's palanquin was so far advanced before us, as to make a little *smart running* necessary to overtake it.'

Not Staunton, with his doctor's gown and cap,
 Could from the populace obtain *one* clap;
 Nor poor Macartney, with his star and ribbon!—
 Child-like, he might as well have had a bib on!

Ah me ! before ye sail'd, a friend,
 I told ye all how things would end*.

Tell me, who plann'd this silly expedition?
 That brain was surely in a mad condition:

Say, was it Avarice, the lean old jade,
 Who, though half Asia's gems her corpse illume
 (Sol's radiance on a melancholy tomb),

Can join with Meanness in her dirtiest trade?

Who told our king, the embassy would thrive,
 Must be the most egregious fool alive—

God mend that courtier's head, or rather trash-
 pot!—

Perhaps he cry'd, ' Upon the rich Hindoo

Your glorious majesty has cast its shoe,

And China next, my liege, must be your *wash-
 pot.*'

* See my Epistle to Lord Macartney, in which I
 prophesied somewhat *more* than came to pass, as the
 embassy was *bonâ fide* not literally *flogged*; but,
 says Anderson, ' we entered Pekin like *paupers*, we
 remained in it like *prisoners*, and we quitted it like
vagrants.'

ODE TO A BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the summer's golden hour,
Who, happy, rov'st from flow'r to flow'r,
Now sportive winnowing 'mid th' expanse of air;
O welcome to my little field!
Each leaf of fragrance may it yield!
Yes, dwell with *me*, and Nature's bounty share.
No black Sir Joseph* with his net,
And Jonast†, whelm'd with dust and sweat,
Shall rudely chase thee far from my protection;
Wild-leaping ev'ry fence and ditch;
So rank the virtuoso itch,
For making a rare butterfly collection.
Yet round thy paper-gibbet, laud would flow,
Amid the knight's brave breakfasts in Soho;
With rapture shown to toast-and-muffin sages:
With *thee* too, would the *royal Journals* ring;
And ev'n thy pretty mealy painted wing
Employ description sweet, for fifty pages!
Yet what, alas! is praise to people *dead*?
A panegyric on a lump of lead—
Precisely so!
Ye gods, then, let me all *my* praises *hear*—
For verily 'tis wisdom to prefer
One grain *above ground*, to a pound *below*.
Rare child of ether, pr'ythee then agree
To choose the offer'd field, and dwell with *me*:

* Banks.

† Jonas Dryander, the knight's *sine quo non*.

Here will I mark thee, 'mid thy meals, how chaste !
 So busy on the flow'rs of golden hue,
 And silver daisies moist with morning dew,
 How innocent, how simple thy repast !

Ah ! diff'rent far, from *us* who grossly lave
 Our lips in beef and mutton's sanguine wave !

Whilst *we*, a race barbarian, cruel, *slay*—
 From *hog*, too, form the dinners of the day—
 From hog, that lodg'd of yore the imps of evil* !
 Intrepid *he* who ventur'd *thus* to dine !
 Methinks the man who dreamt of eating *swine*,
 Must really next have thought of eating *devil*.

ODE ON MODERATION.

' **SOME** folks are mad, and do not know it,'
 Says *some one*—I forget the poet ;
 And verily the bard was in the right.
 Wild as a puppy chasing butterflies,
 The world hunts Transport with keen nose and eyes :
 Deceitful lass, who often proves a bite !
 The calm, cool, philosophic hour ;
 The purling brook, the woodbine bow'r ;
 The grove's, the valley's sweet and simple song ;

* The history of the herd of swine is universally known as well as believed.

Morn's virgin blush, and Evening's setting ray,
On more than half the world are *thrown away*,
Whose joys must like a whirlwind pour along.

Calmly let *me* begin and end Life's chapter;
Ne'er panting for a *hurricane* of rapture:

Calm let *me* walk—not riotous and jumping:
With due decorum, let my heart
Perform a sober, quiet part,

Not at the ribs be ever bumping, bumping.

Rapture's a *charger*—often breaks his girt,
Runs off, and flings his rider in the dirt.

Lo, when for Gretna Green the couple start,
Love plays his gambols thro' each throbbing heart:

Squeezing and hugging, kissing on they go;
Wild, from the chaise, they poke their heads to John,
'Make haste, dear John, drive on, drive on, drive on,
Lord! Lord! your horses are so very slow!'

And whilst, for Gretna Green, each turtle sighs,
The blacksmith* seems an angel in their eyes.

But when this blacksmith has perform'd *his* part,
Possession quells the tumults of the heart;

The heart with foaming bliss no more boils over!
Now leisurely into the chaise they get!

They ask no John to drive, no horse to sweat;
No eye's keen sparkle shows the burning lover;

No kisses 'midst the jolting road they snap;

Cælia now takes a comfortable nap:

Down on her cheeks, her locks dishevell'd flow;

Not vastly smooth, but much like locks of hay;

Her cap not much resembling Alpine snow,

Shook from her rolling wearied head away.

* Also a divine, who gains a comfortable maintenance by making matrimonial chains as well as horse-shoes.

The youth too, with his noddle on his breast;
 His hair all careless, much in hay-like trim;
 As though sweet wedlock's joys had lost their zest;
 As though a dull indiff'rence damn'd the whim;
 With mouth half shut, that heavy seems to say,
 'The Devil take the blacksmith and the day,
 Who tied me to that trollop, now my wife,
 Just like a jack-ass to a post, for *life*!'



THE PRAISE OF ANECDOTE.

BLESSED be the retailers of anecdote, who afford so much pleasant and light food to the mind. Blessed more particularly be Master John Nichols, compiler of the Magazine of *quantity*, and *eke* his wonderful coadjutor Doctor (not Mister) Richard Gough, who so often giveth that old devourer Time a vomit, to make him disgorge

A furbelow of good Queen Bess's tail;
A tailor's thimble, and a rusty nail.

Important is the most trivial anecdote of an extraordinary person; and when consecrated by age, it becomes invaluable.

Thus of himself sayeth the celebrated Monsieur Menage, one of my great *precursors* in *Ana*, who, if I may be in the fashion of alliteration, could give dignity to a dunghill, grace to a gutter, prettiness to a pigstye, honour to a horsepond, and majesty to a mouse. 'When I boarded at Angers,' says this

extraordinary man, 'the mistress of the house quarrelled with the maid for the loss of a pound of butter, which, by some means or other, had sneaked out of the way. The girl declared that the cat eat every bit of it. The incredulous mistress swore it was false; and, to be convinced, she put the cat into a pair of scales; when, lo! the animal, to the maid's confusion, weighed only three quarters of a pound!'

'It is a fortunate thing,' says Monsieur Menage, in another place, 'to be acquainted with celebrated people.' The smallest anecdote of a man of consequence, adds a gem to the treasures of history. Adopting this idea, I shall from time to time communicate to my readers, pretty little stories of great people. To begin with his present Grace of Leeds, who is musician, politician, and poet—

'Twas in that season of the year,
When oratorios sweet appear,
And human warblers, all divinely sing;
Unlike the little birds, I wot,
Who close in frost and snow the throat,
And chant in summer only, and the spring;

that, being in the Green Room of Covent Garden, I stumbled on his Grace of Leeds, who, notwithstanding his having been the burthen of one of my merry songs, voluntarily and smilingly addressed *the bard*, that is to say, *me*, the Lyric Peter, Ο ΠΟΙΗΤΗΣ. The unexpectedness of the salute, produced a pal-

pitiation, mixed with a quantity of reverence. 'When were you in Cornwall last?' said his Grace, with a simper. 'About two years since,' replied I—'pray when was your *Grace* in that province?' 'Last year,' answered the duke. 'The Duchess accompanied your Grace, I presume?' quoth I, in a pretty, tender, unpresuming, and winning tone. 'She *did*,' replied his Grace, with the most affable smile, and conciliating manner. 'Godolphin is wildly situated,' quoth I. 'If I mistake not, Cornwall was made the scene of the *diableries* of the old Spanish and Italian writers of romance.' 'Hem, hem,' rejoined the duke, with a smile, and a nod, which seemed *to me*, though intended as tones and signals of assent, to imply more *ignorance* than *knowledge*, which every great man is too *great* to confess. His Grace now turned the discourse to Shakespeare, and Dryden, and Pope, and some more modern authors, with a pretty volubility, and some critical remark, which, though not in the true spirit of Longinus, was really not contemptible; for the duke is a bit of a poet; witness an unfortunate prologue or two, and some *fortunate* amatory stanzas, that won the heart of the duchess. Part of the natural history of a poet is a desultory disposition, leaping from earth to heaven in his phrensy. Here the *converse* of the proposition took place; for, after a sublime quotation from Shakespeare, the duke abruptly descended to the humbler subject of his *nose*!!! 'How came you, sir, in your ode, to attack my nose?' This was a thundering question; for thou knowest, reader, if thou hast perused all my lyrical lucubrations, that his Grace's

proboscis has been the subject of a poetical smile. 'My lord duke,' answered I, 'when your Grace, Lord Hawkesbury, Lord Thurlow, Lord Sidney, and others, your colleagues in administration, took it into your heads to attack me, I thought a poor poet had a right to the laws of retaliation.'—'But why attack my *nose*, sir; why attack my nose?' The conversation now took a turn to his Grace's knowledge of the poets, from which he made many quotations, and spoke them with propriety:—on a sudden he quitted the classics, and reverted to his favourite and wounded feature—'But why attack my *nose*? is there any thing *uncommon* in my *nose*?' I answered, that, at the time I mentioned it, I was not *certain* whether he had a *nose* or no, as its existence was only fancied from *report*; but that I knew his Grace had *power*, and meant to employ it against me with *hostility*. This answer produced no reply. The duke stood mute and simpering for a few minutes, and then broke out on a sudden, 'I will introduce ye to the duchess.' We immediately quitted the Green Room arm in arm, and repaired to a stage-box, that held her Grace and sister, Miss Anguish. The introduction was respectful, solemn, and awful—when, behold, the duke, unable to quit his favourite topic, turned the solemnity of the meeting into farce.—'My love,' quoth the duke to the duchess, 'I have been asking the doctor what provoked him to attack my *nose*?' Then turning to me, 'Pray, doctor, what provoked you to attack my nose?' Driven to the necessity of a compliment, I replied, that 'had I seen his Grace's *nose* before I wrote the odes, I should

most certainly have composed a *panegyric* on it instead of a *satire*, as the nose was really a very good nose indeed.' The ladies smiled, the duke was pleased; and I leaned over the box, to show the audience into what good company Fortune had thrown me. The conversation grew more cheerful—several ingenious *impromptus* were exchanged. At length I took my leave, with a profound bow of thanks for the honours I had received. His Grace returned my bow; the ladies also most condescendingly bowed to my bow; and forth I went, with exultation, to communicate this sudden *peripetia* or change of fortune to all my acquaintances.

GENTLE READER,

Wouldst thou not have imagined that the *war hatchet* was buried for ever? Such was my too credulous opinion; but *fronti nulla fides!* The very next public dinner his Grace gave, what did he? He exhibited a ludicrous account of our interview; applauded his own amazing magnanimity, wit, and condescension, and laughed at the poet. Dashed from the pinnacle of my ambition, for I expected a high place in administration, and mortified by the disappointment, I sat me down, and in the true spirit of sorrow wrote the following pathetic stanzas.

THE SONG OF DISAPPOINTMENT:
AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

HOPE whisper'd fine things in my ear;
 I believ'd her, though trick is her trade;
 She told me that Fortune was near,
 Who had always behav'd like a jade.

Great names, little people astound—
 How 'witching the title, your Grace!—
 My Lord Duke, Lady Duchess, what sound!
 Big with honour, and dinner, and place.

In fancy I join'd the duke's table,
 Where his Grace so instructively chats;
 Despising my garret, that stable,
 My joint-stool, and my penn'orth of sprats.

In fancy I *jok'd* with his Grace,
 And felt a huge torrent of bliss—
 Then I flatter'd the duchess's face,
 And whisper'd love-stories to Miss*.

In fancy his Grace I beheld,
 Heard his mouth with sound criticism ope;
 That mouth most deliciously swell'd
 With quotations from Dryden and Pope.

In fancy I heard him aloud
 Read his prologue so sweet to his guests;
 Saw wonderment stare from the crowd,
 And rapture burst wild from their breasts.

* Miss Anguish.

Now I heard him delightfully thrum;
Now in praise of old music a raver;
Now Handel's huge choruses hum;
Now a critic on crotchet and quaver.

In fancy a bonfire I blaz'd;
At my wit heard them call out 'encore';
While the room with astonishment gaz'd,
Prepar'd ev'ry moment to roar.

But the duke has secreted his face;
To the bard what a terrible blow?
And gone are the smiles of her grace,
And the smiles of each Anguish *al-so*.

But I'm not deluded alone;
To *another* he sadly behav'd:
Doctor Jackson, by promises won,
Cut his curls from his pate, and was shav'd.

Though the doctor look'd smart with his locks,
Sublime too, and swarthy, and big;
He was told, when a bishop, his flocks
Would expect a *full bushel of wig*.

A wig was accordingly bought,
As a cauliflow'r large, and as fair;
Where the barber too, blest with good thought,
Wove religion and pomp in each hair.

In short, 'twas so solemn a *quiz*,
So form'd for concerns of the soul;
People scarce could decide on its phiz,
Which look'd wisest, the caxon or jowl.

But after this grand operation
Of clipping and wiggling, I trow,
Sore balk'd was poor *Con's** exaltation,
But *why*—none with certainty know.

* *Con*, *i. e.* Consequential Jackson—a constant appellative bestowed on him at the University of Oxford.

Some thought *Heav'n* with the *wig* was displeas'd;
But people may think as they list:
Others said (with maliciousness seiz'd)
Heav'n hated the *pride* of the priest.

So the doctor no bishop was made,
Nor at present a bishop is *he*;
And it also may safely be said,
That a bishop he never will *be*.

But the duke too is thwarted I ween;
Who looks *up* like a hawk to the crown;
But, alas! our good king and good queen
Have never vouchsaf'd to *look down*.

Now to duke and to duchess adieu;
Adieu to my honours *like-wise*;
The vision departs from my view,
And Hope, the false flatterer, flies.

My teeth too are robb'd of sweet picking;
Ah teeth, to good eating attach'd!
And thus have I counted my chicken,
Poor blockhead, before they were hatch'd.

THE
ROYAL VISIT TO EXETER;
A
POETICAL EPISTLE,

BY
JOHN PLOUGHSHARE,
A Farmer of Morton Hampstead, in the County of
Devon.



Well! in a come—King George to town,
With doust and zweat az nutmeg brown,
The hosses all in smoke;
Huzzain, trumpetin, and dringin,
Red colours vleein, roarin, zingin;
Zo mad simm'd all the voke.

ROYAL VISIT TO EXETER;

POETICAL EPISTLE,

JOHN PUGHMAN,

A Farmer of Exeter, in the County of

Will! in a room—King George to town,
At his door and went an angry brow,
The house all in smoke;
Huxley, Gaskell, and Briggs,
Had colour given, round, rings;
No more things all the year.

THE
ROYAL VISIT.

PART I.

I PROMIS'D thee, dear Zester Nan,
That thee shudst hear vrom Brether Jan,
About the king *wey speed* :
And now I zet me down to write,
To tell thee every thing outright,
The whole that I've azeed.

Now meend me, Nan ! all Exter town
Was gapin, rennin up and down,
Vath, just leek vokes bewitch'd !
Lord ! how they lang'd to zee the king ;
To hear un zay zom *marv'lous thing* !
Leek mangy dogs they itch'd !

Leek bullocks sting'd by appledranes,
Currantin it about the lanes,
Vokes theese way dreav'd and that ;
Zom hootin, heavin, soalin, hawlin ;
Zom in the mucks, and pillum sprawlin ;
Leek pancakes all zo flat.

Hosses and mares, assnegers, moyles,
Leaping the hedges, ditches, stiles,

Hunderds comm'd in at least;
 Gallopin, trattin, spurrin, vallin,
 Hallooin, laughin, cryin, squawlin,
 Vour mounted 'pon one beast.

The ladies from the windors all
 Pok'd vorth their powls, both gert and small;
 Ecod, there were a power:
 Their hair zo white I'd zexpence stake,
 That vrom their powls I'd fairly shake
 A dezen zacks o' vlower.

To spoil good vlower a spendthrift crew!
 Ould Time wull whitten vast anew,
 The locks o'um, never fear;
 Bezides, it is a burnin shame,
 And making of God's gifts a game,
 Considerin corn's so dear.

And yet the perty maids, I vow,
 Make me vorgive, I can't tell how,
 Thoft 'tis a serious matter:
 But what wey *zich* have I to do?
 Vor Joan and Nell, and Madge and Sue,
My mouthe must only water.

But than agan, Iss can't but zay,
 Iss could look at mun a whole day,
 They look'd so vair and vresh;
 Iss long'd to gee zome hearty smacks
 Upon their little rosy chacks,
 They seem'd zech wholesome vlesh.

Well! in a come—King George to town,
 With doust and zweat az nutmeg brown,
 The hosses all in smoke;
 Huzzain, trumpetin, and dringin,
 Red colours vleeing, roarin, zingin;
 So mad seem'd all the voke.

Wipin his zweatty jaws and poull,
 All over doust we spy'd 'Squire Rolle,
 Close by the king's coach trattin:

Now shovin in the coach his head,
Meaning, we giss'd, it might be zed,
'The 'squire and king be chattin.'

Now goed the aldermen and may'r*,
Zum wey crapp'd wigs, and zum wey hair,
The royal voke to ken;
When Measter May'r, upon my word,
Pok'd to the king a gert long sword,
Which he pok'd back agen.

Now thoose that round Ould Burnet stood,
All zwear'd it clumzily was dood;
Yet Squirt, the peepel zay,
Brandish'd his gert horse-glysterpipe,
To make un in his lesson ripe,
That took up half a day.

Now down long Vorestreet did they come,
Zum hollowin, and screechin zum;
Now tridg'd they to the dean's,
Becaze the bishop zent mun word,
A could not meat and drink avoord,
A hadn't got the means.

A zaid, 'that az vor he, poor man,
A had not got a pot nor pan,
Nor spoon, nor knive, nor vork;
That he was weak, and ould, and squeal,
And zeldom made a hearty meal,
And zeldom draed a cork.'

Indeed a was a moderate man,
And zo war all the clargy clan
That with un, uz'd to chatter;
Who if a ax'd mun to drink wine
To one the wother they tipp'd the sign,
And begg'd his charming water.

* Mr. Burnet.

' And as vor rooms, why there agen,
 A could not lodge a cock nor hen,
 They war so small,' he said;
 ' And as vor beds they wudn't do—
 In number about one or two,
 Vor zelf and Joan the maid.

' In voolish things a wudn't be cort;
 'Twas stoopid to treat vokes for nort;
 No, 'twas not his desire:
 Prefarment, too, was at an end;
 The king wud never more vor'n zend,
 To lift'n one peg higher.'

And yet they zay's a man of sense,
 Honest and just, but heardth his pence—
 Can't peart wey drink nor meat:
 And then, ' what vor?' the peeple rail,
 ' To greaze a vat old pig in the tail;
 Old Weymouth of Longleat!'

Well! to the dean's, bounce in they went,
 And all the day in munchin spent,
 And guzlin too, no doubt:
 And while the gentry drink'd within,
 The mob wey brandy, ale, and gin,
 Got roarin drunk without.

PART II.

NOW Vriday morning sheen'd zo bright:
 But zome were up bevore 'twas light;
 Wey zounds the streets did ring:
 ' Lord, Lord, than sose, were yow zo blest,
 To zee the show among the rest?
 Did you than zee the king?'

Now droo a small back-door* wey stairs,
 King George went vorth to zay his pray'rs;
 A pure and godly sign:
 And there he took his spyeglass out,
 Star'd up and down, and all about,
 And simm'd to zay, 'Tis vine.'

Vull az an egg was all the church,
 Vor voakes were mad as hares in March
 And fath it was dam quare,
 To zee ould dames wey leathern chacks,
 Hoisted upon the fellows' backs—
 A penny for a stare.

The queen, she show'd zuch wive-leek care
 Zo kind upon un zo to stare;
 To whisper'n, and all that!

* His majesty did not, as was expected, enter in full procession the large door of the Abbey; but slipped into a small private one, to the no small mortification of Messieurs Mayor, Alderman, and Cavalcade.

And faggins, people leek'd it much,
 Zo pleas'd to zee her love vor'n zuch—
 To watch'n leek a cat.

Prayers over, now he spy'd the ruff,
 And look'd it round and round anuff,
 And zoon beginn'd to speak:
 Zo zaid, 'Neat, neat—clean, very clean;
 D'ye mop it, mop it*, Measter Dean—
 Mop, mop it every week?'

'Sir,' zaid Dean Buller to'n agen,
 'Tis not by moppin keep'd zo clean,
 What streek'th your royal eye?
 Vor, zir, in all our Exter shops,
 We never meet wey zich long mops;
 Our mops dant reach zo high.

All people join to praise the dean,
 He did zo well his zel demean;
 No man behav'd more humbler:
 Spar'd no expense—bort ev'ry thing—
 To please forseth the queen and king;
 Vor which, they gid'n a *tumbler*.

Vor royal voake, so gert withall,
 The present simm'd most merty small:
 And zo zed all the city:
 It was too sneaken, fath and troth—
 A poor groat glass between mun both!
 No fath! it waz'nt vitty.

Now to the tavern renn'd 'Squire Rolle,
 To git the names of every zoul
 That wish'd King George to zeet†:

* This observation really took place at Exeter, as well as at Salisbury, some years since.

† To be presented.

The 'squire most kindly told mun too,
How jest leek soldiers they must do—
Bow down, and drap the knee.

And zaid it never shud be miss'd;
That when King George's hand they kiss'd,
Leek vish they must be *dum*!
And backwards crawl leek crabs away:
Good zound advice—much as to zay,
'Kings must not zee your b—m.'

Now tridg'd to aldermen and may'r,
'Squire Rolle, a speech vor to prepare,
To thank the king vor commin:
'Lord!' cry'd the aldermen and may'r,
'Why, Measter Rolle, yow make us stare!
'Squire Rolle, why yow be hummin!

'Why we be only men in trade;
'Tis true a vieow good pounds we've made—
Be tolerably rich:
But thoff we've rak'd up zom vieow pence,
It deth not vollow we've the sence
To make the king a *speech*.

'Zend vor rekoreder—put *he* too't—
We'll warrant Hawtry zoon wull doo't—
Iss, iss, he'll do the feat:
And as the man can logic chop,
The doul's in't if he can't cook up
Zomethin that's short and zweet.'

Now Hawtry took a world o' pain—
He did zo drash about his brain,
That was not over stor'd;
But vath, outleap'd a speech at laste,
That simm'd to please King George's taste,
Speal'd right in ev'ry word.

Now to the rume, to zee the king,
They all march'd off, a clever dring;
And there King George a stude,

Receiving bows and scrapes and kisses,
Vor all the world leek handsome Misses,
Expecting to be woo'd.

Jolly's a tinker stude 'Squire Rolle,
Sly winking, leek an ould grey owl,
To zee that nort went *wrong*;
Zo got behend, and wey a frown
He pull'd near twenty o'mun down,
And twenty droad along.

The king stude patient az a stock,
Vour hours at least by Exter clock,
It zafely might be waager'd;
Zom makin their vine rev'rence spurn'd,
The king was nearly overturn'd,
A Gosh! a was so badger'd.

Tagrag and bobtail, all kiss'd hands,
Vrom neighb'ring pearts and voreign lands;
Aye! kissing 'twas anuff—
Had not the hand been tight put on,
It was zo mainly smack'd upon,
The voke had kiss'd it *off*.

And fath, no woundy fuss was made
'Bout dress amungst the men in trade,
They thort o' no zich thing;
Wey derty shirts and grizly beards,
Much leek a greazy pack o' keards,
They shuffled vore the king.

Now Varmer Tab, I understand,
Drode his legs vore, and catch'd the hand,
And shak'd wey might and main:
'I'm glad your majesty to zee,
And hope your majesty,' quoth he,
'Wull nere be *maz'd* again.'

'*Maz'd! maz'd!* what's *maz'd*?' then zed the
'I never heer'd of zich a thing; [king;
What's *maz'd*?—what, what, my lord?'

'Hem,' zed my lord, and blow'd his nose;
 'Hem, hem—sir, 'tis, I do suppose,
 Sir,—an old Dev'nshire word.'

And than my lord a scratch'd his head,
 And, coughing ance or twiss, he zed:
 'I'll try to vend it out;'
 And then agen he hemm'd and haad,
 And puzlin while his pate a claw'd --
 King George a tern'd *about*.

PART III.

ZOM thort the king wud march about,
 And show his zelf a bit, no doubt;
 Zee Guildhall, Circus, Castle:
 Vor this, Lord Fosky gid'n a shove;
 But virm's a rock, nort mad'n move,
 Zo 'twas in vain to wrastle.

But this a did—now this was kind—
 Knowin the people's longing mind,
 And being pretty tall,
 A stude 'pon's tiptoes, it is zed;
 And, condescending, pok'd his head
 Over the bishop's wall.

Zum of the Exter voke suppose
 They plainly zeed his royal nose,
 And zum his royal eyes;
 And, Lord, whatever peart they zeed,
 In this, they one and all agreed,
 'Twas glorious, gert, and wize.

'Tis zed, and I believe 'tis true,
 He gid (but lookin rether blue)
 The *Hospital* a ken:
 'Twas all a gid; but than quoth he,
 'I'll zomething gee, my lord, d'ye zee,
 When I come here agen.'

This, to be zure, look'd *cruel* kind
 Towards the zick, and lame, and blind;
 What's thy opinion, Nan?

But rat it, theve net zeed a doit;
 Zo 'tes no very gert exploit
 Of our Samaritan.

Zich perty promises, egosh!
 Zeem words o' cuse—a pack o' trosh;
 Wind, faith! net one crume better;
 I leek to zee voakes dra the *puss*;
 Parlaver is not worth a cuss;
 I hate to hear voakes *chetter*.

But now to please the royal chops,
 Presents vall'd in as thick as hops,
 Vish, vlesh, and vowl, and vruit;
 'Twas who shud zay, 'I sent the king
 Zich, zich, and zich, and zich a thing:'
 The vokes were *mad* to do't.

Now let me tell thee, Zester Nan,
 The king's a jolley gentleman,
 The queen not very ugly!
 Az vor the princesses, sweet souls,
 With rosy chucks, and flaxen polls,
 They angels look'd so smugly.

Mayhap, yow wud be glad to know
 Zom more about the queen, I trow—
 I think I've zed anuff;
 What voakes in general zay is this:
 'The oman is not much amiss,
 And tak'th a power o' snuff.'

But milliners of Exter zwear,
 That her's and all her daughters' geer
 Was shellings net worth thirty;
 That, Lord! they wear'd but little laces,
 Their zilks mert blish to show their faces,
 Ould-fashion'd, strip'd, and dirty.

Now woundy mad was Measter Mare*,
 To think a should a veast prepare,

* Burnet, the plumber.

Of vlesh, and vowl, and vish ;
 Of ham, and terkie, gooze, and mustard,
 Dumplin, and apple-pie, and custard,
 As good az mouthe could wish.

Vor whan unto King George a zends,
 To tell'n the aldermen, his vriends,
 Wud all be glad to ze'en ;
 The king no notice tuke, 'tis zaid,
 But, leek a pisky, laugh'd and play'd
 To push pin wey the queen.

Zo there the meal, vorzooth, was spoil'd,
 The bak'd and roast, and vry'd and boil'd ;
 Oh ! 'twas a dismal day ;
 The zyder, brandy, wine and ale,
 The gert gold chair * to hold his tail,
 Was money droad away.

It, when King George did leave the town,
 The aldermen, in red fur gown,
 And Mare, vore Guildhall houze,
 Vurst havin had a little veeding,
 Leek soldiers form'd to show their breeding,
 And make their Zenday bows.

The king, he spy'd mun vrom his coach,
 Wey faces net pleaz'd over much,
 That did un much delight ;
 The bench keep'd bowin up and down,
 Till all the hosses rumps they vound,
 And king's were out o' zight.

Than home they lerk'd, and drapt their furs
 And tails between their legs, leek curs,
 Becaze they war zo zlighted ;
 But what was ten times worse, poor souls,
 Their wives leek devils claw'd their polls,
 Becaze they didn't get *knighted*.

* Made expressly, at a very great expense : Indeed it did credit to the liberality of the corporation.

POSTSCRIPT.

NOW, Zester Nan, by this yow zee,
What zort of vokes gert people be:
What's *cheny* thoft, is *clome* ;
And, zester, now I do believe,
That after this yow daan't much grieve,
Becaze yow staid at home.

Theeze once I've made myzelf a vool,
And now I veel my courage cool
For zeeing royal things :
And whan my Bible next I rede,
Zo leet I worship all the breed,
I'll *skep* the *book* of Kings.

THE SENATE

7

ALICE, I have been thinking of you
and of the many things you have done
and of the many things you have seen
and of the many things you have felt
and of the many things you have thought
and of the many things you have dreamed

and of the many things you have loved
and of the many things you have hated
and of the many things you have feared
and of the many things you have hoped
and of the many things you have believed
and of the many things you have known

and of the many things you have done
and of the many things you have seen
and of the many things you have felt
and of the many things you have thought
and of the many things you have dreamed
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and of the many things you have hoped
and of the many things you have believed
and of the many things you have known

OUT AT LAST.

OR,

THE FALLEN MINISTER.



—————*Procumbit humi bos.*

VIRGIL.

'He's down! amid Saint Stephen's walls,
The mighty beast in thunder falls.'

OUT AT LAST.

OR

THE FALLEN MINISTER.



By the Author of "The Minister's Daughter."

LONDON.

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OUT AT LAST!

OR,

THE FALLEN MINISTER.

PROEMIUM.

SOME time ago the Lyric Peter,
With much sublimity of metre,
Did prophesy a minister would *tumble*!
To verify the poet's ode,
Behold it pleaseth man and God,
In anger, his high mightiness to humble!
Good man! but not the Man of Ross;
He's down! *procumbit humi bos*.

How like unto a crow, or rook,
Shot near his nest (a mortal wound),
He hung and bled, with downcast look,
Before he sous'd at last to ground!
Yes! like those *black* birds much too long we saw
The culprit hanging by a single claw.

What a vile bramble he has been,
May now with half an eye be seen.—
Look at us!—What poor shiv'ring sheep, alack

Naked and lank—most closely shorn !
 This hooking, dragging imp has torn
 The healthful, warming fleece from every back !

Gone! gone some good-for-nothing ribs to treat ;
 But woe to that poor sheep which dar'd to *bleat* !

Sing, heavenly muse, to whom our wool all goes :—
 To warm Dundas, Long, Wyndham, Canning, Rose,
 Old Liverpool and cub, with each compeer.—
 While *they* carousing swill'd their toast and *sack*,
We bit, in anguish, musty bread and black,
 And writhing got the gripes from dead small-beer.

' Try Pitt again,' some fools exclaim.
 He has been *tried*, and *tried*, and *tried*—
 The hobbling nation, still more lame,
 Has now nor crutch, nor ass to ride.
 ' He'll *mend*,' they roar.—*He mend!* the mumer—
 Aye, mend just like sour ale in mummer.

Lo, then, our sad state-carpenter dismiss'd !
 No longer now his bungling *art* befools :
 Yet from the service when the man was hiss'd,
 Why leave behind his budget and his tools ?

Glad as a bird that 'scapes the kite, I'll drop
 The lamentations of poor Jeremiah ;
 Of gay Pindarics open a fresh shop,
 And pour the song of triumph with Isaiah.

READER, in this my lyric ode,
 I imitate a man of God ;
 That Poet of sublimity, Isaiah !
 A man of quality, of note ;
 Of arms possessing a *rich coat* ;
 A brother to the great King Azariah.

Lord ! how the poet did *bespatter*
The Babylonian monarch with his satire !
Were *I* to talk so of a *British king*,
What were my fate ? Alas ! a string !
Not *string*, dear reader, that the *shoulder decks* ;
But *string* that twines at Newgate round our *necks*.

ODE OF TRIUMPH.

◆

TOSSING poor Englishmen in scorn,
 The bull no more exalts his horn !
 Thank God, the beast is put at last to pound !
 And that he never may get out,
 To make another cursed rout,
 Forms many a hearty pray'r and wish profound.

What! is there not *one* song of sorrow,
 One tear of pity ?—Let me say,
 There's neither dirge nor tear *to-day*,
 Whatever there may be *to-morrow*.
 Nay, cannons roar applause—the bells are ringing—
 And earth, rejoicing, breaketh into singing.

No more he turns the burning globe ;
 But on a dunghill, just like Job,
 Scratching, surveys his melancholy plight !
 No more with Hal, his chum, to booze,
 And for the state's salvation snooze,
 He bids the clarets and champagnes good night.

But hark ! Old England's genius sings !
 (Sounds that will pierce the ears of kings)
 ' Harpoon'd art thou at last, thou flound'ring por-
 poise—

Thou who hast swallow'd all my rights,
 Gobbling the *mightiest* just like mites—
 Devouring like a sprat my *habeas corpus*.

‘ Thou, who didst bind my sons in chains,
 And nearly beatedst out their brains,
 For fear their wrath might kindle riot;
 And, after binding them in chains,
 And nearly beating out their brains,
 Didst cry—‘ How tame they lie, poor things! how
 quiet!’

‘ Thou who didst groaning prisoners keep
 In Cold-bath Fields, like hapless sheep
 Whom horrid butchers mean to slay;
 Where Aris with his iron rod,
 The Pluto of the dark abode,
 Roasted and broil’d in cook-like way,
 The victims of his pow’r and pride,
 And damn’d them all before they *died*.

‘ Art thou the caitiff, with imperious frown,
 Who o’er the bard didst hold thy hempen string;
 Threat’ning to hang him, if, to please the town,
 He dar’d to smile or wink at q—— or k——;
 Or dar’d (no matter how divine the songs)
 To chant of Dumplings, Sheep, or Parson Youngs;
 To mention kine and corn, and Famine’s groans;
 Record wit royal, and crack jokes on thrones?’

Bold hast thou said, ‘ Supreme I’ll prate—
 ‘ I *will* be minister of state,
 And swill from night to morn the nation’s wine:
 I *will* get drunk with honest Hal:
 The bottle my dear constant Baal,
 I’ll daily kneel and hiccup at his shrine.

‘ Snoring upon the state-machine
 My drowsy brother shall be seen,
 Who from his cradle never heard the *lark*.
 I grant the man the wheels will *clog*,
 Lazy as *Ludlam’s* lazy dog,
 That held his head against the wall to *bark*.

‘ His nose may like the bull-frog roar—
 The state shall pay him for the *snore*.

‘ I’ll buffet Opposition’s waves :
 I have my creatures and my slaves :
 For any borough will I bring my man in :
 The poorest wretch that crawls I’ll raise,
 To yield his incense-pot of praise, [ning.
 From Greek-mouth’d Belgrave to lame-Latin Can-

‘ I’ll pension any fool or knave ;
 The nation’s pocket my poor slave,
 Shall open, nor dare make a pother—
 Gifford, that crooked babe of grace,
 And Canning too, shall be in place,
 And get a pension for his mother.

‘ Ev’n Gr—v—r’s cobbler shall come forth,
 And hammer to the world my worth—

Lame-Latin Canning.] This gentleman was *ravished* from his opposition-*friends* on account of *supposed extraordinary* talents. A completer *take-in* of the *knowing-ones* was never more laughably experienced amongst the black-legs of the turf. His ‘ *Iter ad Meccam*,’ for the university prize, exhibited *such* proofs of ideas and scholarship as put the poor dean of Christ-Church to the blush. The *first* effort was condemned to the flames, though it obtained the prize: the *second* was a cobbled piece of work between Mr. Canning and somebody of Christ-Church, which with *difficulty* passed *muster*.

Gr—v—r’s Cobbler.] This is a most *extraordinary* fellow, speculatively virtuous, and practically wicked—for ever bellowing in the cause of religion and morals, yet in the daily practice of every thing that should fix him at the cart’s-tail.—To justify the above assertions, accept, reader, a *small* sketch of his life, and blush for the depravity of human nature ! Taken from a cobbler’s stall at Ashburton, a little town in Devonshire, by Mr. Cookesly, a surgeon of that place, who mistook the *itch of rhyme*

Come hobbling forth without one blush of shame,
With heeltaps, toe-caps, soles for worn-out fame.
I'll hire each prostituted muse,
For mags, for newspapers, reviews ;

for the *inspiration* of the muses, he was, by a subscription of the gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood, placed at a grammar school, and afterwards sent to Exeter College.—At this college, after his daily occupations of tolling the bell, waiting at dinner, and lighting the candles, he amused himself with writing scandalous lampoons on the heads of the college, as well as other respectable characters of the university.—Noticed, however, by a clergyman, he was introduced to Earl G. who soon found an *honourable employment* for him, luckily for his lordship's pleasures, and fortunately *congenial* to the disposition of Gifford.—In a little time he tripped up the heels of his Oxford friend, ousted him from the house of G—— by lying insinuations, and publicly triumphed in his success.—His next glorious action was to send a cast-off strumpet of his l—ds—hp to the widow of his old friend Cookesly, who, for a livelihood, kept a creditable boarding-school.—She was recommended by *Gifford* as a *modest young lady*, for education, which *modest young lady*, in a few months, betrayed her old Cyprian propensities, and very expeditiously *blasted* the school: this was the subject of another triumph. To continue his progress in infamy with an equal splendour, he seduced a beautiful and innocent girl, called Mary Weeks, a native of Ashburton. Under the pretence of marrying her, a fellow with a surplice was prepared to execute this nefarious matter; the sham ceremony was performed, the poor girl was ruined; and after satiety had taken place with her infamous seducer, she was sent back to Ashburton, where she pined and died of a broken heart!!! To support the *credit* of his past achievements, he published a

I'll pay the ballad-singer's throat for praise:

My visage (hatchet-like, indeed!)

In shops the gaping mob shall feed—

My name on rails shall grace the king's highways;

most dirty and scandalous poem, called 'The Ashburtonaid,' abusing all his old and respectable benefactors. Previously to the above act, he had obtained an ample subscription for a Translation of the Satires of Juvenal, which (happily for the public, and paper, and print) he never performed.—To accommodate his Mæcenæ, he keeps a *creature* as a decoy-duck, and has actually sent her to necessitous young women of beauty and innocence, under the pretext of learning to *read* and *write*.—Such are *parts* of his life—*Hunc tu Romane, caveto, hic niger est*.—It must not, however, be forgotten, that, for his atrocious calumnies, he was lately cudgelled in *one* Wright's shop, a poor ignorant and pains-taking bookseller in Piccadilly; and, in spite of the most solemn and tender protestations of his own head and shoulders, he with an unprecedented effrontery denied the fact; and, notwithstanding a message, informing him that he was cudgelled, most *soundly* cudgelled, and that he should be cudgelled again in order to *oblige* him, by producing a *complete conviction*, he had not the manners to answer the civility.

He continues in his favourite occupation of administering as jackall to the constantly watering chops of the toothless old lion. To use another figure, he is still his *lordship's* *gamekeeper*, and guards the plump little *partridges* (which are exceedingly numerous on *all* his lordship's manors) with so much laudable assiduity from *poachers*, that he has been amply and *gratefully* remunerated with an *honourable annuity* from government!!!

As for Mr. Gifford's rhimes, they will appear extraordinary to such readers (and they are not a few)

And trav'lers, whether they may ride or walk,
Read '*Pitt for ever!*' in broad-staring chalk.

' I'll place the Capets on the throne,
And France her *worthy* kings shall own ;

as prefer bombast to sublimity. Bombast is the idol of the vulgar—To *such*, the *Attic simplicity* appears arrant *insipidity*—the *vulgar eye* is sooner fascinated by the stiff, staring cabbage-rose brocade of the *harlot*, than the modest and snowy robe of *innocence*. The ear of the *true* critic distinguishes with facility the difference between the mellifluous tones of the lyre of Apollo and the hard, ponderous sounds of the hammered lap-stone. To indulge a Greek quotation from Proclus on Plato, without offence to his pupil, the *learned* Lord Belgrave, Mr. William Gifford is—*Ἰδιῶτες ἐν φιλοσοφοίς, φιλοσοφὸς δὲ ἐν Ἰδιωταῖς*—which I translate thus: 'He is a poet with poetasters, and a poetaster with poets.' So much inequality pervades his verse, that the faculty would pronounce his muse afflicted with the rickets. Still to do him every justice, his various verses are very *well* for a *cobbler* ; they must undoubtedly smell of the stall.

*Quo semel est imbuta recens servabit odorem
Testa diu*—

So singeth Horace, who, one would think, had peeped into futurity, and penned the happy line for poor Crispin.

So far from originalty of thought and a luxuriance of imagery in his lines, there reigns a pitiable famine: awkward and obscure inversions, with a verbose pomposity, form the leading features of almost every couplet. Indeed, it were cruel to expect *more*. Sprung from a dunghill, and *old* before he was charitably taken from his stall, at the same time totally

And Bonaparte soon my rage shall feel;
 Crouch to my whip, whose lash shall bring
 The daring Corsican, poor thing,
 Just like a whining spaniel to my heel.'

destitute of the poetical character, what could a few scraps of Latin and Greek do for an object whose sole powers lay within the circumscribed space of a rhyme? A riddle in the *Lady's Diary*—an acrostic in a newspaper—an abusive stanza in the *Anti-Jacobin Review*, or a criticism in the *British Critic* (equal, perhaps, to those of poor paralytic Parson Nares, a most feeble pillar of that falling fabric, and lately sent for a maintenance to that idle and expensive *toyshop* of the nation, called the British Museum)—form at present his amusement. At the house of Gr—v—r he experiences a prodigality of praise. But his lordship and his ladies are better qualified for writing the history of *Paphos* than *Parnassus*.

On the appearance of this *gentleman's* last *lying* publication, which was in some measure answered by the *argumentum baculinum*, I entertained thoughts of a *formal execution* of the felon, in a solemn poetical epistle; but, on reflection, thinking him beneath the dignity of such an exhibition, I determined to *hang him* in a *note*.

For, should the muse's satire bid him die,
 The goddess really *guillotines* a *fly*.

Before I conclude, it may not be unacceptable to my readers to be informed that his l—dsh-p sometimes *kills his own mutton*—hunts without his jackall—and succeeds. Witness the following little genuine epistle:

'DEAR G——,

'I am in luck to-day—sprung a fine covey among a parcel of brambles. Take care of the plump little

Oft hast thou said, with scowling eye,
‘ The world I hate, disdain, defy ;
I value neither commoner nor peer :
He who attacks me, dearly pays :
A man must have, the proverb says,
Good iron nails that scratches with a bear.’

Art *thou* the man who *bilk’d* poor Paul,
Who sent his bears, the dev’l and all,
To fight in Britain’s cause so hearty ?
Art *thou* the man (whom nothing shames),
Who made his *office clerks* call names,
And fling their dirt at Bonaparte ?

Bold hast thou said, with dauntless *soul*,
‘ I’ll damn the motion on *Ferrol* ;
No matter whether cowardice or not :
Whatever was the crying sin,
Sir James shall sleep in a whole skin—
Hal says too, Pulteney must not go to *pot*.
‘ The long-mock’d world may roar—“ Where’s
Thank Heaven ! we only know the *name*. [*shame* ?”
‘ *Safe* are my minions,’ thou art pleas’d to say :
‘ What ill they *do*, is quickly *done away* :
Such (so secure is ev’ry culprit’s lot)
Must make *strong int’rest* to get hang’d or shot.’

Thou, in thine insolence, hast said,
‘ At me the world shall cow’r afraid ;
Old Ganges humbly at my feet shall flow ;
Mogul, Nizam, and Rajah bend ;
Slave-like their humble tribute send,
And learn from me their future fates to know.
Those dare not call my hard decrees *unjust*,
But kiss the foot that stamps them in the dust.

bird that bears this letter—clean her and comb her
well, cut her nails close, and put her to bed.

‘ G——,’

‘ Ind shall her streams Pactolean pour;
 On *petticoats* her di’monds show’r,
 And *stomachers* and *caps*, the *courtly* things,
 Th’ *unchristian* Turk his gems shall send—
 His trembling tottering turban rend,
 To grace the beaver’d brows of *Christian* kings.
 Peru shall gild St. James’s walls and doors;
 And ravag’d Mexico emblaze the floors.’

Bold hast thou said—‘ I’ll *curb* the P——;
 His bleeding mouth shall sorely *wince*;
 I value not his birth, his pride, his state:
 O’er Y—k triumphant too I’ll tow’r;
 And Cl——ce shall not boast the pow’r
 To make a *gunner*, or a *gunner’s mate*.’

Such of Britannia’s Genius is the song!
 Now let the bard the theme pursue,
 And, with an equal spirit too,
 In thunder drive the muse’s car along.

POETA LOQUITUR.

Bold hast thou sworn—‘ The muse I’ll check;
 Each, with a halter round her neck,
 Shall sing with trembling, trembling dread;
 Nay, should Apollo’s song be sharp,
 And on my power and glory harp,
 Off goes at once the fellow’s head:

‘ I’ll make a puddle of their streams,
 That give the bards their pretty dreams;
 And through the tuneful shades shall stray
 My jack-asses, to graze and bray.’

My jack-asses.] The Mathiases, the Giffords, the
 B—s, the C—s, &c. &c. Will it be credited that

Thou'rt an abominable branch :
 No more shalt thou enjoy a haunch—
 No more with Harry booze from night to morn—
 The hackneymen, to thy amaze,
 Shall cry, 'My money for my chaise ;
 The money, sir, to pay for hay and corn !
 Come, sir, I know what's what, and *who* is *who* ;
 I'll trust no longer—d-mn me, if I *do*.'

See the stern shade of Chatham rise !
 On *thee* he darts his eagle eyes !
 'Fool !' cries the angry disappointed ghost :
 'Was it for *this* I show'd thy youth
 The paths of glory, and fair truth ?
 Lo, by thy flagrant folly, all is lost !
 Mad boy ! instead of Wisdom's springs, to court
 The Dozing fountain of Dundas's port.

'The wondrous column of my hand,
 That push'd its head into the skies ;
 Shook by thy damned wizard wand,
 Low ! low ! a splendid ruin lies !
 Toads for a dwelling the poor pile invade,
 And shelter'd weeds of death, the fragment shade.
 Blush at the partners of thy toil,
 The refuse of the groaning isle !'

Where is the eagle that, above,
 Grasp'd daringly the bolts of Jove,

an administration so feeble should not have selected *one tolerably literary pillar* to support its imbecility ? Where was Huntsman-Wyndham's judgment, when he made choice of hounds to run down opposition ? Heavens bless us ! Not one decent dog in the pack—neither *nose* nor *speed*—absolutely a parcel of *yelping curs* !

And taught their fatal thunders where to roll?

Ah! forc'd his lofty perch to quit,
He dwindles to a poor tom-tit,
And skulks through humble hedges to his hole.

Is this the man who pension'd spies,
Informers, that, with wolf-like eyes,
Prowl'd nightly, yelling, in pursuit of food?
Is this the man, who put, alack,
Such *bugs* upon the nation's back,
To gnaw and suck its best, its vital blood?

Where are thy bustling levees now?
Thy humble sycophants to bow,
Obey thy mandate, and applaud thy wit?
Unnotic'd thou shalt lonely ride,
Attended only by thy *pride*,
That never, never yet forsook a Pitt.

Cur-like shalt thou walk in and out,
Unnotic'd at her Grace's* rout!
Unnotic'd, down thy throat, her pastry poke:
No bumpkin, no poor country wight,
Shall, stealing near with curious sight,
Watch if thy jaw-bones wag like those of common
folk!

George Rose's papers shall turn tail—
Expose thy blunders, storm and rail,
And ope of Calumny the dirty springs;
While Anti-Jacobin Reviews
Shall cull the literary stews
For *flowers* to deck the counsellor of kings.

Each newspaper that took delight
To make thee, like the snow-ball, white,
Will paint thee now as black as Hell:
No more thy *voice angelic* hail,
But give the horn, and hoof, and tail,
With Cerberus's frightful yell!—

* The jolly and hospitable Duchess of Gordon.

Paint thee a damned spirit from below,
Rais'd by some wizard for the nation's woe.
Lo! thou art sprawling in the dirt!
The *mob* their wanton jokes will spirt!—
Behold a sable chimney-sweep appear!
And hark! a scavenger, with eyes
Sparkling with rapture and surprise,
Exclaims—'Ah, Master Billy, are you *there*?'
Then, anxious to reward thee, on they rush,
One with his *broom*, and t'other with his *brush*!
Hark! authors braying round thee crowd,
And authoresses cry aloud—
'Villain! to wage a war with all the muses!
And lo, the printer's devils appear!
With ink thy visage they besmear,
While each in turn indignantly abuses;
And more their pris'ner to disgrace,
They empt the pelt-pot in thy face!
Roaring, around thee as they caper,
'Take that, my boy, for tax on paper!'
And lo, with anger Hardy glows!
The man of leather, with delight,
Runneth his *awl* into thy nose,
And stirrups thee with all his might.
'He wants *much mending*, d-mn my eyes!
The punning son of Crispin cries—
'The shoe quite rotten—yes, the whole—
Quite vanished ev'ry bit of *sole*.'
And, see! the girls around thee throng—
'Art *thou* the wight, thus stretch'd along,
An enemy well known to wives and misses?
Art *thou* the man who dost not care
For oglings, squeezes of the fair;
Nay, makest up *wry mouths* at woman's kisses?'—

The pelt-pot.] An utensil among printers, containing a certain stale fluid for the benefit of the balls.

Then shall the nymphs apply their birchen rods,
And baste thee worse than Peter Pindar's Odes.

And see poor Paddy with his pole!
' By Jasus now, I'll *twig* his jowl,
For leaving us poor Christians in the lurch :
Open your jaw-bones, Master Knave—
Where be the promises ye gave,
To give a bit of shove to Mother Church ?
To a good market, faith ! our hogs are *brought*—
And so we're dead, and kill'd, and murder'd, all
for *naught* !"

The cats shall spit at thee!—and, hark!
The curs in yelling concert bark.
The cats exclaim—' Our mice with famine moan !
Not *one* fat mouse is to be had !'
' Aye,' cry the curs, ' and what's more sad,
We cannot now obtain a well-pick'd bone !"

O Furcifer—no, Lucifer I mean—
How art thou fall'n from the *starry* sphere!
Kick'd from the presence of the K. and Q.—
From burgundy, from claret, to small beer !

That feature of thy face call'd *nose*,
Which now with many a ruby glows,
Shall lose, alas ! its wonted fire !
The claret-lustre shall expire !
For Poverty's pale fingers soon pick out
The blushing rubies of the richest snout.

The meanest of the mean shall scoff,
And cry, ' I'm glad the fellow's off !'
The tailor leaps in rapture from his board ;
The cobbler throws his shoe away ;
The washerwoman flings her tray ;
The shoeblack drops his brush, and thanks the Lord :
To pot-houses they run with loud acclaim,
To get more joyful news from Gossip Fame.

Fox, on thy fall, with scorn must look ;
And pointed Sheridan and Tooke

Will make thee tingle with the lash of wit:
The poorest reptile of the House,
The vilest little borough louse,
Will scratch and bite the back of Billy Pitt.

And he, of whom the muses brag,
From his stretch'd jaws shall pull the gag,
And vengeful to thy head shall give it wing:
Then shall he cry, with dauntless looks,
'I'll go again amongst the cooks,
And tell *more* pretty tales of q— and k—.'

And he.] My very *identical* and *numerical* self, whose innocent and improving rhimes falling some years since in the way of an irritable and offended bashaw, gave birth to an act of parliament vowing vengeance on the *wight* that should, by any prose or poetical anatomy, dare exhibit the inside of heads royal.

Will mean the things with the look of wit's
 The poorest people of the House, and
 The worst little parish
 Will scold and bite the back of Billy Pile.
 And he, of whom the music came,
 From his study's door shall give the
 And ventral to the head shall give it
 Then shall he cry with shattering
 'I'll go again to meet the
 And tell more merry tales of a— and a—'

And he, of whom the music came,
 Whose innocent and improving things falling
 Give him in the way of an irritant and
 bestow, give him to the parliament voting
 vengeance on the right that should, by any
 or political means, give him the
 heads royal.

And he, of whom the music came,
 And he, of whom the music came,
 And he, of whom the music came,

And he, of whom the music came,
 And he, of whom the music came,
 And he, of whom the music came,
 And he, of whom the music came,
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And he, of whom the music came,
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And he, of whom the music came,
 And he, of whom the music came,
 And he, of whom the music came,
 And he, of whom the music came,
 And he, of whom the music came,

LORD AUCKLAND'S TRIUMPH;

OR, THE

DEATH OF CRIM. CON.

A PAIR OF PROPHETIC ODES.



I heard a voice—'Crim. Con., Crim. Con.
Thou and thine empire are undone!
Woe to the men of lawless lives,
Who wink on other people's wives!'



TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

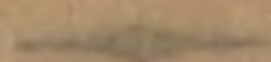
**AN ADDRESS TO HYMEN.—AN ODE ON
THE PASSIONS.—ADVICE TO YOUNG
WOMEN; OR, THE ROSE AND STRAW-
BERRY, A FABLE.—WITH A MOST IN-
TERESTING POSTSCRIPT.**

LORD ALCKLAND'S TRIUMPH;

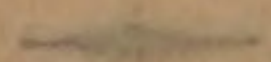
OR, THE

DEATH OF CHIM. CON.

A TALE OF PROPHETIC ODES.



I heard a voice—'Chim. Con. Chim. Con.
Thou and thine empire are undone!
Now to the men of lawless love,
Who wink on other people's wives!



TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

AN ADDRESS TO HYMEN—AN ODE ON
THE PASSIONS—ADVICE TO YOUNG
WOMEN; OR, THE ROSE AND STRAW-
BERRY, A FABLE—WITH A MOST IN-
TERESTING POSTSCRIPT.

TO LORD AUCKLAND.

MY GOOD LORD!

THE increasing depravity of the fair sex cries aloud for correction; adultery is deemed a peccadillo, and fornication a mere flea-bite: gigantic are the strides that Lewdness has taken to subdue the moral world; her steps are like those of Neptune, from promontory to promontory. The recent alterations in the sex are alarming! every woman is elegant; every woman is accomplished; every woman is handsome; every woman is a witch. In short, beauty is so common, that I should not wonder (such is the caprice of mankind) at seeing a public advertisement for ugliness. At every turn we pop upon a Cleopatra—and what must murder the blushing sensibilities of Modesty, more than *half* of those Cleopatras are to be purchased for *half*-a-crown. What dangerous traps of seduction!—what lures of loveliness! Even *I* (like your lordship, rather the worse for wear) meet the smile, the wink, the stare of those Circes,

on whose lips are written in capitals (says a great lyric poet *)

‘ Kisses, O gentle shepherd, for a crown.’

The modest, the ingenious, the pious Bishop of Durham, has laudably exercised the pruning knife of reform amongst the opera-dancers: he has lengthened their petticoats, circumscribed their skips, and shaded their nudities. This *reverend* bishop and his *reverend* lady saw *so much* at the opera as astonished, confounded, and petrified. They saw on a Saturday, *with their own eyes*, the wanton ballet break in on the holy Sabbath—They turned pale at the contamination—They remonstrated, and threatened, and preached, but they could not *convince*. Taylor, the manager, smiled at the bishop’s and his lady’s reforming zeal: the performers lifted up their eyes and noses in contempt, while the displeased audience exclaimed in a burst of thunder, ‘ Out, out, out—out, with the pair of old hypocrites!’ My lord, we may truly say with the nervous and moral Juvenal,

‘ *Credo Pudicitiam Saturno rege moratam
In terris.*’

Which may be thus *elegantly* rendered :

True—Modesty in Saturn’s days was seen:
The dev’l a bit, indeed, in George’s reign.

* Myself.

But now, my lord, for that species of vice—
adultery, against whose brazen walls your lordship
means to make a push with your battering ram:
that your bold attack may succeed, for the honour
of morality, and the *honourable heads* of great fa-
milies, is my most devout desire; and to encourage
your lordship in the day of battle, I dedicate to
your lordship these my prophetic odes.

I am, my lord, &c. &c.

P. P.

ARGUMENT TO ODE I.

The Bard, in the true Spirit of prophetic Poetry, commenceth his Ode with a compliment to Wedlock—Peter treateth the Hot-bed of Adultery with much poetical Contempt—He prophesieth the Fall of Crim. Con.; her Acquaintance with the Rakes—In a sublime Strain of Insult, Peter questioneth Crim. Con., and proclaimeth a total Annihilation of her Rams' Horns. Peter singeth of the wonders done by Rams' Horns at Jericho—he giveth some History of Lord Auckland's Family, and biddeth them beware of Defilement—The Poet candidly accuseth himself of having been a Votary to Pleasure, and prettily and poetically depicteth the manner of his courtship; illustrating with a most apt and—original comparison—The Poet abruptly bounceth off to attack the Princes of these Realms for not joining the pious Efforts of Lord Auckland, to destroy Crim. Con.—Peter complimenteth the Bench of Bishops for their furious Abhorrence of Crim. Con., for their intimate Knowledge of Heaven, and for their great Humility; but not for their great Poverty, in which Article these holy men have always varied from their simple Prede-

cessors, the Apostles—Peter attacketh the Ladies' Petticoats, or rather no Petticoats—The Bard, with a mighty lyric Jump, leapeth on the Shoulders of King David, of Israel, and giveth him a stunning Blow; and suddenly turning about, knocketh down King Harry, of England; concluding with a Squint at some modern Princes—Peter praiseth the unparalleled, though ungallant, behaviour of a King Louis, of France, of whom he relateth an entertaining and delicate Story, ending with somewhat more than a Suspicion that certain young Gentlemen would not have shown the same Fortitude under the same Circumstances.

ARGUMENT TO ODE II.

An apologetic Song for Inconstancy, by a Son of the Devil—This Son of a Devil pronounceth Love and a Butterfly to be similar Beings, and encourageth the Idea—this Demon wisheth to take the licentious French Nation for a Model, who wish to change a Wife as often as a Shirt—this Imp continueth to fascinate the Mind by beautiful Poetry in Favour of the unlicensed Passion Love—Peter reprobatheth such Notions, and prettily telleth, in Verse, a Story well known in Prose, of a King of France, who had experienced a Satiety on the Beauties of his Queen—Peter triumpheth in the future Happiness of the British Empire on the death of Crim. Con.—Peter exhibiteth a natural Picture of Age, exulting, amidst his Imbecilities, in the Idea of possessing blooming virgins, smiling at the same Time at the Horrors of Horns—Peter again, with his wonted Candour, reverseth the Medal, and suggesteth an Inconveniency that may arise from the State of Crim. Con. in the character of a rotten Rake—Peter here is truly moral, as well as poetical. Another Rake is brought on the Stage, who glorieth in the Advantages to be

obtained over a Wife, by this Attack of Lord Auckland—Peter, replete with historical Knowledge, relateth a Story of the great Cato, and also of the wise Men, not of Gotham, but of Greece—The Bard again singeth the Song of Triumph—he prophesieth—He giveth a Picture of the fashionable Wives of the present day, who visit Tom's and John's, in Soho-Square, with as much Ease as Mrs. Snip the Milliner—Peter prophesieth Peace in the House of Wedlock, and Security to that blushful Damsel, Chastity—The impudent and threatening Speech of Miss Fornication on the intended destruction of her Sister Crim. Con.

LORD AUCKLAND'S TRIUMPH;

OR, THE DEATH OF CRIM. CON.

ODE I.

SWEET is the song of wedded love,
The echo of the turtle dove;
Then who would turn that song to sounds of woe?
Bright are the skies, and calm the scene
Where Hymen holds his halcyon reign;
Then who would bid the howling tempests blow?
What but a ruffian would the spot invade,
To dash the beam of bliss with hellish shade?

Doubtless, Adultery's a fat hot-bed;
But what's the produce?—Heaven's a wanton weed.
No buds of promise ope their bloom,
And load the zephyr with perfume!

O Syren of the Cyprian Isle,
Crim. Con. who by a touch and smile
Dar'st lure a lady from a spouse's arms;
Make her desert her babes, her kin,
To listen to the voice of sin,
That praiseth of Variety the charms;
Thy lawless reign at length is o'er,
And rams'-horns frighten man no more.

410 LORD AUCKLAND'S TRIUMPH.

Yes ! there's an end of all thy wooing,
 Thy dove-like billing, fluttering, cooing :
 At thee, thy vile companions, ev'ry rake
 Shall start with horror, curse thy name,
 Fly from thy song of death with shame,
 Avoid thee like the fascinating snake
 That wily won the world's first madam,
 And put that fatal trick on Adam.

Tell me, where are thy rams' horns now,
 To clap upon a husband's brow ?
 Auckland has broken them to pieces :
 And thou shalt soon be put to death ;
Unpitied, yield thy forfeit breath,
 Except by wicked, wanton Misses,
 And wanton youths of our wild nation,
 Of *prudence* less possess'd than *passion*.

By rams' horns Jericho fell down,
 A very notable old town ;
 Yes, rams' horns laid the lovely city low :
 Thus rams' horns also to the earth
 Bring down the men of lofty birth,
 And force them with humility to bow.
 Look at Lord *** whom high birth adorns,
 How pitiful he squints amidst his horns !

Auckland, whose wife is charming and well bred,
 Auckland, ah ! rather in the *vale* of years,
 Thinks gentlemen should have the proper *fears*,
 And try to ward the antlers from the head.

Rare caution ! how unlike some folk,
 Of present and past times the joke ;
 Who, till the steed was stol'n, forbore
 What fools ! to shut the stable door !

Yes, Auckland has his wife and daughters too ;
 And as our sex will never cease to woo,
 Their charms may fire some *tinder*-hearted man !

A sigh, a tear, a gentle squeeze,
A bed, a grot, a clump of trees,
Have favour'd many a lover's artful plan.
What though Lucretias? In a fatal hour,
The fam'd Lucretia fell by Tarquin's pow'r.

Auckland will give a deathful blow
To some sad purlieus of Soho:
No longer there shall lofty beds of down
Expect the muffled married dame,
And blushless youth of lawless flame,
Secure from husbands and the prying town.

There are, for wedded prey, who prowl,
And joy to hear the tempest howl;
O'er Matrimony's smile to cast a cloud,
And put the modest lady in her shroud!
Such shall the muse to infamy consign,
And crush with all the thunders of her line.

Blushing, I own, I've been in love with Pleasure,
Look'd on the nymph's acquaintance as a treasure;
Never pursued her once with scoff and *hisses*;
But caught the little hussey in my arms;
Ran o'er the pretty garden of her charms, [kisses.
And pluck'd the cherries of her lips—call'd

I never cast off Pleasure from me—no;
But hugg'd her, when I met with her—and so:
For lo! a piece of velvet was *my* soul!
Black velvet, mind! which when the god of day
Doth visit with his all-enlivening ray,
Enjoys the radiance, and *devours* the whole.

Velvet, unlike the marble rock, indeed,
Devoid of gratitude and grace;
Who, when the sun would warm and gild his head,
Flings back the blessing in his face.

Yes! I was once a sinner, I confess;
But now my morals wear a *sober* dress.

412 LORD AUCKLAND'S TRIUMPH.

Sorry am I for our good *princes*
 (Indeed my tender conscience *winces*),
 To think they try to save Crim. Con. the jade!
 The bishops in a goodly row,
 All wish to give a fatal blow:
 Such good examples *somewhat* might have sway'd!

Rare oracles! so just, so sweet, so wise,
 So deep in all the secrets of the skies;
 So prone to teach, assist, inspire, and bless one,
 From which Humility might take a lesson!

Sons of those holy men of yore—
 As *pious* but not *quite* so *poor*;
 Since Fortune, to the world's surprise,
 On Merit learns to *ope her eyes*.
 Now, when a bishop * for a favour sues,
 Not, not in vain the plaintive turtle coos.

Ye Gods! how wicked are the times!
 Ev'n *I* cry, 'Shame,' the man of rhimes!
 And poets are not overstock'd with blushes.—
 See! lovely Modesty is gone
 From Britain, where she fix'd her throne,
 And Impudence to fill her station rushes!
 How loose our ladies in attire,
 To set our peeping youth on fire;

* The present Bishop of London (Dr. Porteus) I must, indeed, adduce as an exception. Wishing to turn his back on his r-y-l patroness, on a vacancy in the see of Durham, he strained every nerve to obtain the precious prize, worth nearly twenty thousand pounds a-year; the bishopric of London, worth only *poor four thousands* per annum, *scarcely sufficient* to supply the *extensive circle* of his charities! Good man! he was disappointed; not only disappointed too; his prayer was considered as a piece of meanness and ingratitude.—If this be not a fact, I beg his lordship's pardon.

A hundred instances I soon could pick ye!

Without a cap we view the fair,
The bosom heaving, heaving bare;
The *hips* asham'd, *forsooth* to wear a dicky*:

Quite antique statues—such the dress,
It nothing leaves for Fancy's guess!

Look at our grannums, good old souls,
With caps and pinner, well mob'd polls;
With warming dickies, high stiff stays,
To guard the neck from grasp and gaze,
How diff'rent from our modern fair,
Whose ev'ry beauty *takes the air*!

Alas! they heed no frost or snow,
Nor winds around that chilling blow:
And swing their muslin gossamer about;
Showing what Modesty should veil;
Things very proper to conceal,
For legs and knees, and *so*, should ne'er *peep out*.

Kind David set a very bad example—
King Harry, too, a very shocking sample
Of wedlock's constant, chaste, and lovely state:
And many other kings besides, indeed,
Too prone on wild variety to feed,
Have broken Matrimony's tender pate:

Nay, many princes *ev'ry day*
Do something in this wicked way,
But not so *did* a King of France,
Whose story seemeth quite romance.

* A term used in the *polite* circles for a flannel
petticoat.

A KING OF FRANCE AND THE
FAIR LADY.

At Battledore and Shuttlecock.

A TRUE STORY.

A KING of France upon a day,
With a fair lady of his court,
Was pleas'd at battledore to play,—
A very fashionable sport.

Into the *bosom* of this fair court dame, [shame,
Whose whiteness did the snow's pure whiteness
King Louis by an odd mischance did knock
The shuttlecock,
Thrice happy rogue, upon the down of doves,
To nestle with the pretty little loves!

'Now, sire, pray take it out'—quoth she.
With an arch smile.—But what did he?

What? what to charming Modesty belongs!
Obedient to her soft command,
He rais'd it—but not with his *hand*!

No, marv'ling reader, but the *chimney tongs*.

What a chaste thought in this good king!
How clever!

When shall we hear agen of such a thing?

Lord! never.

Now were *our* princes to be pray'd
To such an act by some fair maid,

I'll bet my life *not one* would mind it:
But *handy*, without more ado,
The youths would search the bosom *through*,
Although it took a *day* to find it!

ODE II.

NOW hear a son of Satan; how he sings!

‘Chloe, thou art the sweetest of sweet things:
I hate dull constancy—’tis such a *bore*:

It ruins Love—’tis such a piece of lumber,
Kind Venus, let it not my back encumber,
Come, Chloe, come—thy beauties I adore:

‘Come to the fields—thy husband’s gone to town—
O come, and let me give thee a *green gown*.

‘Love is a butterfly that skims about,
From hill to vale, and stops at every flow’r;
Sucks all the honey with its little snout,
So pleas’d the rich ambrosia to devour;
Then on wild wing, away it flies again,
The sultan of the variegated plain.

‘Chloe, we’ll imitate the ways of France;
For Constancy’s a very dull romance—
Fit only for a poor old grunting dame;
And blind old Darby, full of ail and groan,
Forc’d to be led about by limping Joan,
Of girls the titter, and of boys the game.

‘But Love, my dear, is neither lame nor blind;
All energy—his life, eternal spring;
Roams the wide world as wanton as the wind,
And scorns the fetters that would bind his *wing*;
Then, Chloe, learn to prize the varied kiss,
And prove of sweet inconstancy the bliss.’

416 LORD AUCKLAND'S TRIUMPH.

Such was the song of thousands—such the song
Of one King Louis—of his lady tir'd ;
Who dragg'd with pain the marriage clog along,
And lo, a lady of his court desir'd.

Yes, yes, his majesty, much, much too blame,
Had a colt's tooth, and lov'd another dame.

His minister (a *bishop*, I presume)
Inform'd him of the danger of his soul,
And pointed strongly to the day of doom,
And heav'n-ward his two eyes began to roll—
Much as to say, ' O king if this way given,
Your majesty will never get to heav'n.'

' Stick to your virtuous queen,' the bishop *sigh'd* ;
' Go to the Devil,' the king in secret cry'd.

The king, not relishing the priest's instructions,
His heaps of quoted Scripture—sage deductions,
Order'd him *partridge* constantly for dinner :
No dish beside—'twas partridge ev'ry day,
From this at length the bishop turn'd away,
Grew sick, and groan'd like a repentant sinner.

Many wry mouths he made—' *Toujours perdrix !*
Partridge and priest in short could not agree :
He now felt *constancy a mawkish thing*.

A proselyte with long long face he came,
Desir'd to know the pretty lady's name,
Turn'd pimp himself, and brought her to the king.

Die but Crim. Con.—the region smiles,
And glory crowns the Queen of Isles!

Old-age shall soon be hobbling seen
With blooming virgins of eighteen,
Panting, and coughing up an amorous sigh :
Yes, wheezing, wrinkled age shall woo,
And paw and drivel, kiss and coo,
And shake his crutches, and in triumph cry :

'Horns, I defy you—horns no more I *dread*;
Fearless I wake, and fearless go to bed.

'In wedlock's cage my nightingale shall sing
And lull my senses with a charming note:
I dare that damned rakehell a red coat
To pull a single feather from its wing.'

But then the batter'd rake will boast—
'Though past my prime, my vigour lost,
And full of holes my aching bones;
Though gone my teeth, my cheeks all pale,
And foul my breath that taints the gale,
And night a witness of my groans;

'A virgin of a thousand charms
Shall bring her beauty to my arms;
While happy (from dishonour safe)
My head at *rams* and *bulls* shall laugh.'

What modesty the man inspires!
How sweet the scheme the knave proposes!
What justice too in his desires!
A carrion on a bed of roses!

'I will ascend,' exclaims another rake,
'Yes, I will mount the highest places;
The beds of virgin innocence shall shake;
I'll kiss the daughters of the Graces.

'Thus will I spread (a king of blisses)
Mine empire o'er the world of kisses.

'Wild as the roe my feet shall bound:
I'll graze in ev'ry neighbour's ground;
In vain my injur'd spouse shall wake and weep:
Well hamper'd by Lord Auckland's chain,
She dares not of her wrongs complain;
Her sighs must whisper, and her anger sleep.'

How manners change! the times of old,
When wives were lent, and bought and sold,

418 LORD AUCKLAND'S TRIUMPH.

Must make a modern husband smile!
Cato was often known to send
To this, and that, and t'other friend,
To lend his wife a little while.

If gone from Rome for air or water,
What then? why lend a pretty daughter.

What happen'd?—One of them was sent to Cato,
With as much cordiality and ease,
As though the sage had begg'd for a potatoe,
A pot of mustard, or a slice of cheese!

The *Grecian* sages also (monstrous strange!)
All gentlemen of moral lives,
Met just like horse-dealers, or Jews on 'Change,
To buy, and swop, and borrow wives.
Now from digression to return,—
Crim. Con. must die, and thousands mourn.

No more shall wanton princes now
Attempt to milk a subject's cow:
No more John T——ds* shall attack a duchess;
Who, chaste as Dian, scream'd for help,
And, struggling with the wicked whelp,
Escap'd all spotless from his savage clutches.

No charming Mistress Hodges shall appear,
Nor Mister Hodges aid his tender dear,
To plant the horn upon his *willing* skull:
Lady Cadogans, with inviting charms,
Lure no more pamper'd parsons to her arms,
Help'd by that *pretty pimp*, Miss Farley Bull.

Lady Westmeaths no more shall rise,
Victims of fascinating eyes,

* The author is mistaken here. Her grace was
at the time of his lordship's amorous attack, in her
weeds.—*The editor.*

To fill the trump of scandal, and inspire
 Old prudish maids with jealous fits,
 Drive virtuous wives out of their wits,
 And set our envying, envying youth on fire.
 No Betty Leekes, to talk of a *loose* dress,
 When Bradshaw came to woo the noble dame;
 No *powder'd*, *towzled* couch their hours to bless,
 No coachman to proclaim their acts of shame:
 And last of all, no catering Mister Hogg*,
 To suit salacious tastes with prurient prog.
 No more shall hawkers gallop on,
 Roaring away, 'Crim. Con. Crim. Con. !'
 While Abigails from houses, with a caper,
 Rush, giggling, forth, to buy the paper:
 To show their ladies, happy, none will doubt it,
 To wink and sneer, and prattle *all about it*.
 No more a counsel's blush shall spring,
 Nor *loftier* B—r with sweet grace,
 Hide in his handkerchief his face,
 When evidence has been *too near* the thing
 Counsel will not be forc'd to say,
 When did they kiss?—in garish day,
 Or by the candle's conscious trembling light?
 Were they in bed beneath the sheet,
 Snug in embrace—both *tête-à-tête*?
 And what were *things* that might appear in sight?
 Such shall no more be heard in court,
 Making for idle ears a sport.
 Too often wives who lose at play,
 With *honour* debts of honour pay;
 And slily to some Cyprian fane repair—
 Invoke of Love the saucy pow'r,
 To Cupid sacrifice an hour,
 And lo! return with so much ease and air,

* The bookseller.

As though it were a millinery trip!
 So out of breath in quest of Mistress Snip!
 All in the house of Wedlock shall be quiet;
 No sighs to soften, and no pulse to riot;
 And Chastity, in danger now no more,
 Shall sleep without a *lock* upon her door.

' 'Tis a bad wind that blows no good,'
 A proverb older than the flood.

Cries pert Miss Fornication, with a wink;

' Aye, kill my sister—*do*—and soon
 I'll play young ladies *such a tune*,
 Aye, spinster reputation *soon* shall sink:

I'll deal in *billets-doux* and sighs;
 I'll open necks and sharpen eyes;
 I'll make their gowns and petticoats of gauze;
 I'll do the business of the maids!
 I'll make more routes and masquerades;
 I'll sharpen Mister Satan's claws.

' I'll order it with nymph and swain,
 That cheeks shall never *blush* again.

' I'll build to Methodism more chapels,
 Where lad with lass so sweetly grapples
 Soon as the tell-tale candles are put out:
 Yes, yes, the *love-feasts* shall increase,
 And Modesty, that mincing *piece*,
 Shall say, "Good bye t'ye," to the groaning rout.

' I'll aid Hypocrisy's dark cause,
 And for a *parson* choose a H——s*;
 I'll ope new turnpikes to salvation,
 Or I'm not christen'd Fornication.'

Thus wildly she exclaims! and, by the Lord,
 I think the hussey means to *keep her word*;

* While Alnwinkle exists, the *conscientious* act
 of this Huntingtonian apostle will be remembered.

Thus have I pour'd a pair of odes,
Which *some* may deem the songs of *gods*;
But hark! a second solemn voice I hear—
A second awful voice that cries,
'Bard, bard, thine oracles are lies;
Crim. Con. has nought from Auckland's rage to fear,
That lord from morn to night, and night to morn,
Shall trembling view the visionary *horn*.'

THE ROSE AND STRAWBERRY.

A TABLE.

YOUNG women! don't be fond of kissing,

Too well I know your hearts unwilling

To hide beneath the veil of chaste—

Too pleased a sparkling eye to roll,

And with a neck to shield the soul

Of every swain with love's alarm.

Yet, yet, if friendship be not near,

Its arrow may make into a spear.

The dimpled smile, and pointing lip,

Where little Cupid's nock is hid,

Are very pretty, I own;

But, ah! if Prudence be not nigh,

Those lips, where all the Cupids lie,

May give a passage to a foe.

A Rose, in all the pride of bloom,

Flushing around her rich perfume,

Her form to public notice pushing,

A child the summer's golden glow,

Peep'd on a Strawberry below,

Beneath a leaf, in secret blushing.

Thus have I found a pair of eyes,
Which none may deem the eyes of gods;
But hark! a second solemn voice I hear—
A second voice, that calls me here,
'Beneath the veil, those eyes are hid;
Crime, Crime, has sought its hiding place to hide.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN;

OR,

THE ROSE AND STRAWBERRY.

A FABLE.

YOUNG women! don't be fond of *killing*,
Too well I know your hearts unwilling
To hide beneath the veil a charm—
Too pleas'd a sparkling eye to roll,
And with a neck to thrill the soul
Of ev'ry swain with Love's alarm.

Yet, yet, if Prudence be not near,
Its *snow* may melt into a *tear*.

The dimpled smile, and pouting lip,
Where little Cupids nectar sip,
Are very pretty lures, I own:
But, ah! if Prudence be not nigh,
Those lips, where all the Cupids lie,
May give a passage to a *groan*.

A Rose, in all the pride of bloom,
Flinging around her rich perfume,
Her form to public notice pushing,
Amidst the summer's golden glow,
Peep'd on a Strawberry below,
Beneath a leaf, in secret blushing.

'Miss Strawberry,' exclaim'd the Rose,
'What's beauty that no mortal knows?
What is a charm, if never seen?
You really are a pretty creature:
Then wherefore hide each blooming feature?
Come up, and show your modest mien.'

'Miss Rose,' the Strawberry replied,
I never did possess a pride
That wish'd to *dash* the public eye:
Indeed I own that I'm *afraid*—
I think there's safety in the *shade*;
Ambition causes many a sigh.'

'Go, simple child,' the Rose rejoin'd,
'See how *I* wanton in the wind:
I feel no danger's dread alarms:
And then observe the god of day,
How amorous with his golden ray,
To pay his visits to my charms!'

No sooner said, but with a scream
She started from her fav'rite theme—
A clown had on her fix'd his *pat*.
In vain she screech'd—Hob did but smile;
Rubb'd with her leaves his nose awhile,
Then bluntly stuck her in his hat.

ODE TO HYMEN.

O TELL me, Hymen, how it comes to pass,
 That folks live not in unison, alas!
 That all thy votaries are not always blest?
 Thy pretty *fane* is enter'd all so billing,
 So am'rous, so obliging, smiling, willing;
 When lo! Love's passion sinks at once to rest!
 An ignorant poor bachelor am I,
 And stupid, knowing not the reason why!
 Love seems at first within the *torrid* zone,
 Now to the *temperate*, lo, his course he bends;
 Now to the *frigid* limpeth with a groan,
 And now the sweetest of all passions *ends*!
 Look to the simple state, the state of clowns,
 Born in a hut, and seldom from their downs!
 Thus Lubin, in a Glo'ster hamlet bred,
 Soon as the honey-moon began to shine;
 'Now, Deary (I suppose the pair in bed)
 Now put thy pretty little *totes** to mine.'
 But when, ah me! the honey-moon was over,
 Adieu the *lover*!
 And what the soul of delicacy shocks,
 Instead of 'Put thy pretty *totes* to mine,'
 He turn'd his back, and grunted like a swine,
 'Why dost not heave away thy d-mn'd greeat
hocks?'

* An abbreviation, I presume, of *pettitoes*, frequently used in Gloucestershire.

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

THE passions are all prone to sad disorders,
 Whose objects never should approach their *bor-*
' O lead us not into temptation!' [ders!
 Is a choice pray'r, and which I much admire—
 So *many things* are dangerous to desire!
 So ripe for soul-assassination!

Young women, *par exemple*, O how sweet,
 How fascinating each wild sense they greet!
 How much we long to smell to the fair flow'r!
 How long the blushing peach to pluck it,
 And suck it—

To use an *epicurish* phrase, *devour!*

Now such desires are very dangerous things—
 It does not signify to talk about it:

Yet seemed Solomon, first of wise kings,
 And *eke* his father David, *much to doubt it.*

For wheresoe'er they met a pretty lass,
Snap was the word—they could not let her pass.

How many a time I thought it not a sin
 To press the virgin's cheek and dimpled chin,
 And press her pouting lip, that dew-clad cherry!
 And peep upon her neck of Alpine snow,
 And pressing, panting, to her bosom grow,
 Rich banquet—*very*—I repeat it—*very!*

But lo! I stand reform'd, thank Heav'n,
 So much of grace to me is giv'n!

O youths! whene'er the wishes warm of nature,
 Tumultuous rise—destroy their dangerous dance;
 The curb of reason to your aid advance,
 And souse them with her buckets of cold water.

No harm is in the passions, to be sure;
 But then they must not gallop wild to door—
 Close keep them, just like hounds that long for hare;
 Or muzzle them, indeed, like ferrets;
 And thus suppress their wanton spirits,
 That lawless wish to be as free as air.

Well I remember (but the times are past,
 Thank Heav'n, this wickedness can't always last)
 When if a petticoat but caught my eye—
 A petticoat surrounding some fair maid,
 Lord bless us! how my heart's brisk fountain play'd!
 Grace was abjur'd, and Prudence forc'd to fly.

The passions, sudden wak'd to watch her,
 And, hound-like, scamper'd in full cry to catch her.

The passions, as I've said, are far from *evil*;
 But if not well confin'd, they play the devil.

Learn from *that* candle—mark its *govern'd* flame,
 How in its lustre, gentle, steady, tame,

So mild, such trembling modesty, so quiet!—
 But let him touch your curtains, or your bed,
 Who on such stuff delighteth to be fed,

Lo, in a brace of minutes, what a riot!
 He pulls (for nought th' unbridled rogue reveres)
 Like Samson, an old house about his ears!

POSTSCRIPT.

TO THE READER.

IN my last publication, called *Nil Admirari*, or a Smile at a Bishop, I most *ingenuously*, and with a pretty portion of the *ars critica*, appreciated the merits of my own work, with a view of assisting some monthly Aristarchuses in their literary discussions, and of fixing the muzzle of restraint upon the mouth of Calumny: but *quod petimus est nusquam*! I had reckoned without my host. Indeed, I was deceived—the *poet* was damned, and the *man* overwhelmed with slander. Little Mister Mathias, the son of a cobbler (says Fame), nevertheless a rhyme-monger and critic, united in hostility against me, with little squinting Master Æsop Gifford, also a rhyme-monger and critic, although some years ago actually a *cobbler* in the little town of Ashburton, in the county of Devon. In interrupting my narrative for a minute or two, let me observe, that this Master Æsop Gifford has performed in several characters

since his *elevation* from his stall at Ashburton, having been created a Petronius, the *arbiter elegantiarum* to the *honourable* house of G———r; in which *laudable* situation he acquitted himself with so much *dexterity* and satisfaction to his *most noble* and *constant* and brisk employer, as well as *great reputation* to himself, that he was appointed bear-leader to his lordship's *hopeful* son, to conduct him through the refined dominions of Italy, and to point out to him the beauties of painting and sculpture, the knowledge of which little Æsop had acquired partly by *inspiration*, and partly from the most excellent engravings in wood at the heads of ballads, which surrounded and adorned the inside of his humble mansion, that is to say, his stall; especially a portrait of St. Crispin at work, forming a beautiful frontispiece to a ballad, whose well-known *exordium* floweth poetically *thus*:

‘ A cobbler there was, and he liv’d in a stall,
Which serv’d him for parlour, and kitchen, and
all,’ &c.

And which portraiture of St. Crispin being represented with a crook back and squinting eyes, was often supposed by the apprentice girls and stable-boys of the town, who were accustomed to lean on his bulk to hear his poetry and jokes—I say, this homely portraiture of the tutelar saint of cobblers, was supposed, by those his companions, to be a likeness of himself; which idea he cunningly encouraged, hav-

ing not only an itch *between his fingers*, but a brother itch in his *mind* to *cut a figure in print*. To proceed—The aforesaid gentlemen, fearful of their own abilities (for *Modesty* is of a timid disposition) united themselves with a young gentleman *cleped* Master Canning, who, being a *forward* lad at school, a *præcox ingenium*, composing in the shortest time the most copious parcels of Latin nonsense, hexameters and pentameters (a common exercise for the advancement of sense), was noticed and elected by administration to high posts, from an idea that a forward schoolboy would make a profound politician. Still to strengthen the phalanx, the aforesaid three young gentlemen made a further union with a young gentleman who received the *best* part of his education at that long-established seminary celebrated for *turning out* as well as *turning off* genius of every description, called Newgate. *Further still* to augment their force, the aforesaid four young gentlemen united with a fifth, the *élève* of little *Æsop*, *viz.* Lord Poluflosboio, whose broadside of Greek once thundered with such a happy effect on the great assembly of the nation.

This formidable *association*, with the motto of *Vis unita fortior* on their banners, having completed a battery called the Anti-jacobin Magazine and Review, for the purpose of confounding the enemies of their country, supporting the cause of literature, and getting into lucrative employments, opened their fire on my poor pamphlet, with a view

to its utter annihilation.—To relinquish the metaphor, these men, wilfully and maliciously disregarding my fair and candid criticisms, have convinced me that all my attempts to produce a decent effect on them is labour thrown away; in short, that I have exhibited my imbecility in trying to wash the black-amoor white. Violent has been the torrent issuing on me from those water-spouts of abuse!—Not only my *poetical*, but my *moral* character, which I thought a fine haunch of venison, has been converted into dog's-meat under their paws. In all the calmness of reflection, when Prejudice was asleep, I said to myself, What have I done to these fellows, that they should so sluice me with the muddy and stinking torrent of abuse?—I have, I confess, ventured to speak my thoughts of that rhiming humbug, the Pursuits of Rancour, *alias Literature*,—the united composition of the aforesaid gentlemen and Lord —; and behold, I was to fall a martyr to my impartial decision. I *may* have said that the authors of that boisterous, unmeaning, silly production, called the Pursuits of Literature, in which so many lines and half-lines are stolen, and such a *farrago* of impertinent quotation introduced.—I say, I *may* have called them the rag-men of Parnassus, the old clothes-men to the Muses, *literary* pincushions, composed of scraps and bran. I must confess that I have at times smiled at the unmeaning noisy lines of two wretched things called *Baviad* and *Mæviad*; and smiled moreover at the self-consequence of their

author.—I *may* have said, that if Mr. Æsop Gifford, instead of Baviads and Mæviads, had only composed Cobbleriads, he would have been more at *home* on the subject; and really, no young man was *keener* in his profession than little Æsop, with his paring-knife in his hand—In short, he was the *cobbling* wonder of Ashburton and its vicinity, as no one of his profession, like him,

(So shining was his genius) knew
 The constitution of a shoe;
 To put a heel-tap (we'll suppose)
 Or mend a sole, or add a nose!
 And as for an old boot, in truth,
 He gave it the black bloom of youth
Elke comely ears to an old pattin,
 Till some vile demon cry'd—'Learn Latin.'

I believe that I *may* have asserted that there is so much flatulence in those compositions, that his muse, previously to her beginning her song, must have made a hearty dinner upon boiled peas, a vegetable possessing much flatulent energy.—I *may* have asserted that Stephen Duck the thrasher was a much superior poet to Gifford the cobbler; as honest Stephen wrote common sense, and from the heart, and Gifford from a confused muddy brain, without feeling, and in general without the power of exhibiting a meaning.—I *may* have asserted as much, and more than that: I do assert it now, that the thrasher is a better writer than the cobbler.—I *may* have said, that when a man receiveth subscription money for a work, and without any intention to produce that

work, he is a literary swindler, and deserveth a rope.—I *may* have asserted, that the dirtiest of all occupations is a pimp.—I *may* have said, that the wretch who can write lampoons on the patrons who took him from the dunghill, and placed him in a situation of respectability, is a scoundrel.—I *may* have said that a fellow with the form of the letter Z, who publicly attacks an unfortunate woman for a disorder of which the Divine Being is the sole author, is little less than a demon and a fool.—And finally, I *may* have declared, that the wretch who, after the most important favours conferred on him by a friend, can, by the most infernal machinations, meditate the ruin of that friend, to pave the way for his own ambitious consequence, is a villain.—But what is all this to *Æsop*?—These reflections might have been *general*; but unfortunately for *me*, they have been considered as *particular*, so that *certain folk* have positively sworn, in the language of an old ballad, ‘That was levelled at me.’ I *may* have pronounced Mr. Canning a feeble character (and I appeal to his speeches for my justification)—I *may* have suggested, that the puerile letter sent to *Bonaparte* could only be the work of Master Canning; and that Pitt and Dundas could not have been the authors of that weak performance, but under the brain-destroying influence of the jolly god. For this then have I been persecuted, grievously *persecuted* in *prose*; and I expect the same persecution in *rhime*, if not *poetry*. But, O astonished reader, not only these are my foes; but the *squad* belonging to another thing

christened the British Critic (it should have been named British *Hypocrite*, religion being made a stalking-horse for the purposes of mammon), this *squad* has spit its collected venom in my face—and for what? Have I been known to attack poor Parson Nares's still-born, pious, prose lucubrations, or Beloe's rhimes?—I scorn to insult the *dead*. Have I ever spoken disrespectfully of the critical sagacity of Messieurs Rivingtons (two booksellers of Paul's Church-yard) and their *reviewing ladies*? I scorn to trample on paralytics.—Have I ever attacked the *military characler* of Mr. Francis Rivington, whose sword is as sharp as his pen, and who is ready to storm the loftiest dunghill of the metropolis with as much intrepidity as was displayed by the commanding general at the battle of *Jemap*!—I have seen him on the plains of Bridewell, in his accoutrements, *out-Alexandering* Alexander—I have seen him bayonet a pickpocket at a fire.—I have witnessed his undaunted appearance, and maintain that he will be as formidable to his foes in the *field*, as he is terrible to a poor, petitioning, complaining, emaciated author in his *shop*, or to those drudges the scavengers of his Review. Let justice be done—*fiat justitia, ruat cælum*. To use another classical quotation, *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica Veritas*.—Truth and Candour are the deities at whose shrine I sacrifice; or may I resemble

A poor, mean, sneaking, literary shrimp!

Lie like M——s, and like G—— p——!

To conclude—I shall forbear a long and elaborate criticism on the various and numerous beauties of my production, contenting myself with *modestly* saying, that my pair of Prophetic Odes is not a little in the Hebrew style, and which, without blushing, might admit of a comparison with some Hebrew compositions of lyric celebrity. Nay, I know some readers that will assert, perhaps of each of my odes, that *decies repetita placebit*—others *centies*, and some *milties*, *peradventure*. To confess a truth, I am somewhat like my great cousin of Thebes, in *one* respect, an *egotist*—indeed, I am told of it; but then I am far from detracting, like him, from my contemporary rivals. I persecute not with *calumny*: on the contrary, I return good for evil—Messieurs Mathias, and Gifford, and Canning, and the gentlemen of Newgate, and my Lord Poluflosboio, have received my *pity*! Their Pursuits, and their Ghosts, and their Baviads and Mæviads, and their speeches, and their monthly criticism, shall never be cruelly dragged by *me* from the lake of oblivion, to make a second feast for the table of Ridicule.—May they sleep in *sæcula sæculorum* beneath the placid expanse!

NIL ADMIRARI;

OR,

A SMILE AT A BISHOP:

Occasioned by

A Hyperbolical Eulogy on Miss Hannah More,

By Dr. Porteus,

In his late Charge to the Clergy.

———*Est modus in rebus*———HOR.

There is reason in roasting eggs.

Lo, *Novelty* shall lead the world astray,
And cast ev'n bishops wide of Wisdom's bias;
A mouse has prov'd the lion of the day;
Witness that miserable imp M-th-as.

ALSO,

EXPOSTULATION;

OR

AN ADDRESS TO MISS HANNAH MORE.

Miss Hannah has no eagle wing to flee,
Whom thus thine adulation would *befool* :
Alas! a poor *ephemeron* is she;
A *humming* native of a Bristol pool.

LIKewise,
DUPLICITY, OR THE BISHOP;

AND
SIMPLICITY, OR THE CURATE

A PAIR OF TALES.

MOREOVER,
A N O D E
TO THE BLUE-STOCKING CLUB.

AND, FINALLY,
AN ODE TO SOME ROBIN RED-BREASTS,
IN A COUNTRY CATHEDRAL.

TO DR. B. PORTEUS,

Lord Bishop of London.

MY GOOD LORD!

AS your lordship, in your late charge to the clergy, has almost exhausted panegyric to compliment Miss Hannah More on talents that are presumed to have *worked wonders*, in the cause of religion, and *high-toned* morality, to use your lordship's *fiddling* figure, I have taken the liberty of addressing a Poem to your lordship on the subject of your most extraordinary eulogium. Your lordship's *innumerable* virtues, producing such an enthusiasm of love and veneration, *particularly from the unbeneficed members of the church*, the constant objects of your lordship's condescending and kind attentions, is universally *allowed*; but in regard to your lordship's claim to genius, taste, and the chair of Aristarchus, I fear it will be as universally denied. But *non omnia possumus omnes*. A bishop may be an abstemious, or a devouring bishop; a generous, or an avaricious bishop; a decent, or an *indecent* bishop; a believing, or an *unbelieving* bishop; a sober, or a boozing bishop; a lazy, or a fox-hunting bishop (for I have seen all those characters): he may, nevertheless, be no better than a *poor curate* among the *muses*.

I am, my lord, &c. &c.

P. P.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON'S PANEGYRIC.

‘**M**RS. HANNAH MORE, whose extraordinary and versatile talents can equally accommodate themselves to the cottage and the palace, who, while she is diffusing among the lower orders of people an infinity of little religious tracts, calculated to reform and comfort in this world, and to save them in the next, is at the same time applying all the powers of a vigorous and highly cultivated mind, to the instruction, improvement, and delight of the most exalted of her own sex. I allude more particularly to her last work on Female Education, which presents to the reader such a fund of good sense, of wholesome counsel, of sagacious observation, of a knowledge of the world and of the female heart, of high-toned morality and genuine Christian piety; and all this enlivened with such brilliancy of wit, such richness of imagery, such variety and felicity of allusion, such neatness and elegance of diction, as are not, I conceive, easily to be found combined and blended together in any other work in the English language.

‘Of her little tracts, no less than two millions were sold in the first year! and they contributed, I am persuaded, very essentially to counteract the poison of those impious and immoral pamphlets, which, as I have already stated, were dispersed over the kingdom in such numbers by societies of infidels and republicans.’

NIL ADMIRARI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Peter prettily and poetically proclaimeth the pernicious Effects of Flattery—he solemnly addresseth Doctor Porteus, as of the celebrated School of Warburton; loading the Doctor with appropriate and complimentary Epithets—Though Peter acknowledgeth the Bishop's overmatch for the Devil and Sin, he denieth his Powers over Taste--shrewdly hinteth that a wise Father may have a foolish Son—proveth the Bishop's Want of critical Acumen, by his hyperbolical Praises of Miss Hannah More, a Rhime-and-Prose Gentlewoman, born at Bristol—Peter, having narrowly searched Miss Hannah, and tried Miss Hannah by his own Touchstone, discovereth the metallic Nature of Miss Hannah's Genius—Peter solemnly protesteth that he cannot wade twice through Miss Hannah's Works, deeming them, as Dr. Johnson would have expressed himself, Pages of puerile Vanity and intellectual Imbecility.

SOFT is the voice of Flatt'ry! sweet her song!
Ah, much too sweet for man, vain man, I fear!
Her oil of fool, too fluent, glides along,
And winding, drops with *death*, into his ear.

O Porteus, of the Warburtonian school,
 Meek, modest, generous, diffident, and humble,
 'Tis said that *sometimes* sages play the fool;
 But when they stumble, with a *vengeance*
 stumble:

Though form'd to brighten all the human race,
 Rare flint and steel, illumining the dark;
 Though, like an egg, so full of faith, and grace,
 Like thy great * Prototype of Pryor Park;

Though bravely furious for the fight, to tame
 Old Nick, and eke his dirty mother Sin,
 With every sort of weapon one can name,
 Ev'n from the thundering *cannon* to a *pin*;

Yet, Porteus, though a giant with thy blows,
 That Sin's and Satan's hides with glory baste,
 A dwarf art thou, in fields of verse and prose—
 A very pigmy in the realms of taste.

What tho' thou rhyme hast made, it does not follow,
 The critic's laurel must thy temples shade;
 A man may be descended from Apollo,
 And yet a *novice* in the critic trade.

Nay, man may scarce be equal to a *pun*;
 Yet sprung from Phœbus, but without his art:
 Less fit to guide the *chariot* of the sun,
 Than that more humble vehicle, a *cart*.

With sighs I tell thee of Miss Hannah More,
 A mighty genius, in thy charge display'd!
 Know, I have search'd the damsel o'er and o'er,
 And only find Miss Hannah, a *good* maid.

Oft by my touchstone have I tried the lass,
 And see no shining mark of gold appear;
 No, nor one beam of silver; some small brass,
 And *lead* and glittering *mundic*, in thine ear.

* The late Bishop Warburton, of lamb-like memory.

A sorry critic, thou, in prose and metre,
 Or thou hadst judg'd her pow'r a scanty rill;
 Which, if thou wilt believe the word of Peter,
 Crawls at the *bottom* of th' Aonian hill,

Twice can't I read *her* labours for my blood,
 So *simply* mawkish, so *sublimely* sad!
 I own Miss Hannah's life is *very* good,
 But then her verse and prose are *very* bad.

No muse e'er touch'd Miss Hannah's lips with fire;
 No fountain *hers* of bright imagination:
 So little doth a *genuine* muse inspire,
 That genius will not own her a *relation*.

Miss Hannah's graces dazzle not the view—
 No bonfire she—no sun's meridian blaze:—
 A *rush-light* 'midst th' illuminating few:
 A *farthing* *rush-light*, with its winking rays,

Miss Hannah has no eagle-wing to flee,
 Whom thus thine adulation can befool:
 Alas! a poor *ephemeron* is she!
 A *humming* native of a Bristol pool,

ARGUMENT.

Peter sorely complaineth of Miss Hannah's cracked Instrument—announceth Women superior to Miss Hannah.—Miss Hannah laugheth in her Sleeve at the Bishop's Praise.—Peter thinketh that Mount Parnassus would have shed no Tears had Miss Hannah never written—he blameth the Bishop for making a Show of Miss Hannah.—Peter exhibiteth his Candour, in condemning rather the Flattery of the Bishop, than Miss Hannah's literary Imbecility.—Peter rippeth up the Blue-stocking Club, for their foolish Exhibition of Miss Hannah—he acknowledgeth the Power of Novelty, particularly with respect to a Pamphlet of one of the smaller Rats of the Queen's Closet, called Mathias—he giveth the little Animal a good Drubbing.—Peter hinteth at some of Miss Hannah's clerical Friends in the Reviews—sensibly animadverteth on the varnish-eating Power of Father Time.

INDEED, Miss Hannah hath a so-so lyre ;
 So out of tune, it murders all the Nine :
 She really playeth not with taste or fire :
 No, Doctor Porteus, no, thou great divine !

Know, Porteus, we have women of renown,
Miss Hannah's equals, or my judgment fail :
Nay, numbers, I aver it ! of whose gown
Miss Hannah is not fit to hold the *tail*.

With smiles her eulogy Miss Hannah hears ;
Laughs in her sleeve at all thy pompous praise :
In silence wrapp'd, perceives the ass's ears,
And sits complacent while her Stentor brays.

Had Wisdom crush'd Miss Hannah's forward quill—
Had Silence put a gag on Hannah's tongue—
No crape had mourn'd, upon the Muses' hill,
Nor Phœbus blubber'd for the loss of song.

Hadst thou not fondly dragg'd Miss Hannah forth,
Plac'd her on high, and cried, ' Behold a wonder !'
No soul had scrutiniz'd the woman's worth ;
Safe from the world *her weakness and thy blunder*.

Thy praise of Hannah is a pillar fair,
A lofty pillar, but supporting *what* ?
Why, on its head, supporting high in air
A mole, a grasshopper, a mouse, a rat.

Calm, but for thee, had Hannah pass'd along :
Oblivion ready, with her shroud and spade,
To sink her with a prose and rhiming throng
In sacred silence, and eternal shade.

But no ! the bishop stops her on her way ;
Ah ! wherefore ?—God Almighty only knows !
To gibbet her amid the blaze of day,
A piteous carcass for the critic crows,

People should not run riot with applause ;
But, ah ! how many praise without pretence ?
Bawl for a work with wide-extended jaws ;
Of words a *deluge*, and a *drop* of sense !

I censure not Miss Hannah for sad prose—
I censure not Miss Hannah for sad rhimes :
God sees my heart ! I only censure those
Whose flatteries damn the judgment of the times.

The Bas-bleu Club, grave grey-beards, these old
dames

All righteous, cramm'd to mouth with heav'nly
Ambitious of a wit among their names, [manna,
Into their magic-lantern clapp'd Miss Hannah :

Then bade the bishop look with wond'ring eyes—

The bishop's wond'ring orbs enjoy'd the sight—
'A giantess of genius!' Porteus cries,
Forgetting *it* a literary mite.

Yet Novelty shall lead the world astray,

And turn *ev'n bishops* off from Wisdom's *bias* ;
A mouse shall start the *lion* of the day—
Witness that miserable imp Mathias *.

Behold ! this human *snake*, or human *toad*,
Sly, 'mid the windings of his murky hole,
Pour'd on the shrinking world his pois'nous load,
And on the sighs of Merit fed his soul.

But lo, of short duration was his date !

Soon stopp'd the torrent of his wounding lust :
Justice stepp'd forth to give the fiend his fate,
And crush'd him 'midst the *reptiles* of the dust.

Though Hannah's prose present us nothing new,
Though Hannah's verse be lame, insipid stuff;
Some *sable* critic, in some *kind* review,
Shall give the little paper-kite a *puff*.

* This poor little wretch, whose pamphlet *misnomered* Pursuits of Literature, but whose true appellation should have been Pursuits of Rancour, dared not acknowledge *his own work*.—The enormity of its falshood and impudence was quite a novelty, and in spite of its contemptible imbecility, gained the attention of the public.—*This*, Mathias mistook for fame: still he denied any connexion with the pamphlet—every paltry subterfuge was made use of, to escape detection. At length a few literary hounds seriously pursued him, hunted him fairly to his hole, and put the vermin to death.

At length comes Time, with Truth's pervading ray,
To separate the *living* from the *dead*;
Clears the dark clouds of Prejudice away,
And roasts the varnish off, by Flatt'ry spread.

And lo, this varnish with thy daubing brush [ed;
Smear'd o'er Miss Hannah must by Time be roast-
The nymph in all her nakedness will blush,
And *courtly* Porteus, for a flatterer posted.

ARGUMENT.

Peter fancieth that he hath put the Bishop in a Passion—he giveth his Opinion of a Book called Strictures upon Female Education, with Miss Hannah's name annexed—he subtracteth greatly from the Merit of Miss Hannah in those Volumes.—Peter Describeth Miss Hannah's Mode of manœuvring, by two apt and beautiful Comparisons, Hemp and Leather—he likeneth Miss Hannah unto a Hen, who hatcheth the Eggs of another Bird—he confesseth her exemplary Piety and Snow-like appearance, but severely reprimandeth her Uncharitableness towards the frail ones of her own Sex.—Peter praiseth his own celestial Disposition in favour of fallen Beauty—he addresseth the barbarous Part of the Female Creation: asserting that Love and an old Lady are not incompatible—he giveth the Judges a Stroke for their amorous Faces on Trials of Rape and Crim. Con.—Peter windeth up sublimely and charitably.

NOW, Porteus, I behold thee in a passion,
And thus exclaiming—‘What! Miss Hannah
More

No genius! what is then her Education,
So prais'd and echoed o'er and o'er and o'er?’

I'll tell thee, Porteus, what.—Miss Hannah's Strictures

Are decent things—perhaps Miss Hannah's *plan*:
But, trust me, they are all some parson's pictures:
These, Hannah never *drew*, nor *colour'd*, man!

At times she finds of *hemp* a little wad,
Begs some young Levite spin it:—nothing loth,
He adds large quantities of flax, kind lad,
And with the mixture fabricates a *cloth*.

Again—Miss Hannah finds a scrap of leather,
Horse-skin—and, slily, to some Crispin goes:
Crispin adds *calf-skin*—puts them both together,
And makes a tolerable pair of shoes.

Miss Hannah may be aptly term'd a *hen*,
Who sits on pheasant's egg, to kindness prone;
Hatches the birds, a pretty brood; but then,
Weak vanity, she call the chicks *her own*.

Miss Hannah's *piety* we all admire,
Her life a field of Alpine snow so white!
And what our good opinion must inspire,
With bishops she could *talk* from morn to night.

Oh! had *good* Hannah been not so severe
On each young victim of her tempting bloom!
Instead of sarcasm dropp'd a pitying tear,
And with a beam of comfort cheer'd her gloom!

I cannot drag the nymph to *grinning day*:
I cannot curse the nymph of *yielding charms*:
Instead of casting the poor girl away,
Lord! I would rather clasp her in my arms!

Hang on her lip, bestow the generous kiss;
Catch the pure drop that leaves her liquid eye:
And *gently* chiding the *unlicens'd bliss*,
Reclaim the beauteous mourner with a *sigh*.

O think of Love, ye ladies of *hard hearts*!
Lo nature weaves it close in ev'ry cranny
Ev'n from old women rarely it departs,
The subject sweet of many a shaking granny.

Ev'n judges for their *gravity* rever'd,
 I've seen upon Crim. Con. with passion gape;
 With wanton questions wag the watering beard,
 Point the hot eye, and chuckle at a rape.

Prudery, I hate the hag, whose breath would blight
 The opening buds of gentle May and June;
 Blest to spread darkness, like the cloud of night,
 That hangs a dirty malkin on the moon!

Oh, be the wounded *prude*, who dares *reprove*,
 And furious charge the feeble maid of dame,
 A nymph, who, cautious of the torch of Love,
 Has never *sing'd* her honour at its flame.

ARGUMENT.

Peter declareth that he liketh literary Emulation amongst the Sex, but contendeth for fair Play—that is to say, People should publish their own Works—Peter knoweth Miss Hannah's havage, knoweth all her Points, and pronounceth her unqualified for a first-rate Racer, whatever her powers amongst the Ponies—Peter elucidateth the Frauds in Literature by a Smock-Race—Peter turneth to the Bishop, and asketh a shrewd Question—He solemnly calleth on the Bishop's Attention, and sayeth oracular Things!—Peter supplicateth the Bishop to think charitably of his rhiming Intentions—he dreadeth the fatal Effects of his Flattery of Miss Hannah; making her hold up her Nose in Contempt of the under-World, knowing none but Quality—Peter asserteth such Flattery to be a Sin, as it stirreth up Pride, which every body knows ruined the Devil—Peter citeth a proverb taken from Hell—he again beggeth the Bishop to think well of his Intentions—proclaimeth his Love for Bishops, perhaps equal to that of the unbeneficed Clergy—Peter draweth a Parallel between Bishops of old, and Bishops of the present Day—a terrible Portrait of the old School!—a most engaging one of the new—Peter piously concludeth with a Prayer for Bishops.

I LIKE a *rivalship* in art, I own—
Yes, let there be a spur to emulation :
But let fair Justice sit upon her throne,
And keep a little decent regulation.

Lo, for the laurel prize Miss Hannah starts !
But Nature, to Miss Hannah's heels unkind,
The hopes of honour and of glory thwarts !
Left is Miss Hannah's far, yes, far behind.

Miss Hannah's heels are greasy, let me say ;
Miss Hannah's joints are very stiff *indeed* :
Her form is rather fitted for the *dray*,
Than on Newmarket turf to show a speed.

Some years ago, I saw a female race ;
The prize a *shift*—a Holland shift, I ween :
Ten damsels, nearly all in *naked grace*,
Rush'd for the precious prize along the green.

Sylvia, a charming lass (who, if an *air*
And *face* had been permitted to contend,
Had carried all before her), luckless fair !
Was to her sister racers forc'd to bend.

When Orson mounted on a goodly mule,
Whose love for Sylvia to her cause inclin'd him,
In spite, ye gods, of ev'ry racing rule,
Whipp'd up the damsel on the beast behind him.

Then off he gallop'd, pass'd each panting maid,
Who mark'd the cheat with disappointed eyes ;
Soon brought her in, unblushing at his aid,
And for his fav'rite boldly claim'd the prize.

O say, has nought been very *like* it, here ?
Did no *kind* swain his hand to Hannah yield—
No *bishop's* hand to help a heavy rear,
And bear the nymph triumphant o'er the field ?

List to the oracles I now advance—
A man stark blind should never *races* run ;

A cripple never should pretend to *dance*;
A head of wax should never court the sun.

Then bid Miss Hannah More her pen confine:
Repress the vainly rhiming, prosing rage,
That makes us *sinful* damn the nerveless line,
Un-Job-like curse the *pen'ry* of the page.

Good Porteus, think not Envy prompts my strain;
'Tis Pity, Pity bids me verse compose,
Thy flattery's fumes must turn the virgin's *brain*,
So fierce its incense burns beneath her nose.

Oh, hadst thou crawl'd a *curate*, let me say,
Harmless thy flatt'ry then had spent its breath;
Just whisper'd to the world, and died away,
Like thy own sermons, and *dead lines* on
Death.

Miss Hannah's head is now among the clouds,
Borne by the necromantic art of praise!
The nymph from *vulgar* eyes her glory shrouds,
To mix with *high-ton'd* quality her *rays*.

To them, Miss Hannah, strutting forth so fine,
In all thy *gaudy flow'rs* superbly drest,
Must raise a smile on graver mouths than *mine*;
Such seeming mock'ry—such a solemn jest!

An oracle behold Miss Hannah grown!
Each child of *title* lisps Miss Hannah's name;
A *bishop's plaudit* sanctifies a Joan:—
What better passport to the house of Fame?

Thus then, O man of God, thy flattery *sins*:
For thou hast conjur'd up the woman's *vanity*—
Bestow'd false consequence on *heads* of *pins*,
And giv'n (O blush!) a substance to inanity.

Thus then thy praises of Miss Hannah's head
To Pride, that pitfall of old Satan, win her!
Porteus there is a proverb thou shouldst read,
'When flatt'ers meet, the *Devil* goes to
dinner.'

Deem not, *good* Porteus, that in this my song
 I mean to harrow up thy *humble* mind,
 And stay that voice in London known so long;
 For balm and softness an *Etesian* wind.

My love for bishops is proverbial grown:
 Sweet is the race, and so Miss Hannah says:
 Where'er I wander, lo! I make it known!
 How different from the tribes of distant days!

Long were a bishop's tusks in times of yore,
 His gaping gullet flam'd the track of Hell:
 Loud as the Libyan lion's was his roar,
 His frowns like lightning, *blasting* where they fell.

Then Persecution rais'd her iron crow,
 And saw, with doating eye, her power display'd;
 Enjoy'd the flying brains at ev'ry blow,
 And bless'd the knives and hooks with which she
 flay'd.

Grill'd, roasted, carbonaded, fricaseed,
 Men, women, children, for the slightest things;
 Burnt, strangled, glorying in the horrid deed;
 Nay, starv'd and flogg'd God's great vicegerents,
 kings!

But things are chang'd—assume a different tone,
 The teeth of bishops are a *gentle* set;
 Content, if nought is near, to pick a bone;
 So little pamper'd with delicious meat.

How sweet the smile, when bishop, bishop greets!
 How flow the honey'd streams of salutation,
 Ev'n in the middle of our London streets:
Rich lessons of good-will to all the nation!

No scorn now frowneth from a bishop's eye,
 No sounds of anger from his lips escape;
 Save on a curate's importuning sigh,
 Save on the penury of *ragged* crape.

Now God preserve the bishops, every skin,
To blaze like beacons to the darken'd nations;
To roast old Satan, knock down Gammer Sin,
And for a pack of rascals hang the passions.

Thus ends my song, *perhaps*, a child of Fame.—
And now, for Justice' sake, let me petition:
Should Fortune chance to give thy charge a *name*,
Omit Miss Hannah's in the next edition.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MISS HANNAH MORE having, with unmerited severity, nay, illiberality, attacked the poor poets *en masse*, *alias* in a lump, in the following terms, viz. ‘The poets again, who, to do them justice, are always ready to lend a *helping hand* when any *mischief* is to be done;’ I have, unlike Miss Hannah, preserved a Christian spirit on the occasion, a spirit which she every-where so fervently recommends, and *meekly* made my complaint in poetical expostulation, hoping that she will, with the usual assistance of her good friends the clergy, vouchsafe me an answer, in some measure to justify the slander, or expunge it in the next edition of what are called *her* Strictures on Female Education*.

P. P.

* Vide Strictures on Female Education, vol. ii.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet begs to be informed of the Cause of Miss Hannah's Wrath—he praiseth the Mildness of the Poets—he putteth sly and shrewd Questions to Miss Hannah—Peter complaineth of Miss Hannah's general Sarcasm on himself and brother Bards—Peter puffeth himself—boasteth of the royal Attention to his Works—also of one of the Princesses, all the Favourites of Peter, whom Peter admireth and laudeth—also of Miss Tryon, late Maid of Honour, and the present Maids of Honour—likewise of the immortal Kotsci-usko—Peter, with his accustomed Liberality, exhibiteth the Reverse of the Medal, describing the unfavourable Opinion entertained of him by the Blue-Stocking Club—he giveth the Anathema of a little old Man in Petticoats, called Urganda, an important Membress of the Society, and much attended to in the Debates—Dame Urganda calleth upon Miss Hannah to be the little David of the Club, and slay Goliath Peter—Peter cannot account for Miss Hannah's Attack on the Poets—He maketh Miss Hannah a grand Offer of composing a glorious Panegyric on her splendid Genius, the very Instant Miss Hannah informs him where it is to be found.

TO MISS HANNAH MORE.

EXPOSTULATION.

SAY, angry Hannah, on a gentle throng,
Why boils thus o'er the caldron of thine ire?
A dove-like offspring are the sons of song,
A cherub race the children of the lyre.

Poets were ever deem'd a sacred band,
Abounding with much virtue, meekness, grace;
Indeed a peaceful treasure to the land,
The robin redbreasts of the human race.

Oh! has no bard to Hannah pour'd an air;
With Hannah's *beauty* bid no stanza glow:
Her cheeks' warm roses, and her flaxen hair,
The lip of purple, and the neck of snow.

Oh! hast thou past through life without a rhyme?
No sweet acrostic on thy liquid name?
No rebus, no conundrum's happy chime,
Proclaiming graces, and a hopeless flame?

Tell me, did no fond lover ever write
A decent distich on his *fav'rite* maid?
Not to his dear Lucretia *once* endite?
For sonneteering is the lover's trade.

Somewhat has wounded thee, 'tis very plain!
Revenge, I fear, lies rankling in thy heart;
Then say thy cause of anger and disdain—
Why on poor Poets hast thou been so tart?

Much for the *poet's* character I feel—
 And *me* a poet, majesty will own :
 Nay, nay, my glory why should I conceal ?
 My works, morocco-gilt, are near the *throne*.

The charming princesses who court the Nine,
 Whom Taste delighted proudly leads along—
 These, with a smile, have read my early line,
 And with their names shall grace my latest song.

Miss Tyron, maid of honour to the queen,
 In rich Morocco bid my works be bound :
 Beneath the pillows of the *rest*, I ween,
 The works of Peter Pindar may be found.

Me Kotsciusco deems a bard divine !
My works illum'd his dungeon * of affright :
 'Twas there the hero read my lyric line,
 Yea, read my lucubrations with delight.

To me the hero rich Falernian sent,
 To sooth the horrors of our gloomy weather ;
 To him in Leicester-Fields with joy I went,
 For bards and heroes pair like doves together.

Yet let me say, be done fair Justice too,
 Some damn *in toto* my poor thoughts and style ;
 The toothless gums of half the grave *Bas-bleu*,
 Watering, and wondering, how the world can *smile*.

Urganda, with more beard than female grace,
 If old Urganda has not learnt to shave,
 Makes, at my name, most horrible grimace,
 Screaming, ' I'd buy a rope to hang the knave.'

' My dearest, sweetest, panegyrist, More,
 Pray, pray oblige me with your flippant pen ;
 Lord ; you have so much wit—yes, such a store !
 Pray, Hannah, cut us up this worst of men.

* When a prisoner in Russia.

‘ Oh, cut the fellow into mince-meat, pray !
 Whene’er I hear his name, I’m in a *stew* ;
 He’s worse than Johnson, ten times, let me say,
 Who gave himself such airs on the *Bas-bleu*.

‘ O Lord ! O Lord ! what is Parnassus now ?
 A dismal, barren, melancholy waste ;
 Brambles, and weeds, and briars on the brow ;
 No fruit—no fruit to gratify the taste.

‘ In short, this once great celebrated hill
 Exhibits only children at the nipple ;
 A hospital, indeed, that *idiots* fill,
 And every sort of lame and hopping cripple.

‘ On you, our little David, mind, we call,
 To knock this vile Goliath on the head ;
 Down with him !—like a bullock let him fall ;
 Down with him !—Lord ! I long to see him *dead* !

‘ Then, *then*, the horrid monster grins no more ;
 Then at our club the owl no longer hoots :
 Thus shall our club the glorious deed adore.’—
 Thus spoke the little proud old puss in boots !

But now to thee, *fair* Hannah to return,
 For much I long thy fury’s cause to know ;
 Nought have I done to bid thine anger burn ;
 My ink can never blot the vest of snow.

Lo ! to do justice—with a liberal spirit,
 I’m now on tip-toe, to begin my lays !
 Hint to the poet but thy *various* merit,
 I’ll make Parnassus *thunder* with thy praise.

How unlike the bishops of *old* are our modern men of lawn! Formerly they were all pride, hypocrisy, insolence, and rapacity; but behold! the present race are mild, affable, charitable, and generous; and though so eminently exalted above their half-starved curates, appear to have been bred (gentle doves) in the bosom of humility.

DUPLICITY;

OR, THE

BISHOP OF OLD.

A BISHOP, not a *British bishop*,—no—
(Ours are a sweeter set of *saints*, I trow).

Was by his sovereign sent to rule abroad:

Immediately upon the news

Of his arrival, came some Jews

To compliment the mitred man of God.

‘Jews!’ bawl’d the bishop, in the direst passion,

‘D’ye think *I’ll* see that vile apostate nation?

Run, Pierrot—drive them off—run faster, faster;

Tell them they crucified my Heavenly Master.’

‘But sir, but sir,’ quoth Pierrot, stepping back,

Devoutly whispering in the bishops’s ear—

These *Jews* bring presents! Lord! at least a sack.’

‘Ah! ah!’ replied the bishop—*less austere*—

These people could know *nothing* of the *sin*—

Poor creatures! well, well, Pierrot, *let ’em in*.’

SIMPLICITY;

OR,

THE CURATE.

HOW difficult, alas ! to please mankind !
 One or the other every moment *mutters* :
 This wants an eastern, that a western wind ;
 A third, petition for a southern, utters.

Some pray for rain, and some for frost and snow ;
 How can Heav'n suit *all* palates ?—I don't know.

Good Lamb, the curate, much approv'd,
 Indeed by all his flock *belov'd*,
 Was one dry summer begg'd to pray for rain :
 The parson most devoutly pray'd—
 The pow'rs of pray'r were soon display'd ;
 Immediately a *torrent* drench'd the plain.

It chanc'd that the churchwarden, Robin Jay,
 Had of his meadow not yet *sav'd* the hay :
 Thus was his hay to *health* quite past restoring.
 It happen'd too that Robin was from home ;
 But when he heard the story, in a foam
 He sought the parson, like a lion roaring.

' Zounds ! Parson Lamb, why what have you been
 doing ?
 A pretty storm, indeed, ye have been brewing !
 What ! pray for *rain* before I *sav'd* my hay !

Oh ! you're a cruel and ungrateful man !
 I that for ever help you all I can ;

Ask you to dine with me and Mrs. Jay,
 Whenever we have something on the spit,
 Or in the pot a nice and dainty bit ;

' Send you a goose, a pair of chicken,
 Whose bones you are so fond of picking ;
 And often too a cag of brandy !
 You that were welcome to a treat,
 To smoke and chat, and drink and eat ;
 Making my house so very handy !

' You, parson, serve one such a scurvy trick !
 Zounds ! you must have the bowels of Old Nick.
 What ! bring the flood of Noah from the skies,
 With *my* fine field of hay before your eyes !
 A numscull, that I wer'n't of this aware !—
 Curse me but I had stopp'd your pretty pray'r !

' Dear Mister Jay,' quoth Lamb, ' alas ! alas !
 I never thought upon your field of grass.

' Lord ! parson, you're a fool one might suppose—
 Was not the field just underneath your *nose* ?
 This is a very pretty losing job !'—

' Sir,' quoth the curate, ' know that Harry Cobb
 Your brother warden join'd, to have the pray'r.'
 ' Cobb ! Cobb ! why this for Cobb was only *sport* :
 What doth Cobb own that any rain can *hurt* ?
 Roar'd furious Jay as broad as he could stare.

' The fellow owns, as far as I can *larn*,
 A few old houses only, and a barn,
 As that's the case, zounds, what are show'rs to *him* ?
 Not Noah's flood could make *his* trumpery swim.

' Besides—why could you not for *drizzle* pray ?
 Why force it down in *buckets* on the hay ?

462 SIMPLICITY ; OR, THE CURATE.

Would *I* have play'd with *your* hay such a freak?
No! I'd have stopp'd the weather for a week.'

' Dear Mister Jay, I do protest,
I acted solely for the best ;

I do affirm it, Mister Jay, indeed.

Your anger for this *once* restrain,
I'll never bring a drop again

Till you and all the parish are *agreed*.'

O D E

TO THE BLUE STOCKING-CLUB.

ARGUMENT.

Peter addresseth the old literary Ladies with much poetical Solemnity—beggeth their Pardon for taking Liberties with Miss Hannah More, one of the Columns of the Blue-Stocking-Club—he hinteth to them that Miss Hannah's last Book is not Miss Hannah's.—Peter illustrateth Miss Hannah's Manœuvres by a sublime Comparison of an old Mouser and her Daughter.—Peter indulgeth himself in another apt Comparison of a Fish-theft, thinking Miss Hannah may, in a sly Way, have borrowed her last publication; and adviseth the Restoration to the Proprietor.

OLD critics—Gammer Wisdoms—*sapient* dames,
 Who fond of being deem'd illustrious names,
 Proudly o'er Mount Parnassus cast your shoes;
 In grave Divan, who most *sublimely* sit,
 Pronouncing judgment upon works of Wit,
 Indeed on all the labours of the mouse!

Accept a little ode from Peter,
Who *charms* you *seldom* with his metre.

Wise dames, I know your motley club
Has met with many a wanton drub
From that sly Proteus *clepp'd* Ridicule :
Whose talent is to sneer and laugh,
To call important matters *raff*,
And lower Wisdom sometimes to a *fool*.

Now, ladies, don't be in a passion,
Because I've treated in such fashion
Miss Hannah, whom you idolize and foster :
I do assure you, solemn dames,
Miss Hannah with no merit *flames*,
No! she's a *little bit* of an *impostor*.

I know you call the nymph, the sun so bright :
Now, she's *Miss Moon*—and *borroweth* all her *light*.

Who has not seen a kind old Mother Cat
Deliver a dead bird, or mouse, or rat,
To her young kitten, Miss Grimalkin ?
Miss catches it with raptur'd claws,
Locks it at once within her jaws,
Round with *cock'd tail*, and round triumphant
walking ;
So carefully her treasure holding, watching,
And proudly purring, ' This is all *my catching*.'

Has not Miss Hannah been the kitten here ?
Too strongly she resembles it, I fear !

Believe me, your Miss Hannah More,
As I have somewhere said before,
Starts like the country lasses for the *shift* ;
And just like Sylvia left behind,
By rivals, much against her mind,
Who stole before them by a lucky lift.

Miss Hannah, too, a a lucky *lift* has had
 On some kind *priest's*—*perchance* a *bishop's pad*?
 Miss Hannah's work, so much beprais'd,
 By flattery's puff so highly rais'd;

I say Miss Hannah's pretty Education-book,
 Of fishing parties starts a story,
 Where one shall steal another's trout or dory,
 And slily pull it in on his own hook.

Now, ladies, as your honours are at stake,
 I beg you, for your reputation's sake,

To sift this pretty larceny of the pen!
 And as ye probably may find it out,
 Confront Miss Hannah—kick up some small rout—
 And make her *give* the man his *fish* again.

ODE

TO

SOME ROBIN REDBREASTS,
IN A COUNTRY CATHEDRAL.

SWEET minstrels of the sounding choir,
Your ditties sooth, delight, inspire;
That wake the echoes from their deep repose;
Soft echoes dying through the dome
(As though from spirits of the tomb),
Soon as your voices sink in plaintive close!

Again, O! lull me with your lay,
And let it never die away.

How welcome rise your hymns to Heav'n,
In gratitude so simply giv'n!
Celestials smile upon your songs of praise:
For to the chaste angelic ear
The grateful voice is ever near,
But loath'd the sounds that Affectation brays;
And yet how many a voice, and pipe, and chord,
Brays to the *praise* and *glory* of the Lord!

Hark! hark! what rude discordant sounds!
A jail broke loose!—a pack of hounds!

No, 'tis a bishop, dean, and bawling boys!
What uproar wild! The wolves of Thrace
Howl'd to the moon with sweeter grace;
Ev'n Libya's lions make not half the noise.

What human brain the thunder bears;
A *kingdom* for a pair of *patent ears*!

Yet while they deal these direful sounds;
Din that disturbs, affrights, astounds;
How merciful is Heav'n, to bear the *bother*,
And not knock one thick skull against the other!

Yet to the *praise* and *glory* of the Lord,
As oft they ope the volume of their throat,
Their gullets gape not of their *own accord*:—
'Tis money, money only, prompts the note.
Heav'n's cherubs blush, and burning seraphs stare,
To think that *bribes* must purchase praise and pray'r.

Sweet race, to you I turn again!
Now all the ear-distracting train
Has left the dome, the cherub peace restor'd.—
How different *your* delighting throats!
How different all *your* liquid notes!
How different too *your* merits with the Lord!
For how can Heav'n with *venal sounds* be taken,
Tainted with ale and gin, and eggs and bacon?

Yes; all is hush'd the vault along;
Resume, resume the choral song,
And make atonement for the horrid cry.
Lo! in her shroud, near yonder tomb,
A gentle spectre breaks the gloom!
She listens!—lo! she listens with a sigh!
Ah! bid your airs divinely flow,
And, soothing, steal a tear from woe.

The deep'ning shades of Night prevail,
They wrap the hollow-sounding aisle,
And steal each column from the eye:
What solemn solitude around!
Here Nature's true sublime is found,
Hence Thought should travel to the sky!

468 ODE TO SOME REDBREASTS.

Mild tenants of the fane, farewell!
 At early dawn I quit my cell,
 And haste a pilgrim, to these shrines again:
 Simplicity will join my way,
 And listen to your mingled lay,
 And, list'ning, learn a lesson from *your strain*.

POSTSCRIPT.

AS I am destitute of friends among the periodical Reviewers of Literature, I confess my fears of foul treatment, and tremble for this my *youngest* offspring; which, in a moment of spleen or ignorance, may be put to death by the tomahawk of Criticism. Now, as charity begins at home, and as every man is entitled to as much justice from *himself* as from his *neighbour*, I have, *sans cérémonie*, given a free and impartial account of my own pamphlet; thus anticipating the Reviewers, and at the same time hanging out a sort of beacon to *guide* them, when it shall become the subject of their sage animadversion. In my discussion I have adopted the aristarchal style of the day, and personated a Reviewer totally unconnected with the author; by which means I have avoided an *egotism*, so apt to gall the withers, or to use a more fashionable phrase, to wound the *amour-propre* of every candidate for a niche in the Temple of Fame,

NIL ADMIRARI, &c.

Works of real merit are such *raræ aves*, such literary phenomena, that it is with the utmost pleasure we embrace every opportunity of relaxing from the severity of criticism, to offer the meed of honest praise.

The present subject of our critical animadversion is founded on that part of the Bishop of London's charge to the clergy, which celebrates Miss Hannah More in the highest strain of panegyric for her literary achievements. The bishop's encomium created a risible effect on his audience. The poet, among the rest, surveying it in a ridiculous point of view, thought it a fair object of attack; in consequence, he has produced a smile at the expense of the bishop, and his fair *protégée*. It is with the most sincere satisfaction that we can pronounce, that Peter's Pegasus has rather *improved* than *lost* its speed, nothing yet appearing of the *peccet ad extremum ridendus*—Peter is still himself.—The same fire, the same originality, the same poignant irony, the same *vivida vis animi*, the same luxuriance of imagination, the same powers of pathos and sublimity, which so eminently distinguish him from contemporary authors, characterize the present performance.—Such a combination of various and opposite talents we never witnessed in the same writer—to use an elegant and nervous expression of his own, ‘he can be one minute an eagle sublimely sweeping the heavens with

his pinions, and the next a little elegant wren twittering on the humble myrtles.' Indeed, we may say of his works what the brave Marshal Saxe asserted of the behaviour of the British troops at Fontenoy, 'It is an action we all must *admire*, but dare not *imitate*.'

The number of literary abuses that are continually taking place most certainly demands a reform. To beg a friend to correct the errors of *inadvertence*, or even now and then suggest an *idea*, is certainly not illaudible; but for an author to send his bantling to people, to add and alter in such a manner as that scarcely a single lineament of the original features shall appear, certainly requires all the severity of reprehension. Peter seems more than to suspect that Miss More has been too much obliged to *somebody*: and really there is such a wonderful difference between this *last* performance and several other pieces of this lady's pen, that we must confess our astonishment at seeing her name prefixed to a work seemingly so *much* beyond *her* powers of accomplishment, though not entitled to that *torrent* of applause poured on it by the Bishop of London in his charge to the clergy. Indeed his lordship's praise is of the most fulsome nature! and did we not *know* his lordship's most *ingenious* and *disinterested disposition*, we should have been tempted to suspect an *interested alliance* between bishop and bookseller.

The Expostulation is a fair piece of satire, and ex-

ecuted in the poet's happiest manner; *pleine de bonnes plaisanteries, de tours heureux, d'esprit, de bon goût, enfin de toutes les graces de la poesie*, as a French critic would have expressed himself on the occasion.

The tales of the Bishop and Curate are told with neatness, precision, and humour.—The author seems to have combined the closeness of Æsop with the elegance of Phædrus and *naïveté* of Fontaine.

The Ode to the Blue-Stocking Club is rather severe in some parts, but tempered with a pleasantry that tickles even while it seems to wound.

The Ode to some Robin Redbreasts in a Country Cathedral possesses an uncommon portion of poetical merit; displaying, at the same time, such a benevolence and sweetness of disposition (truly characteristic of the author) as must make ample atonement for all the sins of his satires.

It is with reluctance that we are obliged to censure our brother-labourers in the field of criticism, for endeavouring, by the most illiberal methods, to obscure this poetical star of the *first magnitude*.—Think, indignant readers, of their either loading him with rancorous abuse, or hiding his classic name among bug-doctors, quacks, and rat-catchers; bringing at the same time forwards, mounted on the highest pedestal of their reviews, miserable abortions, clothed in all the gold-laced frippery of adulation, from which the public must turn with contempt, disgust, and disappointment. Instead of

coming orwards, as the fair and candid interpreters of the muses, they are too many of them the partial trumpeters of their own pigmy pretensions; or despicable pimps, hired to debauch the public taste, and mislead the judgment; to displace the statues of Genius, to make room for those of Arrogance and Folly.

ODES
TO
INS AND OUTS.

————— *exulet aula*
Qui volet esse pius: Virtus et summa Potestas
Non coëunt.

LUCAN.

—————

He who would gain Fame's good report,
Must have no dealings with a court.
Virtue and Power—*fair and foul* weather,
Were never known to *pig* together.

ODES

TO

INS AND OUTS.

—

That color can give: I like it when it follows
the color.

LUCAS.

—
The who would give him a good report,
That have no dealings with a court.
I know and know—just and just we know,
We are never known to big together.

ODES TO INS AND OUTS.

PROLOGUE.

I HATE most courtiers, from my soul!
Upon each other how they scowl!
Yet all *politeness*—*wonderful* good-nature—
Each tries to get the *first* employ,
By ev'ry engine *to destroy*,
Yet *bows*, and *smiles*, and still persists to *flatter*;
And when his rival he has sent to *hell*,
Kind whispers—'Sir, I hope I see you *well*.'
How like old Ocean, the old knave!
This moment placid, smooth, a bright expanse—
The next he thunders, raises every wave,
Roars, riots, tumbles, kicks up *such* a dance,
Booms o'er the ship with *such* a shock,
And heaves her on the fatal rock!
Within a little hour, one little hour,
No more his foamy billows tow'r,
But all so *crouching*, *humble*, *gentle*, rot 'em!
With timid motion they advance,
Seem *sorry* for the *sad* mischance,
And, winding round the wreck, they *kiss* its bottom.

Reader, didst ever scald thy mouth with *custard*?
 Then thou hast curs'd it twenty times, or more,
 Or didst thou ever to a *cat* give *mustard*?
 If so, grimalkin scratch'd, and spit, and swore.

Thus at my rhimes our courtiers swear and spit,
 Ready to slay me—tear me bit by bit.—

I dearly love to hitch the rogues in *rhime*,
 And tell the world each various crime;

And folly too, ah, often felt and seen!
 Indeed the act of many a court

Would yield the nation charming sport,

And chase the gloomy cloud of spleen;
 But that this folly mingles with *much harm*—
 Aye, there's the rub!—the rub, too, to *alarm*.

But, sirs, I'll have my thoughts, and speak them too,
 In spite of ministerial chains:

If a court scoundrel meet my view,

I'll laugh at penalties and pains;
 Smile at the ribbands that their shoulders deck,
 And wish them good tight ropes about the neck.

I'll *have* my thoughts, and *print* them too,
 Ev'n should there be an *imprimatur*;

Sing *what is what*, and who is who,
 And, *independent*, scorn to *flatter*.

There *may* be ministerial chains,
 Not only for the tongue, but *brains*:

The time *may* come when ministerial sway
 Makes despotism the order of the day—

Still will I talk and write as I think fit,

Whether man *John* be Addington or Pitt.

ODE II.

TO THE K—.

*Written immediately on Mr. Pitt's Retreat from
Administration.*

AN'T please your m——y, I'm very glad,
And so are all of us (of late so sad)
That you have thrown the Jonas overboard,
See! see the drowning cat! he spreads his claws!
Quickly, for God's sake, sir, chop off his paws!—
He dies, by not a *single sigh* deplor'd.
To Davy Jones's locker let him go,
And with old Neptune *booze* below—
Bad stuff though, Neptune's *mawkish brine*?
He'd rather *touch Dundas's wine*.
Pitt, sir, has been a shocking steward,
And made us all, poor creatures, chew hard:
We scarce can put a *mouse* into the pot;
And yet he leaves behind, I fear,
Something that will not *touching* bear,
Like powder of a post that has the *rot*.
And Fame each day sings louder, sir, and louder,
'State-pillars will be made of this same powder.'
Now rotten wood, according to my *nouse*,
Is bad material to support a house.
Pitt deem'd himself an *eagle*—what a *flat*?
What *was* he?—a poor wheeling, fluttering *bat*—
An imp of darkness—busy catching *flies*!

Here, there, up, down, off, on—shriek, shriek—snap,
 His gaping mouth a very lucky trap, [snap—
 Quick seizing for his hungry maw—supplies.

Pitt makes, 'tis true, a monstrous noise—
 He who's seduc'd must be besotted.

The sound may fright the ears of boys—
 A cannon's thunder, but not *shotted*.

No farmer with more true delight
 E'er saw a saucy, soaring kite
 Fetch'd by a leaden messenger to ground,
 Than we, when majesty thought fit,
 And *wisely* too, to humble Pitt,
 Headlong into the gulf profound,
 Sunk him to hell—at least *his lowest* hell,
 Where pride's prick'd bladder could no longer swell.

No farmer with a greater glee
 Beholds a dying fox than we
 Mark'd the last struggles of poor Billy Pitt.
 On every visage see a smile!
 Joy triumphs through the echoing isle!
 Upon his name Posterity shall spit.

Poor banish'd Liberty again
 To Britain's fair and wide domain,
 Shall bring her throne, her sacred throne:
 The voice that long has learnt to mourn,
 Shall hail with rapture her return,
 And change for sounds of joy the hopeless groan.

Well, sire, whatever be th' event,
 You do things with the best intent;
 Distress'd when Fortune mars a patriot plan:
 And know, each true-born Briton sings,
 'Health and long life to virtuous kings!
 We love the master, but detest the *man*.'

POSTSCRIPT.

Sire! if your majesty so please,
 And, sire, it may be done with ease,
 I'll make a bargain.—Keep out Pitt for ever,
 My song shall be the song of praise;
 To kings an *altar* will I raise,
 And never tear it down—no, never, never.
 And, should it please th' Almighty to take Pye,
 Sire, I'm your *bard*—your *laureat*—I—yes, I!
 I think this must be *some temptation*,
 Considering my *vast* reputation.

ODE III.

TO LORD H——Y.

SWEET is the Muse's voice to *me*!
 Nothing so clever, nought *more mighty*,
 For taking from the heart *ennui*,
 The spleen, blue devils, *tedium vitæ*.
 Sweet also is the sweet Cremona's tongue,
 Making the hours dance merrily along.

But, ah! not sweet, indeed, to *me*,
 Are sounds in Parliament *from thee*:
 Through my whole frame such *torpors* creep—
 I stretch, gape, yawn, and fall asleep.

Surely our men of *worship* should be *wise*,
 Think deeply, and with speech *surprise*:
 But titles only the mad million *hails*!
 Just like bird-fanciers, heedless of the *song*,
 Who ask *what feathers* to the birds belong,
 That, bashaw-like, gain glory by their *tails*.

Thou deem'st thyself a first rate ship of war—

Inform one, H—k'sb—y, art thou *mad*?

What says each honest, grinning tar?

'O, d—n my eyes! this is too bad!'

Then flings his *quid* away, and raves,

'A *goose-feather* upon the waves!'

Now let me own, Jack's *cat* is much too *smart*:

'Mid the loud storm, and on the ocean's swell,

H—k'sb—y, I'll tell thee truly what thou *art*—

A simple cockle-shell!

Slipp'd from a stubborn rock into the sea.—

'Ah!' thou exclaimest, '*who's* that stubborn rock?

I wonder *who* that rock can be!'

Pitt! Pitt!—Lord, thou art stupid as a stock!

H—k'sb—y, amid this boisterous gale,

Since thou art mounted upon high,

On pinion wild, with dauntless eye,

Let me instruct thee with a tale.

'Tis of an owl,

A *solemn* fowl,

And very much conceited—much like *thee*:

Excuse this quaker-proneness to be *free*.

AN Owl, a bachelor of no great soul,

Nor intellect, but very, very proud,

The tenant of a little dirty hole,

Wish'd from obscurity to clear the cloud:

Yes, owl must have his sails unfurl'd,

And mount majestic on the world.

Close to his ivy-house liv'd Crow,

Who on his errands us'd to go.

'Crow,' said the Owl, upon a day,

'I'm sick of solitude and gloom:

A bird of my deep sense and plume

Should *mount* amid the blaze of day.

In short, dear crow, I wish to *wed*,

And, mind me, take unto my bed

A bird of *birth*, the Eagle's daughter,
 Miss Eaglet!—"Ah!" replied the Crow,
 Ready to split his sides with laughter,
 'Indeed! and are things really *so*?
 Right, sir, to alter your condition—
 O Lord! there's nothing like *ambition*!"

'Well, Crow, you'll quickly seek the realms above,
 With my proposals to the bird of Jove.'

Crow takes his leave, ascends the skies,
 And to the Eagle's palace flies
 The black ambassador from Owl;
 Delivers his credentials to his grace,
 With Auckland's diplomatic face,
 Conceiving, like a *penetrating* fowl,
 How politics would go *above*;
 What answer leave the bird of Jove.

Thus spake the royal bird:—"Sir Crow,
 To my Lord Owl be pleas'd to go,
 And tell him that I like the match:
 I'm much oblig'd to him, indeed,
 For honouring the Eagle breed:
 I've been a good while on the watch
 To throw a *little lustre* round my house:
 Commend me to the thunderbolt of mouse.

'Miss Eaglet is at his command—
 Shall join his lordship in the straw;
 Who such alliance cannot well withstand;
 Happy to take him by the *claw*.
 Bid him ascend *sans cérémonie*—free,
 And *pick his mouse* to-day with me.

Off flew at once the sable fowl,
 And quickly reach'd the house of Owl,
 And told him all that he had seen and heard.
 Owl instant comb'd, and wash'd his face,
 Cut all his claws to *such* a grace,
 Trimm'd all his feathers nicely—clipp'd his beard;

Bid to his humble hole good-night,
And rose amid the realms of light.

Mounted a mile or two, behold,
The sun's bright blaze of burnish'd gold
Flash'd on the owl's poor weak and watering eyes;
Just like a paper-kite, whose string
Deserting, leaves him on the wing,
To totter, dip, mount, fall again, and rise;
So shuffled Owl, lost, reeling, blind,
The sport of every gust of wind,
Till down he fell with phiz of woe,
The jest of ev'ry bird below.

Now, H—k'sb—y, tell the man of rhyme,
How feelest thou *thy* flight sublime?
Thy weak eyes seem already *winking*.
Poor bird! I fear 'tis quickly over!
Yes, yes, already I discover
Symptoms of sinking.

Pitt's mouth may make a little blast—
The paper-kite comes down *at last*,
And sharply watching are we all;
And when laid flat upon the ground,
Thy *paper stuff* we shall surround,
And make us merry at thy fall!

Remember *Icarus's* height—
Perhaps the observation *stings*;
Thou shouldst have ask'd, before thy flight,
Dame Wisdom *for a pair of wings*.

ODE IV.

TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE
EXCHEQUER.

PRAY, Mister Addington, *go out*—
 Your *change* on madness seems to border.
 You're a good school-mistress, no doubt,
 To keep the *noisy brats* in order.
 But to be *minister*!—God bless ye!
 Why, what the devil could possess ye?

Pray, Mister Addington, *go out*,
 And let some *abler* man come in—
 Such child's play!—What are ye about?
 The nation's really in a grin!
 And yet it ought *to cry*, Heav'n knows!
 So nearly going to the crows!

Good Mister Addington, *go out*—
 Go calmly out, nor make a pudder;
 And don't, like Grenville, push your snout
 Beneath the good old state-cow's udder.
 Poor beast! *she* can't thy thirst supply!
 Pitt's *famish'd calves* have suck'd her *dry*.

And hear me, sir—learn some small wit—
 Don't be the dirty tool of Pitt:
 Think on a tale—the monkey and the cat.
 Chesnuts were roasting in the fire:
 Jack's jaws both water'd with desire;
 He begs Miss Puss to lend her pretty pat;
 Then handy, as the handiest stoker,
 He makes her velvet paw a *poker*—
 And stirs away at *such a rate*!

Puss squalls—but what is that to Pug?
 He holds poor Miss Grimalkin snug,
 And gets the chesnuts from the grate:
 Jack grins—indulges his rogue jaws—
 Puss goes in mourning for her claws.

Now Mister Chancellor will say I *squint*;
 That as to my surmise there's nothing in't:
 Now, Mister Chancellor, I call no names;
 But lo! the father of reform
 Will take you by persuasion, or by storm,
 And put your pretty fingers in the *flames*.

He wants *that organ* in your mouth call'd *tongue*;
 And, like an *organ* in the house of God,
 With deep-ton'd energy, divinely strong,
 That fills with holy awe the dread abode:
 He wishes yours to stun Saint Stephen's sphere,
 And get him some ten thousand pounds a year!

Yes, you must thunder for a pension!
 For services of *high pretension*;
 For him who, lab'ring with the happiest pains,
 Sav'd England's life by *dashing out her brains*!

ODE V.

TO GEORGE ROSE, ESQ.

FORC'D from affairs of state, George Rose,
 With pretty treasury pickings, goes;
 In humble hut, on Scotia's plains,
 To feast upon his *honest* gains.

Thus with a dainty heap of apples,
 With teeth and claws, a hedge-hog grapples,

The epicure, and eats his fill :
Yet on the heap behold him roll,
And loaded steal into his hole,
A golden pippin on each quill.—
Thus loaded, into Scotland goes
Ex-secrétaire George Hedge-hog Rose.

Fed like a horse in a king's stable,
George didst thou happy rise from table,
As Horace says, '*Uti conviva satur?*'
I really think 'twas no such matter.

Forc'd from the ven'son of the state;
Forc'd to desert a well-cramm'd plate;
Forc'd from the trifles, and the jelly;
Forc'd from the thousand sweet *nick-nackeries*,
Prettily made by state-cook quackeries,
To fill each crevice of thy bloated belly—
Looking a downright football by its tumour,
I think thou gottest up in a bad humour—
Yes, George, thy stomach it is such,
It thinks it cannot have *too much*.

Yet, why art thou not dubb'd a lord,
To rise with *lustre* from the board,
As *title* much the vulgar world bewitches?
Then mayst thou seek the barren heath,
Or dell, where first thou drewest breath,
And blaze the jack o'-lantern of the ditches!

Joan Jenkinson, and Madge, and Bet,
And Peg, and Nan, a *sav'ry* set,
Have ris'n to *ladyship* in this kind reign :
They ride to court, obtain a smile,
Make dips and curtsies all *in style*,
And carry off kind *nods* from k— and q—.
Now this was all old Jenky's doing,
By dint of labour and court-wooing.

Hast thou not too some poor relations
Wishing to change their ragged stations,

And on the bright court hemisphere be *stars*?
 If *favour* will not gain it—*buy*,
 And hoist thy cousin Joans on high,
 Upon the *virtuous* plunder of our wars.

Sure, thou mayst do all this with ease,
 As honours are as thick as fleas,
 Pitching on *this* man's shoulder, now on *that*.
 As Heraldry has wondrous charms,
 Heard shall *invent* a coat of arms,
 And to a tiger turn a *mangy* cat.

ODE VI.

WHEN Pitt was out of office push'd,
 What horror smote the levee mob!
 Mad into street of Downing rush'd
 His minions, always ready for a *job*:
 A most obsequious *stud* of hacks,
 Who bore him on their humble backs
 Through *dirty lanes*, through thick and thin;
 No matter what the object, no;
 When Pitt *commands*—*it must be so*;
 Whether to *clothe* the naked realm, or *skin*.

Muse, would it be too harsh to say,
 The tumult on that kick-out day
 Was mob-like at a house on fire;
 Where *friends*, amid the conflagration,
 With a kind thief-acceleration,
 Whip off the goods they guarded by *desire*?
 Unfeeling as a stone, or harder,
 In rush'd Lord G—— to the larder,
 Caught up a goose for self and wife;

In ran Dundas with hungry paunch,
 Snatch'd up a turbot and a haunch:
 In bounc'd Charles Long, and, with his butcher's
 knife,
 (For in the plunder *he* must also join),
 And cut off slices from a fat *sirloin*.

In scamper'd Wyndham—'Where's *my* share?
 I *must* be partner in the spoils:'
 Then up he caught an old jack hare,
 A *proper* present for his toils:'

'I must have something,' Canning cries,
 And fastens on some rich-mince pies,
 As dext'rous as the rest to rifle:
 Ecod! and he must something do
 For *mother* and for *sisters* too,
 So steals some syllabubs and *trifle*.

But where was Justice all the while,
 That things were going off *in style*?
 Poor gentlewoman! she was gagg'd and bound;
 Her even scales, alas! abhorr'd,
 In pieces broken with her sword;
 Nor were the fasces to be found.

Some Syllabubs and trifle.] With a ministerial fortune by matrimony; with *sinecures*, &c. to a large amount, squeez'd from the vitals of the nation; this *modest* and *generous youth* could not afford to yield his poor *mother*, Mistress Hunn, *alias* Mistress Reddish, *alias* Mistress Canning, a *pittance*.—No! the kingdom must be *saddled* with five hundred pounds a year for her *support*. *Such* is the *laudable* distribution of public treasure! Such are the depositaries of the national confidence; and of *such* we are *ordered* not to *complain*, for fear of the impotation of *jacobinism*!!!

Such were the *guardians* of the state,
 Just like a shoal of sharks who swam in,
 With maws as wide as the park gate,
 To save (by eating us) from *famine*!

ODE VII.

POSSESS but *faith*, 'twill move a mountain;
 Thus says the Bible, the great fountain,
 The sacred fountain of immortal truth.

There are who say that Billy Pitt
 In this dear war has shown his wit—
 Lord! what a statesman!—what a clever youth!
 Keen as the keenest eagle's view,
 There's *nothing* that he cannot do.

Yes, have a portion of credulity,
 And claw a pyramid, you'll pull it t' ye.

Credulity's a pretty sand
 To blind the people of the land:
 O yes, it blinds weak women, and weak men,
 Much like the sand that boys, in fun,
 Fire from an engine called a *gun*,
 To knock down a poor humming-bird, or wren.

THE DOCTORS;

A TALE.

A fellow troubled with the itch
 (Like courtier-men) of getting rich,
 And learning that a doctor (not a *quack*),
 By means of a most potent pill,
 Did verily and truly fill
 Full many a time with gold his sack—

Resolv'd, by pill, to make a fortune too,
So set about it without more ado.

Hoist but the standard, folks will come,
With heads as empty as the *drum*.
The quack puffs off his pill—none doubt him:
A bumpkin came among the rest,
And thus the man of pill address:

‘*Zur*, hearing what is come to pass,
That your fine pill hath cur'd the king,
And able to do every thing, [ass?
D'ye think, *zur*, that 'twill make me vind my
I've lost my ass, *zur*, zo should like to try it:
If this be your opinion, *zur*, I'll buy it.'

‘Undoubtedly!’ the quack replied,
‘Yes, Master Hob, it should be tried:’
Then down Hob's gullet, cure or kill,
The grand impostor push'd the pill.

Hob paid his fee, and off he went;
And trav'ling on about an hour,
His bowels sore with pains were rent:
Such was the pill's *surprising* pow'r.

No longer able to contain,
Hob, in a hurry left the lane:
How decent!—what can decency surpass?
And sought the grove—where Hob's two eyes,
Wide staring, saw with huge surprise
His long-ear'd servant Jack, his ass!
Ye gods! how happy was the meeting!
Hob kissing Jack, and Jack, Hob greeting.

‘Adzooks! a lucky pill!’ quoth Hob:
‘Yes, yes, the pill hath done the job.’
Pill grew the subject of the village tattle:
At last it gain'd a heap of fame;
Not only good for *blind* and *lame*,
But good, too, for recovering all *stray'd* cattle!

Now ponder well ye parents dear—
 Pitt's no *catholicon*, I fear :
 Pitt is a violent *cathartic*,
 Creating very grievous gripes
 (In butcher phrase) among our *tripes*,
 Making the stomach, head, and heart sick :

Producing much evacuation
 Unto a poor consumptive nation,
 That wants *restoratives* called *pounds*,
 To give her strength, and heal her wounds.

Though *clever* in his Treasury *rostrum*,
 Pitt never yet possess'd a *nostrum*
 For bringing *all stray'd millions* back again :
 The guineas he sent out, we find,
 Were like so many beetles blind, [rain,
 Rambling the Lord knows where, like show'rs of
 Making the German regions smile,
 Instead of Albion's famish'd isle.

THE HEDGE-HOGS;

A FABLE.

THE hedge-hogs in a war most fatal,
 A war commenc'd with the dog-nation,
 Like us, unlucky, losing each land-battle,
 And trembling all for their salvation,
 Agreed to furnish contribution,
 With patriotic resolution,
 As much as every hedge-hog could afford :
 One of the tribe, no hedge-hog sutler,
 An Elwes or a Sir John Cutler,
 And master of a comfortable hoard,
 Affected to be scarcely worth a crown,
 Therefore unable to come down.

The hedge-hog council sent to let him know
The *tide* could never be so *low* :

‘ Enter my house, and be convinc’d,’ quoth *he*,

The messenger stepp’d in, and pry’d about :

Appearances left not a doubt—

Of wealth a vestige not a soul could see :

In full conviction then they left the door :

‘ ’Squire Hedge-hog certainly is very poor.’

As from the door, the humble door

Of our ’Squire Hedge-hog all *so poor*,

Fully convinc’d, they pass’d along ;

A hillock of fresh earth appear’d,

Seeming but very lately rear’d :

This hatch’d suspicions somewhat strong.

With teeth and claws they oped the mound—

Where *such* a treasure soon was found !

Forth trots the *poverty-struck* ’squire,

Begging and praying beyond measure,

They would not take away his treasure :

Was sorry he had been so great a liar ;

‘ Was ready with his *quota* to the state,

T’ assist the war, and give the dogs their sate.’

But, no—it was against the laws : they found

He could not have it—no such thing,

As treasure *under ground*

Belong’d of *right* unto the *king*.

Thus was ’Squire Hedge-hog very fairly bit,

Now to apply this fable to ’Squire Pitt :

Pitt, canst thou say with a good grace,

That thine is not a *hedge-hog-case* ?

Believe me, thou’rt not *poor in purse*,

However thou mayst be in *spirit* :

Thine *income*, for the nation’s curse,

Is much, I fear, beyond thy *merit*.

The Cinque Ports, with a few *remunerations*,
 Prove to John Bull some *trifling* obligations,
 Which Wyndham *cheese-parings* might call;
 Which *cheese-parings*, if in *my pow'r*,
 Should, in the space of half an hour,
 Return to where they started, like a *ball*.

Had justice nicely weigh'd thy *true* desert,
 What had she giv'n?—I'll tell thee *what*—
 The dame had giv'n, to please thy *lofty* heart,
 Just *half enough* to feed a *rat*:

An animal of vicious nature,
 Who, after breakfasting, and dining,
 And supping in a house, and undermining,
 Leaves it a prey to *fire* and *water*
 (As soon as all the plunder ceases),
 To tear it in a thousand pieces.

ODE VIII.

TO PITT.

'BLESSED are those who nought expect,
 For they shall not be disappointed;
 But thou didst hope a *grand effect*—
 Great sighings from the Lord's anointed.

Strong was thy hope that majesty would send,
 Of terror full, to his *good friend*
 Of Downing Street post-haste away,
 Petitioning—'Pitt, all is over,
 'The French will quickly land at Dover,
 And no one to oppose and slay:
 Of strength thou art a mighty tow'r:
 Come, come, and all thy thunder pour;

Without *thee*, England meets her fate—
Haste, haste, and save a sinking state!"

Such were a very flattering sound!

How had the echoes rung around!

But no such voice, alas! was ever heard!

No thunder roll'd, no tempest blew;

But easy quite as an *old shoe*,

Saint James's for thy loss appear'd.

Soft as a cat's, indeed, was thy retreat,

That moves *down stairs* upon her velvet feet.

But prithee swallow, Pitt, a question,

That mayn't agree with thy digestion:

Where was the blush, the blush of *shame*,

When, to exalt the *blind* and *lame*,

Thou gav'st of eloquence *that dainty dish*?

Yet people will in answer say,

'Tis the world's way—

We never hear a man cry, "Stinking fish!"

TO PITT,

IN CONTINUATION.

'TIS whisper'd thou wert turn'd to door,

Most *Job-like*, very, very poor.

Poor man! poor man! ah, what a pity!

Farewell to dinners in the city!

Farewell to grocers *ev'ry one*—

Othello's occupation's gone!

Stinking fish.] A few of his fellow-labourers in the political vineyard, that remained after his expulsion. Mr. Pitt's *eulogium* on those rags of his administration produced a universal smile, even from his *own party*.

Yet greater men than thee have fall'n from glory :
Witness the following little story.

THE SULTAN AND THE DOG.

A MIGHTY sultan of the east,
On ev'ry dainty used to feast :
(How different from the beggar and his bone!)
Who drank, too, Burgundy, I ween ;
For ev'ry thing *in style* was seen,
Becoming one who sat upon a *throne*.

It chanc'd that war, all-pow'rful war,
So apt the wisest schemes to mar,
And change the master to the humble *slave*.
Fix'd on the sultan his steel claws,
Clapp'd an embargo on his jaws,
And *words, hard words*, instead of victuals, gave.

The king was *beat*—to prison sent, in short—
Coarse was his fare, the coarsest sort :
A jug of milk was sent to him for dinner :
Enter a dog, who, while the king
Was musing on some *lofty thing*,
Stole slyly to the milk, the thievish slinker ;
Forc'd in his head, and lapp'd *each drop*, no doubt,
But could not get his head felonious *out*.

So off, with his jugg'd jowl, the rascal ran.
The monarch, smiling, mark'd the theft,
And of his dinner though bereft,
With much good-humour thus began :

' Fortune's a *fickle* dame : but *yesterday*
A hundred camels scarce could bear
My *quantities* of kitchen-ware,
And now a *cur* can carry it away !'

OH, with a disposition soft as silk,
 So *humble, affable, and mild*;
 Art thou reduc'd, too, to a *jug of milk*,
 Sweet Nature's child?

Speak—Did the *famish'd wolves*, alas!
 Eat *all* the flesh of the dead ass,
 And leave thee nothing but the bones?
 Say, hadst thou not the face to mump
 One *steak*, from the poor nation's *rump*,
 To calm gaunt *Famine's* hollow moans?

Ah, me! we all are very poor;
 Tax'd to the very eyes, I'm sure!
 Where is the *article* that pays no *duty*?
 Nought 'scapes!—not woman's *fascinating beauty*!

Lo, many a little charming *Phillis*,
 For vending roses sweet and lilies,
 And love-inspiring, luscious, balmy kisses;
 Although the growth of *their own cheek*;
 Although the growth of *their own neck*;
 Although the growth of *their own lip*, sweet *Misses*;
 Are forc'd to bridewell's horrid fare,
 For dealing in *unlicens'd* ware—
 Spoil'd all their pretty hops, and skips, and glee,
 Because the justice had not got his *fee*.

ODE IX.

TO PITT AGAIN.

SAY, Pitt, dost thou so easy part
 With pow'r, the idol of thy heart,
 And, philosophic, yield to thy disgrace;
 Leave Downing Street and stately rooms,
 For secrecy and spectre glooms
 Of solitary, poor Park Place;

To live within a little hole,
As melancholy as a mole?

Thou thoughtest we should all wear mourning,
Black, weeping all for thy returning—
All with white handkerchiefs to catch wet sorrow :
Ah! know there are not ten who care
Five farthings were they now to hear
That thou wert in a jail to-morrow.

Pitt, thou hast been in office long enough :
Yes, thou hast had a *handsome swing* ;
Thy hide, too, like a bull-hide tough,
Has met, indeed, with many a *sting*,
Or *dart*, that must have kill'd all but the man
Whose *modesty* not only took our flour
(The *conscientious miller* of the hour),
But made its bow, too, to the *bran* :
Nay ready, too, upon its back,
To carry off the very *sack* !

Suspended on a bit of steel,
Employ'd in *sniggling*,
A large and slippery eel,
The world seems glad to see thee wriggling.

How hast thou work'd for life and soul,
To slip again into thy hole!
Aye, gape, and writhe, and spread thy fin,
Poor Master Fish, you won't get in.

A bungling chemist, thou hast manag'd badly ;
Manag'd the state-alembic sadly,
With all thy cunning and thy pains :
The finer parts are off! in *air* !
Howe'er thine ignorance may stare,
And nought but *caput mortuum* remains.

So much, Pitt, for our *sublimed* constitution,
The subject of thy fierce and ceaseless fires!
And, lo, by dint of time and resolution,
Thou hast well *crucibled* thy country 'squires ;

And Mother Bank, the blindest of old crones,
Extracting heaps of gold from stocks and stones.

When ye began this *righteous* war,
Where was your tutelary star?
Ye never dreamt of danger till *too late*.

'A war with France! oh, that's soon o'er;
A fox-chase, fox-chase, nothing more;
Fun, fun—just coursing a poor hare, or cat.'

Such was your speech: but, sir, it *doth appear*,
That this same cat is now become a *bear*,
Whose claws have lately held you *snug*,
And giv'n a cursed *Cornish hug*.

ODE X.

TO HENRY DUNDAS, ESQ.

FOR a great empire, fast undoing,
Something, indeed should have been *brewing*,
Better than brandy and strong beer:
Something was wanting, to my humble thinking,
Besides good eating and hard drinking,
To keep the leaky ship from *foundering* clear;
Yet 'tis well known that e'er the vessel's sunk,
The sailors commonly *get drunk*.

Now thou art off, I long to see,
In thine own language, '*Wha wants me?*'
It will not be at all surprising
To catch thee, Harry, *advertising*.
If mad to face a *second storm*,
Take an advertisement *in form*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A *steady* man, near sixty years of age,
 Would very willingly engage
 As *butler* to a minister of state,
 And overlook the *plate*.

But should the plate *by chance* be carried off,
 And not a hogshead or a bottle left;

He begs to say, he won't be fool enough
 To answer for the *leakage*, or the *theft*.

If *wanted*, he can have, by God's good grace,
 An *exc'cellent* character from his last place.

Please to direct to Mister H. Dundas,
 At the *old sign*—the Bottle and the Glass.

A MORAL CONCLUSION.

IN this world's wild, uncertain chase,
 What strange events at times take place!
 Some bright with *joy*, some black with *sorrow*!
Omnium est rerum vicissitudo!
 To day what wonders *I* and *you* do,
 That happen not again *to-morrow*!

Hawkesb'ry, and Wyndham, Canning, Long,
 Were *under-strappers* to Will Pitt;
Forerunners, oft they gave their tongue
 Before the great man pour'd his wit.

Thus Paul's four small clock-quarters (prentice
 boys)
 Instruct their mighty master when to sound:
 Paul solemn listens to the tinkling noise,
 Then breaks in thunder to the world around!

But herald under-strappers now no more,
Pitt out of office, the broad farce is o'er;
Flung from his pedestal amid the rabble,
Deep-thundering Pitt is—poor old Goody Gabble.

Ah me! *sic transit gloria mundi*—
Such things will be till moon and sun die,
And earth our ashes, our pale embers cover:
And really, when we sum up *all*,
What's life?—A blast—a little squall.—
Death's calm must come at last, and all *is over*—
All in our tombs in peace—not *one*
To read '*Hic jacet*' on the stone!

END OF VOL. III.

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